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# THE MID-WINTER APPEAL
## AND JOURNAL OF FORTY-NINE.

VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SUNDAY, JANUARY 7, 1849. NUMBER 1.

THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
AND JOURNAL OF '49.

Published at our convenience and at no regular or stated intervals.

SAM DAVIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### SALUTATORY.

With this number begins the career of the MIDWINTER APPEAL AND JOURNAL OF '49. The paper is born with the Midwinter Fair and will be published at the old '49 Mining Camp, advocating the interests of the camp and proclaiming to the world its varied fortunes.

The first issue of this sheet is not all the publisher could wish, but it is the best we could do. The paper used in the present issue is not as white as we would like, but it is all that could be secured. We learned when too late to remedy the trouble that the ship on which a load of white paper was coming was wrecked coming round the Horn, and the stuff we are now using came down from Sacramento only recently by Pony Express, and was three days on the road in the storms and bad weather. The log cabin in which we have located the office is in a very leaky condition, and the cracks have not yet been stopped. The printers have been setting type with cold fingers and blue noses, and roof water trickling down the backs of their necks. We write this under an umbrella, with our feet on an old plank to keep them out of the water. But in spite of these disadvantages we have a sublime faith in the future of '49 Camp, and there is no doubt that the diggins will be the richest ever discovered in the State of California. The men who have located the final propose to stay by it until spring and test it thoroughly. They are all experienced miners and mean business from the jump. The politics of the paper have not yet been decided on. By the time we figure out what political party is liable to be on top we will be better able to make an official announcement on that subject.

We have seen editors struggle along in a hopeless minority and starving to death to show their devotion to a political principle, but we do not propose to see the APPEAL buried in that sort of a graveyard.

We would no doubt find good company there, but we can get along without it. This paper will be run solely by the editor and got out whenever he happens to feel like it. We promise nothing, except that our advertising solicitors and collectors will call frequently.

We will grow with the camp, and enlarge whenever the pressure in our advertising columns warrants a change. We do not claim the circulation of our contemporaries published in the neighboring city of San Francisco, but as soon as we can afford to pay the same salary for affidavit makers as they do we will be right along in the circulation procession.

The public can expect another issue as soon as the printers sober up.

### OLD DAN DE QUILLE.

In the first issue of the MIDWINTER APPEAL is presented a story by Dan De Quille, one of the quaintest writers on the coast.

He cast his lot on the Comstock in the early days of the great lode, and during the years of the great mining camp's life his name has been a fixture of its literature.

A strange character is this same Dan De Quille. One of the few men the country ever produced who—without a single enemy, living or dead—ever made a mark in the world.

The greater portion of his life has been amidst the riot and turmoil of a very lively mining camp, in daily contact with the hardest characters, most of whom he mentions in his "Old Sport's Dream," yet his peculiar surroundings never contaminated his sterling honesty of character or roughened his gentle nature.

He always had access to the innermost Comstock, for he never betrayed a mining secret, and there was never enough money on the Comstock to make him write a line about any development which was not true.

From time to time during the Fair his quaint writings will appear in the columns of the APPEAL, and the reminiscences of those days which he has so much to tell of Nevada and the Comstock.

'49 MINING CAMP, MIDWINTER FAIR.

### OBITUARY.

It is not a pleasant task to be obliged to issue the first number of a paper with turned rules, but the sad death of Major William Downie compels the observance. On December 28th Major Downie was on his way to the '49 Camp to visit his old cabin, which had been secured by the '49 company as one of the most interesting relics of early mining days. He was on board the ship City of Pueblo en route from British Columbia.

He came in sight of the Golden Gate and was full of delight at the rich treat in store for him. He talked incessantly of the expectation which filled his soul at the prospect of renewing associations of bygone days, and with the light of pleasure beaming on his countenance he reeled back to his state room and died. So when the ship steamed up through the Golden Gate it bore the body of the man whose name had been linked so long and lovingly with the gold rushes, triumphs and struggles of early days.

He was buried last Sunday in the soil of the State he helped to build and the door of his old cabin was hung with black out of respect to his memory.

William Downie was born in Glasgow, Scotland in 1819. As a boy he roamed over the sea, visiting every clime, and finally landed in San Francisco bay on the 27th of June, 1840, on the clipper ship "Architect."

He spent his first night in San Francisco sleeping on the ground near where the Palace Hotel now stands. He ate his first regular meal at the Parker House on Kearny street, paying $12 for it. He mined for gold all over the State and finally founded the town of Downieville which will always be known as a monument to his memory.

In 1893 he published a book entitled "Hunting for Gold," and it is one of the most interesting reviews of early life in California ever written. He has gone to join the long line of pioneers who are traveling so swiftly toward the setting sun of existence.

"A moment's halt, a momentary taste
Of being, from the well amid the waste,
And then the phantom caravan has reached
The nothing it set out from—Oh, make haste!"

RUSS HOUSE,

MONTGOMERY ST., EXTENDING FROM PINE TO BUSH,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Business center of the city, convenient to all banks, insurance offices and places of amusement during the Midwinter Fair.

Containing 300 Rooms.

J. S. YOUNG . . . . PROPRIETOR

TERMS:

$1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 Per Day.

Still lower terms for excursion and other large parties. Superior accommodations for families at very moderate rates.

Hotel coach in waiting at all boats and trains to convey guests to and from the house free of charge.

Full further particulars apply at '49 Camp, or at dealer, 461 Montgomery street.

### THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
.....AND.....
### Journal of '49.

Devoted to the Interests of the Midwinter Fair and the '49 Mining Camp.

This journal will be published daily, weekly or three times a day, as the editor may see fit. The daily edition will not contain any advertising, as a faithful record of the rush and riot of the great Fair and '49 Camp will not give the editor any time to rustle for business.

If you want to advertise go to the Weekly, as the Weekly is out for the stuff and will take all the advertising it can lay its hands on.

All the writers of any note on the Pacific Coast have been secured to lasso out English in the columns of this newspaper. Our list of contributors will embrace such people as Joaquin Miller, Rollon M. Daggett, Judge C. C. Goodwin, Dan De Quille, Ambrose Bierce, W. H. Mills, S. E. Moffitt, Charles Michelson, Ned Hamilton, Colonel Irish, W. C. Morrow, Joe Goodman, "Lying Jim" Townsend, Arthur McEwen, Major Frank McLaughlin, Ed Colnon, Allen Kelly, Eugene Hahn, Colonel Shaw, Albert May, Colonel Ayer, Sam Chamberlain, Ed. Morphy, Jim Barry, Frank Moffit, Colonel Young, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Hugh Hume, Ross Jackson, and others.

Contributions from commercial slirians, millionaires, and political statisary who cannot write a lick on earth, will be pitched in the waste basket.

Editors visiting the Fair are invited to come into the sanctum, make free use of our corn-cob pipe, spit on the floor, and utilize the copy hook as they see fit. If the gate-keeper gives you any player, knock him down and walk in.

Dick Foote will write the criticisms of all the theaters except his own.

Willis Polk will run the architecture column.

Hal Mighels will be the sporting reporter.

Sam Davis will edit the paper.

Bob Davis will tangle up telegraph news.

Each contributer is expected to sign his name and do his own scrapping.

The sheet will come out in the afternoon when it comes out at all.

Contributors' articles will go as they are written, and not be edited by some ass who thinds he knows better what the contributor wants to say than the man who writes it.

### THE COLLECTOR.

With this issue the collector will be around. Subscribers are requested to pony up without any back talk.

This sheet is not in the service of any clique or corporation, and depends alone on the public for its support.

The price will be $5 for the season of the Fair, whether the paper is issued weekly, tri-weekly, daily or twice a day.

Theo. Algeo, Stationer and Newsdealer, will receive orders for the paper at 461 Montgomery street.

### CAMP JOTS.

We understand that Big Jake of Butte city will open a keno game near the APPEAL office in a few days.

If he don't move further down the street we will be compelled to open on the iniquities of those resorts with our moral batteries and ruin his business.

Experience has taught us that it is impossible to run a newspaper office along side a keno resort and get the sheet out the same week it is dated. The compositors can't sit up until 4 o'clock in the morning at his mailboxes, tical calculations and handle political reforms in the day time.

Big Jake had better call at the office and make some inquiries regarding our advertising rates before he opens up.

We understand that a new dance house will be opened here next Sunday. This is a cool scheme.

For some time the old hurdy joint down at Forks Flat has been the only place where a miner could enjoy social life after a hard day's work. It is run by a broken down Mexican footpad, and the old skates who trip the lantes be in the place were in Mexico when Cortez lausted in the country.

Our new dance hall here will fill a long felt want, and the sight of a few fresh, pretty faces will make life seem worth living in this vicinity.

Last Thursday we understood that some miners who had hunessed at the resort at Forks Flat rabbed the place and razed it to the ground.

Another outfit that refused to patronize our advertising columns has stewed dust.

Old Solly's eight mule sirpug ran away yesterday coming in from San Francisco with some stores and nail kegs. The driver was on one of his periodicals, and when the mules came into camp all tied together and on the dead jump about 2 in the morning, the miners thought it was an Indian rabl. The animals piled into Bill Briggs' faro layout and kicked the brains out of the lookout man before they could be stopped, and knocked the editor of the APPEAL over the layout just as he was about raking in $100 on the ustlins the copy hook as they see fit. If money by tonight, there will be a case for the coroner.

Last Tuesday the stage from Oroville was stopped near Yuba and $1500 in gold dust lifted. As Frank McLaughlin and Louis Glass were seen in Marysville next day subscribing liberally to the Methodist Church fund the sheriff is keeping his eye peeled.

This sheet has changed its name several times in the last thirty days. The "Self-Cocker," the "Furry-Nisse," the "Howliser," and now, it will run awhile as the MIDWINTER APPEAL AND JOURNAL OF '49. Of any further change of name our patrons will be duly notified.

Deputy Sheriff Spreckles went into Buckskin's saloon last evening and attempted to arrest Johnny Smoker while he was killing a Mexican. He was promptly thrown out and several citizens are talking of a mass meeting to ark him to resign his office. If the Sheriff of this county don't discharge him before Saturday night there will be trouble.

Spreckles belongs to the Kid element in this Camp, and has done a lot of fresh things since he has been decorated with official position.

He has a large idea of his duties, and when he enters a saloon without being invited and interferes with an American who is putting the quietus on a grizzly, it's time to inquire where our boasted land of freedom is tilting to.

Floyd Teyis was in the camp this morning trying to get the APPEAL six months in exchange for a cord of drift wood. It takes coarse gold to get this sheet, and in advance. If we want any wood we can steal it ourselves.

### BY PONY EXPRESS.

### NEWS BROUGHT IN BY OUR CAYUSE.

#### A Dead Game Preacher Arrives at Jackass Hill.

#### THE DEVIL IN CHURCH CIRCLES.

Jackass Hill, Jan. 1—The new Presbyterian minister James G Fair arrived at the Hill yesterday and preached a glowing sermon, taking for his text the sixth verse of the fourth chapter of Corinthians, which says: "And these things brethren I have in a figure transferred to myself * *." He dwelt also upon the advantages of an early Christian education as connected with the mining industry. He was introduced to the congregation by Major James Gillis, who took up the collection and repaired to the vestry, where the Reverend Mr. Fair joined him after the benediction. In a few moments the sound of an altercation issued from the rear and a rough and tumble fight followed, in which Gillis and the new Parson were engaged. It appears that Fair had guaranteed Gillis 20 per cent of the collection and wanted to cut him down to fifteen then now.

Enoch Strother, a Methodist missionary who witnessed the rackus says Gillis was the luckiest on his feet and landed three times in the midst of the preacher's whiskers before that dignitary could get in an overhand paste with a Moody & Sankey hymnal, which blow knocked Gillis senseless, after which Fair skinned off with the stakes and reopened again at 5 o'clock sharp for evening prayer service, where he took up the collection himself.

Gillis is now in the rear of Campfire Jake's Saloon having his injuries treated by Hair Lip Annie, the old parish nurse.

Mr. Fair is destined to become a very popular preacher in this camp if he keeps up his lick.

### PESTERED BY TRAMPS.

Grizzley Gulch, Jan. 4—Yesterday evening a young man who gave his name as Johnny Mackay arrived in this vicinity in a half starved condition. He had been out prospecting for a week and was dead broke. As a shame to see a man throw his time away when he knows as little about the business as Johnny Mackay does. Old miners say he is the worst prospector on the coast and that he couldn't find a house if he was driving a delivery wagon. The boys were very much afraid he would become a vag so a collection of $50 was made up for him and he was started for the Pacific Ocean. All the camps have been warned about him as he is a dead beat and will never make a dollar as a mining man in a thousand years. He's too slow.

### KICKED OUT OF TOWN.

Ragtown, Jan. 3—Adolph Nutro, a boy from Angel's Camp was in town yesterday on a big jag with Billy Sharon, one of the boys from Bobtail Canyon. They cleaned out two saloons and beat Deputy Sheriff Mike Reese nearly to death. In the evening they attempted to run a gambling house in Lower Ragtown but were thrown out and kicked into Pick-her's creek.

Both started over the hill toward Tuscarora this morning in search of new diggings. If these rounders ever show up in this camp again they will be severely handled by Bill Cockeye's gang.

### OBJECTED TO CLOSING UP.

Sour Hollow, Jan. 5—News arrived from Dutch Nick's this morning to the effect that he attempted to close up his saloon Christmas night at 6 o'clock for the purpose of observing the holiday in a quiet way with some friends, and was almost beaten to death by the School Trustees of the Camp. Nick is very low, but may pull through. He says if he lives he will never attempt to close his saloon again during the holidays.

### A CRAZY SIDERIAL FAKER.

Shirt Tail Canyon, Jan. 4—A college bred young man is trying to start a public school at this point but without success. He was notified to go to work or leave the camp. He had to soak his telescope to pay stage fare to Yuba Dam, where he talks of starting an astronomical joint with a kid named Holden for office boy. He is regarded as slightly cracked in several places.

### VERY COARSE WORK.

The Butte, Jan. 4—There are rumors of a big excitement at Bidwell's Bar and gold is said to be plentiful. The general idea here is that it is a scheme to dope miners as there is very little probability of any gold being found in that vicinity.

# THE SPORT'S DREAM.

## HE FALLS ASLEEP IN JOHN MACKAY'S CABIN.

### And for a Few Hours Thinks He Has Been Painting Hell.!

BY DAN DE QUILLE.

On Thursday last an old man who used to be a gambler and miner in Calaveras came down to the '49 Mining Camp and was installed in one of the old cabins, the one formerly occupied by John Mackay.

His right name no one ever knew—in fact, he has probably forgotten it himself—but he has for years floated about over the country as Buttermouth Bill.

For years Buttermouth has oscillated between the mines and the gaming table, mining when he was broke and gambling when he had money. In the last thirty years he has gambled a good deal more than he has mined. He talks of "whip-saws" and "spits" among sports and "drifts," "up-raises" and "winses" among miners. But of late years Buttermouth has cast his lot almost exclusively with the sporting fraternity, alleging that the great silver depreciation by reason of the demonetization act of 1873 has rendered it impossible to make a decent living with pick and drill. So it came about that he became Grand Chamberlain or something of the kind at the court of old King Faro. So smooth and equable in temper and in all else is William of the untyrannous mouth that sin in him seems no sin. He may be guilty of all the sins in the calendar, yet in him they seem to be no sin. He does not make sins of them—does not feel them to be sins—hence he may do what are generally held to be the most sinful and outrageous things without in the slightest degree ruffling his normal smoothness or disturbing his habitual equanimity. It seems to be no sin for Buttermouth to play faro or poker or old sledge, casino, euchre or any other game with cards, dice, bones or balls. He may get "full as a tick," and it seems all right in him —no one thinks any the less of him, if any thought at all be given to the matter, and he certainly thinks none the less of himself, simply because he never thinks of it at all. All that he does and is seems quite right and fitting to Buttermouth. He is so filled with sin, so thoroughly inoculated with it that he cannot sin. He is as good and smooth and genial as ever in his life in the very midst of what in others would be the most deadly of sins. He passes through and comes out of them all unscathed. He is like those kings and potentates of old of whom we read that in order to guard against being poisoned they gradually so saturated themselves with poisons of all kinds that a dose of even the most deadly poison given them by a secret enemy produced no effect.

The idea of such a man as Buttermouth suffering from a dream or from anything else, except severe physical torture, seems preposterous, yet he claims to have had a dream that was most agonizing.

Buttermouth told his dream to his friend, James Davids. "James," said William of the batyric facial opening, "James, I have had a dream—a horrible dream—and it shall be a warning to me, as indeed I think it was meant to be if I feel that it was sent for that purpose. James, the lesson it teaches is that the earthly things loved in this life, followed and doted upon here, shall be our punishment hereafter. James, we read that in Switzerland they cure drunkards of their love of strong drink by giving them Brandy in every article of food of which they partake, and in every drop of fluid with which they attempt to assuage their thirst. So will it be with all things to which we have too much given our hearts and souls in this world when we come to pass into the next. What was our food here shall be our poison there. I tell it, James, and I know it.

"James, a few nights since I dreamt that I died, and as a matter of course went directly to the bad place. Even before the big iron gates were opened I heard sounds of fiddling and dancing and shouts of laughter. James, I need hardly tell you that these sounds greated harshly upon my ears; that they saddened me. I felt that I wanted rest and quiet. These sounds told me that I was not about to enter a place of repose—that the gates before me were not those of heaven.

"The gates were not red-hot, James, neither did they creak upon their hinges as they were swung open. There were no seven headed dogs about. We entered what seemed an immense square, all brilliantly illuminated with electrical lights. At first I was so dazzled that I could hardly see, but this soon passed away. On all sides were great buildings more beautiful than I had ever before seen, real of or imagined. All were brilliantly lighted up and thronged with people—men and women of all ages, but no children.

"James, it was wonderful! I had hardly taken three steps inside the gates upon the beautifully paved walk—all laid in mosaic of the most artistic pattern—before I heard some one shout: 'Whoop, hurrah! here comes old Buttermouth Bill!'

"Turning about I saw dancing toward me old Sugarfoot Jack, dead these ten years. 'Whoop, hurrah!' and on came Whistling Dick, Big-neck Smith, Horse-head Brown, Toothpick Tommy, Cranky Brooks, Stinkfoot Charley, Sleepy Jake, Stuttering Smith, Lever and Racon, The Pie Biter, Shotgun Taylor and scores of other old friends. 'Whoop, hurrah!' cried they all; 'Welcome, a thousand times welcome, Buttermouth Bill!'

"James, this hearty reception from old chums and men who have all been old friends in life ought to have made me happy, but somehow it didn't. 'Whoop, hurrah!' cried they again. 'Buttermouth must be dry; he has had a long trip. Let's all go and take a drink! Campbene Bill's is only a step from here, and his is the boss saloon for chain lightning; he makes it on the spot and you always know what it is.'

"My guide, the man who had met me at the gate and let me in—a perfect gentleman too—now bowed to me and said: 'As you are now at home and among friends I will take my leave. I hope you will find yourself quite at home here among us. Boys take good care of Buttermouth; show him around, show him around.'

"Just then Ballface Bill—hanged up in Shasta twelve years ago—came up, shook hands heartily and we all went across to Campbene Bill's, and had a regular round of what seemed pretty good sound stuff. As we came out upon a sort of veranda and stood looking up and down the place, I heard a familiar voice cry: 'Hi! Hi! Buttermouth!'

"Looking toward a sort of pavilion, a short distance before me, I saw at an upper window, waving her handkerchief, Lop-eared Sall, who was shot by Tommy the Masher about five years ago. 'Hi! Buttermouth, old boy,' cried she, 'glad to see you here and looking so well. Just as natural as life and not a hair astray!'

"Then Jenny, the Gin Pig, came to the same window, and giving a little giggle, just as in life, James—said: 'Hello Bill-ter! why my oleaginous friend, how well you look! not a minute older than the day I passed in my chips!' Why James it seemed like I knew almost everybody there.

"Well, just then along comes Wall-eyed Murphy. Slapping me on the back he sang out: 'Hello, Buttermouth, when did you come in?' just as if it was some new mining camp. I said I had just arrived.

"'Tried your luck yet,' says he.

"'Tried my luck?' said I, not understanding what he meant; 'how tried my luck?'

"'Why,' said he, 'at faro, poker, keno or anything of that kind?'

"'No, Mr. Murphy,' said I, 'I didn't know there was anything of the kind here.'

"'More than you ever saw above,' said Murphy.

"'But I have no money,' says I, slapping my pockets.

"'Never mind that—come along and you'll see how things are managed here,' said Murphy. 'Let's go over to Roxana Mike's; he runs a square game; in fact, there's no bogus game of all down here.'

"Going about half a block down the side of the square or park, we entered a place that was palatial, simply palatial. All manner of games were in full blast. Little black, grinning jaggs—the only people I ever know that don't look repulsive—were busy running here and there, waiting upon the great crowd of sports. There was the greatest clicking of checks and clinking of coin I ever heard. The place seemed 200 or 300 feet long and 100 feet wide, and the clinking and chinking rose to a roar, like that of small waves rolling in and tumbling about the pebbles of the ocean beach, James.

Mr. Murphy took a seat and signed for me to take another. Up came a black, grinning imp, who bowed very politely and said: 'Your pleasure, gentlemen?'

"Not understanding the customs of the place I looked to Mr. Murphy, who promptly said: 'Bring us a few thousand each, my child.'

"The little imp bowed, smiled, and without a word hastened away.

"I followed him with my eyes till I saw him disappear within the door of an immense vault or safe that was built in one of the walls of the room.

"Presently he returned, bending beneath the weight of a load of sacks of gold, half of which he gave to me and the other half to Mr. Murphy. Some were filled with twenty-dollar gold pieces, some with teas and others with fives and other coins. You could bet without limit, and had against you only the even chances of the game. If you got broke you had only to order more gold and go at it again.

"After playing about four hours I began to find the business monotonous. I had won and lost stacks and stacks of gold—I never stopped to count it—and had before me all I could cram into my pockets. I proposed to Mr. Murphy that we walk about a little, but found he could not tear himself away from the game.

"Just then along came El Dorado Johnnie and Texas Jack. 'Hello, Buttermouth!' cried both at once, 'when did you land?'

"'Just got in,' said I.

"'Want to take a spin?' said Jack.

"'The very thing I was wishing to do,' said I.

"'Well, all right,' said Jack, 'and here come Wild Bill and Cariboo Brown, just the lads to take a run with.'

"'Some coin, little one,' said El Dorado Johnnie to one of the imps, who hastened away and soon returned with several fat sacks, which he distributed among the company.

"We looked in at a big hurdy-house that was in full blast. There it all was, James, just as above—bar, musicians up on a platform, and the boys just a throwing themselves and coming down with the double-shuffle when they balanced to their partners. There, in the thick of it, I saw Buckskin Bill, Handsome Charley, Kangaroo Sam, Lobster Dick, Boston Charley, French Alex, Rondo Jim, Grasshopper, Little Barney, Hoodlum Jack, Dutch Pete, Toejam Ike, Tapeworm Charley, Calico Jack, Pockmarked Jake and even old Pap Smith, all in a regular whirl. 'Hello, Buttermouth! hello, old hoss! when did you get it?' cried all these charming old friends. 'Come up and take a drink! Needn't be afraid of anything you get here; it is all good stuff.'

"We all took a drink, James, and the whisky was as good as you'd get anywhere. You'd never have believed it was a brew of hell, the bad place they tell about at camp meetings above. Chuck-a-luck Bill, whose throat was cut at Lordville last summer by Curly Frank, was barkeeper. The scar on his neck showed very plain. Deaf Charley, who was found dead in his cabin at Butte City two years ago, was handing glasses and helping about generally.

"Leaving the hurdy-house, after treating and being treated a few times, we struck out to see the sights of the place —keno games, dice, negro minstrels, faro game after faro game—all run by first-class faro dealers—monte, twenty-one, poker games, dice shaking, everything you could think of in full blast.

"A peculiarity of the place that struck me was that it seemed to be always night there—all gas and electric lights, or something of the kind. I asked Texas Jack about it, and he said it was so always night, always gaslight; never anything like the old light of the sun. 'But,' said he, 'isn't that a blessing?'—ain't that good enough? What did you or I, or any of us, care for daylight when we were up where there was plenty of it? We despised it, we hated it, we let it ripe-go to waste, go where it pleased—and we do not miss it here—here we have the only kind of light any of us ever cared for above!'

"That is so, Jack,' said I, but, James, I thought of the beautiful light of the sun and the sun itself, which I used to see sometimes, as I was rising or setting, when I was above. I do not remember that I have ever seen it when it was overhead since I was a little boy, for it was up along there during my sleeping time. James, I could not well express a slight sigh at thinking I should never again see the sun either rise or set. It was but a little sigh, James, for I really have not much use for sun or daylight, yet the thing was not comfortable—the thought of being barred out from it was not very agreeable, even when in the full enjoyment of the society of such congenial spirits as Sugar-foot Jake, Hoodoo Brown, Dig-up Eddy, Top-stack Wilson, Firewater Charley, One-eyed Abe, Old Lame Jess, Long Brown and Jack Magee.

"Presently, as we walked along, we came to a fine, large building, all brilliant with lights, from which came the sound of beautiful music. This they told me, James, was the Fiddlers' Union Palace, one of the leading theatres of Tophet.

"We were about to enter when along comes a man, who should it be but Buttermouth! 'You here, too?' Turning my gaze on the man who thus falsely addressed me I beheld Jerry Jones, Bobbed-the-Bobbs. 'Why, Johnny,' said I, 'how did you come here?'

"'Well, Buttermouth,' said he, 'last week a pistol ball and a man named Peyton entered me here, direct from Montana, and all on account of a little trouble about Rag-in Maid.'

"Well, we entered the place and I took a seat with Jerry Jones, for I was tired, for my heart was heavy. There was a ball down stairs, and on looking about I was astonished at finding so many I knew. There was Cut-throttled Nell, Short-and-Dirty, Dicky Kalm, Log-eared Sal, Pot-lid Jenny, the Big Dipper, Swearing Angel, Quakeline, White-soot Bess, The Dearest, Kate the Squealer, Lobscouse Lizz, Low-bridge Susie, Carson Beeper, One-eyed Mail, Hobson's Pet, Shrimper and a host of others.

"I had hardly taken my seat in the box, till they sent to me as a companion and board, James—a black-eyed nymph of the Mohammedan paradise—a beautiful sylph, James. The creature came and sat on my knee. I sent out for some champagne, and it was a good article—I forget the brand, James. I sipped my wine, but I did not enjoy it.

"I was sad, James—sad. Even when the play was in full swing, and the ballet were kicking the highest, I sighed. I turned to the passing imp, and with a full heart said: 'I can't stand this torture. Let me out of here—I want to go to heaven!'

"What was his reply, James? Said he, with a horrible grin: 'It's too late, my sinner. You chose your road above, and now must go on here all the same forever.' It was heartless, James. A man like me, too, who never hurt a fly! It went right to my soul, James, and resting my head on the neck of my fair companion I wept aloud—so loud, James, that I awoke and sluthed about to see if any one was near. James, drops of perspiration big as marbles stood on my brow, all through the terrors of that dream—big as marbles, James!

"My heart had grown at leebas, my clothes were in rags and the rats crawling all over me.

"What I supposed, James—"

"Hold on, Buttermouth,' cried James Davids, 'it is too thin! I have listened with patience to all you have said about the things that have tortured you, and, candidly, I must say it is too thin.'

"James, James, think of the unrighteous and depraving nature of all the surroundings, and the agony I suffered will not—"

"Too thin, Buttermouth—very gauzy," said James.

"Ah, James," sighed Buttermouth, brushing an imaginary tear from his eye, "I weep for you, for I see that the punishments I have described have no terrors for you. James, I fear you will go to the bad place. Let us drink to a change of heart in you."

OUR SUBSCRIPTION YANKER.

Gen. C. W. Boston is the authorised subscription agent of the MIDWINTER APPEAL and any orders given him during his walks from camp to camp will be attended to without delay. No dairy produce accepted in payment.


PROF. DAVIS

THE

LIGHTNING ARTIST

Has Arrived at the Camp and is Now Ready and Anxious to Knock Out Life Size Pictures in 5 Minutes for

4 BITS EACH

IN HARD CASH.

READ WHAT PROF. DAVIS CAN DO WITH CRAYONS AND THEN HAVE HIM THROW YOUR PHYSIOGNOMY ON PAPER.

TESTIMONIAL.

To ARTHUR S. DAVIS,

THE LIGHTNING ARTIST:

Being a thoroughly disinterested person in your peculiarly gifted work I am sure you would appreciate a just compliment from me:

YOU ARE SIMPLY GREAT and as long as you live Mike Angelo is not dead. The speed you show and the marvelous accuracy you display in getting a perfect expression would have made Pete Rembrandt throw up his job. I have watched your work many times and can conscientiously say that you are the swiftest man that ever slung crayons into portrait form. Begging pardon for consuming your valuable time I remain yours at the old paresstage,

BOB DAVIS,
Business Manager.

P. S.—More testimonials if wanted.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

Food and Feed for Man and Beast.

Baked Beans Cooked in the Ground, None Better.

OLD PAPA PEAKS, the Well-Known Caterer, Will Personally Superintend the Management.

MEALS - - - - 25 Cents

J. K. DALMAS,
CARPENTER and BUILDER
FOR THE
'49 CAMP '49

Particular attention paid to Fitting up and placing exhibits at the Midwinter Fair.

TERMS MODERATE.

GOOD AND QUICK WORK.

Orders left at
1201 Market St., Corner Eighth,
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

'49
MINING
CAMP.

A FAITHFUL REPRESENTATION OF THE OLD-TIME FEATURES OF A NEW DIGGINGS IN '49.

Mining Strikes, Hydraulic, Sluice and Quarts Mining Faithfully Represented.

Mining Riots, Pistol Arbitration, Lynching Bees and Claim Jumping Riots Realistically Enacted.

The Postoffice, Justice's Office and Mayor's Office, All in the same Saloon. Open Night and Day.

The Tiger with his Teeth Pulled Will Be There in Mimic Representation of the old Gaming Days.

STAGES RUNNING BETWEEN THE CAMP AND FRISCO DAILY.

Good Tavern Accommodations and Mule Corrals.

Mrs. Woods' Souvenir Paintings of Camp Cabins.

Halstead's Horses on Snow Shoes.

PRECIPITOUS FLUMES AT THE FOOT OF MT. SHASTA.

GRAND PANORAMIC EXHIBIT, SHOWING MT. SHASTA FIFTY MILES AWAY.

The Millionaire Cabins of Early Days. John Mackay's Cabin, Built by Him, and in Which He Lived When He Made His First Big Strike in Alleghany, Sierra County.

U. S. Senator Perkins' Cabin, Built by Him 36 Years Ago at Thompson's Flat, Butte County.

The Original Downie Cabin, Reproduced From a Cabin built by Major William Downie, the founder of Downieville.

Major Downie expected to spend part of the winter here at the camp but he died in his port on the steamer City of Pueblo December 26, on his way from British Columbia.

Typical '49 FANDANGO with forty sweet-faced Senioritas dancing to the strains of the famous Mexican Orchestra.

A REGULAR NEWSPAPER OFFICE ON THE GROUND.

Every building is supposed of historical interest. Here is the office where the MIDWINTER APPEAL is published.

ADMISSION 25 Cts.


# THE MID-WINTER APPEAL

## AND JOURNAL OF FORTY-NINE.


VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SUNDAY, JANUARY 14, 1894. NUMBER 2.

THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
AND JOURNAL OF '49.

SAM DAVIS - - - - - PUBLISHER.
420 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

$10 Per Annum. 85 for Six Months.

BOUND FOR THE '49 MINING CAMP.

### JOE HARVEY ON DECK.

The APPEAL hears with much pleasure that Joe Harvey will open a first-class bar layout and general all-round sporting resort in the camp next Sunday.

It shows well for the camp that such a square-up sport as Harvey has selected these diggings as a permanent abode. It shows that his watering institute for a favorable location is solidest when he views the prospects of this place.

He will open just across the way from the APPEAL office, which is the correct thing to do. It is a great relaxation after a day's exhausting mental work to run over to some reliable gaming house and daily for a few minutes with Dame Fortune. It rests the weary brain and not unfrequently gives the editor a chance to raks in a few dings and pay the back wages of his composing force. It gives a man confidence in life to gaze on Joe's layout of $30 pieces and $60 slugs stacked up, so that you know that when you pass in a lower of blue chips that the wherewithal is there to liquidate.

Last week we won $600 at Mexican Pete's place and had to kill the lookout man and hammer the dealer over the head with a six-shooter for several minutes before the game would dig up and settle.

Such unpleasant incidents are not necessary at Harry's. His advertisement will appear in our next issue.

### PROPER HOTEL MANAGEMENT.

Some weeks ago we had occasion to stop a few days in San Francisco, and wishing to blow in our sack in good shape put up at the Palace. Desiring, as is our custom, to get solid with the proprietors of caravanseries where we stop, with a view to advertising business, we secured an introduction to the manager and took him out to the Cliff House for a spin.

The champagne, etc., cost us $45, to say nothing of the spanking team at the Golden Gate Stables.

Next day we touched him gently for an order, and he said he was sorry, but the Sharon estate had released him of his charge and a new man was in the deck. In a few days we thawed the social ice with the new man and took him for a run down to Jacob Schram's at St. Helens and sampled some of Tiburcio Parrot's best wines.

The day we opened negotiations for an ad he was fired and a New York man placed in charge of the hotel.

As our social duties had already cost us over $200, a succession of bad headaches and severe epistolary remands from home, we threw up the sponge and went over to the Grand for the balance of the trip, where one can always depend on finding the genial face of Manager Thorn from one year's end to the other, a man we can safely commend to the consideration of the craft all over the coast.

### THE OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER.

The Fair is to be congratulated that Taber, the Pioneer Photographer, was selected as the official photographer of the great Exposition. He was the earliest knight of the camera in this city, and the excellence of his work has earned for San Francisco photography a reputation all over the world. In his long career in the city the famous people of two continents have faced his camera, and the success of his work is best attested by the fact that leading people of London, Paris and Berlin send orders constantly for pictures from his negatives. "Once a customer of Taber's always a customer" seems to be the motto adopted by his patrons. His operatives have been sufficiently skillful to make the phiz of the APPEAL editor handsome and presentable, a puzzle of photographic art given up in despair by the operators of other galleries. The latest color novelty in photography, iridium pictures, was the invention of Mr. Davy of his gallery, and it is only brought to perfection at Taber's, 121 Post street.

### CAMP JOTS.

As will be seen by a letter in our local columns, Buffalo Bill will be here at the opening of the Fair and visit the '49 Camp.

Wm. Lozzarovich, a young capitalist of Los Angeles, adorned with a Portugnese necktie, visited the camp Friday with his friend Cornell. They were not alone, either.

Sackett Cornell, editor and proprietor of the Los Angeles Evening Telegram, called at the camp Friday. He says that he has been a month en route, and that walking through the snow at Tehachapi was very tiresome.

Our contemporary, the "Blatteroon," announces that Dave Jordan is the man for School Trustee from the Fleet Ward, but as Jordan can't read or write a word of English we hope he will be snowed under by the educated people of this camp.

Saloon keepers are warned against furnishing any of our reportorial staff drinks on tick. If they do so it is at their own risk. If there are any free cocktail routes to be mapped out in this camp, we will personally attend to the matter ourselves.

We were yesterday compelled to decline a saloon advertisement. It's all we can do now to drink up our saloon advertisements and get the paper out regularly every week. A few restaurant ads will be accepted very cheerfully and taken out in trade.

Messrs. Todhunter & Dibble of Nevada county visited the Camp yesterday. It is said that they were run out of Nevada City for trying to introduce four-in-hand neckties in the camp. A live, hustling camp has very little use for these wouldbe representatives of eastern dude factories.

The County Commissioner who was implicated in cutting down our bill for county advertising had better come around to this office and settle up his subscription bill or we will give the public facts concerning his steal in connection with the contract for building the new jail.

Jake Haints, the saloon keeper, is requested to remove that barrel of sauer kraut in his back room adjoining the woodshed at this office. The Piute Indian who turns the press has been asphyxiated twice this week while attempting to get a little sleep in that vicinity.

Oddtimers at the Fair will bear in mind Louis Sutter's Saloon, northwest corner of Polk and Sutter streets. The proprietor has furnished refreshments in years gone by to the miners of the Gonstock, Aurora, Bodie, Pickhandle Gulch and other historic ground. He went broke in Bodie on the Last Chance deal, but he is back on his feet at his new stand and still gamely in the ring with both props up.

Spanish Liz will open a new saloon and rondo game opposite the Sawdust corner on the 20th. The little lady shows good sense in selecting the camp for a place of business.

John Tulley attempted to introduce a plug hat into this camp last Sunday, but it was promptly knocked off his head and kicked to pieces by Bill Stewart, the District Recorder. Tulley was severely slugged last summer for wearing a boiled shirt and remaining sober on the Fourth of July. It's about time he got next to himself.

Deputy Sheriff Sprockels yesterday arrested a harmless boy who accidentally hit a Chinaman four or five times with a few rocks. Sprockels by his officiousness has made for himself an enemy of every mother in town. If he would attend to the vampires who steal the APPEAL from door steps he would stand some show for re-election.


ESTABLISHED 1850.

For Almost
Half a Century
We Have Been
Catering
To the Cultivated
Tastes of this
City and the
Pacific Coast.

High-Grade Groceries
Medicinal Liquors
Havana Cigars

WE PUBLISH THE LARGEST GROCERY CATALOGUE IN THE WORLD. SEND POSTAL FOR COPY.

SPECIALTIES:

Sierra Madre California Olive Oil.
Finest California Wines.
Old Crow and McBrayer Whiskies.

WE SHIP EVERYWHERE.

GOLDBERG
BOWEN
AND
LEBENBAUM

426-428-430-432 Pine Street.
(Telephone No. 1.)
215-217 Sutter Street.
(Telephone No. 111.)
2805 California Street.
(Telephone No. 4101.)


### AN OLD MENU.

#### Cost of Living in the "Days of Old, the Days of Gold."

To the searchers for relics of the olden days of California the following bill of fare will have a peculiar interest. The original from which it is taken is now in possession of J. M. Hutchins, the pioneer guardian of Yosemite valley, who is not only proud of the fact, but also sets great store upon its ownership:

EL DORADO HOTEL,
—M. ELSTNER, PROPRIETOR.—
HANGTOWN, January, 1850.
BILL OF FARE.

| | |
|---|---|
| **SOUP.** | |
| Bean | $1 00 |
| Ox Tail (short) | 1 50 |
| **ROAST.** | |
| Beef, Mexican (spring cut) | $1 50 |
| " Up along | 1 00 |
| " Plain | 1 00 |
| " With one Potato (fair size) | 1 25 |
| " Tame, from the States | 1 50 |
| **VEGETABLES.** | |
| Baked Beans, Plain | $ 75 |
| " " Greased | 1 00 |
| Two Potatoes (medium size) | 50 |
| " " peeled | 75 |
| **ENTREES.** | |
| Saner Kraut | $1 00 |
| Bacon, Fried | 1 00 |
| " Stuffed | 1 50 |
| Hash, Low Grade | 75 |
| " 18 Carats | 1 00 |
| **GAME.** | |
| Codfish Balls, per pair | $ 75 |
| Grizzly Roast | 1 00 |
| " Fried | 1 00 |
| Jackass Rabbit (whole) | 1 00 |
| **PASTY.** | |
| Rice Pudding, Plain | $ 75 |
| " " With Molasses | 1 00 |
| " " Brandy Peaches | 2 00 |
| Square Meal, with Dessert | 3 00 |

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
GOLD SCALES ON THE END OF THE BAR.

Late arrivals on the sunny slope would hardly care to appease their appetites at such a price, yet in the early '50's this schedule was maintained for several years in hostelries that were not by any means considered luxurious.

### THE COLLECTOR.

With this issue the collector will be around. Subscribers are requested to pony up without any back talk.

This sheet is not in the service of any clique or corporation, and depends alone on the public for its support.

The price will be $5 for the season of the Fair, whether the paper is issued weekly, tri-weekly, daily or twice a day.

Theo Altona, Stationer and Newsdealer, will receive orders for the paper at 431 Montgomery street.

OUR SUBSCRIPTION YANKER.

Gen. C. W. Boston is the authorized subscription agent of the MIDWINTER APPEAL and any orders given him during his walks from camp to camp will be attended to without delay. No dairy produce accepted in payment.

### BY PONY EXPRESS.

#### NEWS BROUGHT IN BY OUR CAYUSE.

THE HAWAIIAN SITUATION.

Washington, Jan. 11—A sensation was sprung by Senator Stewart this morning, who alleges that he has discovered private letters from Queen Lilluokalani addressed to Cleveland. They are full of love-sick expressions, and she begs him to leave his family and and flee to the island of St. Helena away from the world. Dan Lamont, who was the custodian of the letters, got on a drunk as soon as he discovered their loss, and it is rumored, handed in his resignation as Private Adviser to King Cleveland. Mrs. Cleveland will not sue for divorce until she establishes the authenticity of the letters. Society in Washington is greatly excited and nothing else is talked of.

Unless the President signs the free silver bill the letters will be published in a few days.

J. Secretary Gresham said if Grover had ever written anf love letters to the Queen he had followed his usual policy and kept very still about it.

BOSTON MOURNING.

Boston, Jan. 10—The news of the second defeat of John Sullivan has just reached this city by a man who came in on horseback. It is a great shock to the town.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was addressing the Boston Baked Bean Athenaeum Society, broke down and sobbed when he communicated the news to the club. It adjourned at once. Leading business houses are in mourning and the Boston Globe turned its column rules.

It was rumored last evening that he was knocked out by his wife. The City Council is ready to pass resolutions denouncing her course if the rumor proves true.

The Mayor has ordered all city officials to quit looking the treasury for ten days and wear crape on their hats out of respect for the deceased.

A GOOD LESSON.

Coyote Hollow, Jan. 11—Dick Anderson, the restaurant man, was taken out and hung by the High Grub Protective Society for announcing that he would serve regular meals in his hash house from the 21st until further notice at $4 00 per meal, a plate of bean soup to be thrown in with all orders. The regular price heretofore has always been $7 50 for a plain dinner, soup $1 extra. Anderson in his rank liberality threatened to rain the business of other restaurant men in the camp.

His sudden taking off the earth is looked upon as a good thing by most of the better class of people, who are against low rates.

WORK FOR THE CORONER.

Bear Hill, Jan. 11—Four miners got into a scrap over a bottle of whisky, and three of them were killed. Broken-tooth Pat, the only one left, has appointed himself administrator of the estate of the deceased, and will auction off their effects next Wednesday.

WORKED THE PARSON.

Jaytown, Jan. 11—Hock Mason, the Congregational minister, is being examined for insanity by the vestrymen of his parish. It appears that the leading soprano of the choir borrowed the charity fund of 800 ounces of dust and blew it all in on a large time with the sexton. Parson Mason has made up the shortage, but people around town consider him a very tame and worthless theologian to let the sexton have first pick. There is talk of dismissing him and turning the parish over to the plate passer.

## TIME TO ACT.

Last Saturday the Revenue Marine Steamer Corwin came into this port like a locoed horse striking a feed corral. Its course very much resembled a streak of lightning that had not fully made up its mind just where it intended to strike. It changed its course at least twelve times before landing, and the oldest pilots in the bay got of the way for fear the steamer in its wild steering would knock some of them out.

It was clear to the most casual observer that the captain was drunk. On Sunday morning a man mounted on a wild Mexican mustang charged past the APPEAL office at a break-neck pace, just missing being lassoed by our nerve editor, who was perched on the roof, rifle in hand, watching for a chance to nail the Envoy Extraordinary on his way to Washington.

In the old Polk administration when a steamer landed in this section the transit of important dispatches was in the habit of calling at this office and giving us a chance to inspect them, that the news might be heralded to the world.

In this instance we were given the go-by.

Our regular telegraphic crayon was up at Slapjack Flat on business or we would have overhauled Cleveland's messenger and made him show up his dispatches.

If there was ever a time when a President was aching to be impeached it is now.

We don't know how the sentiment is in the East, but the way the President is gyrating in his foreign policy, combined with his method of treating the press, is arousing the American people to a sense of their duty toward the man who usurps the legislative function and tries to sit down on the only palladium of American liberty.

We hereby call on our representatives at Washington to lay the case before the Senate, and don't forget to state in the indictment that the bearer of the dispatches dodged twice when our news editor threw the lariat. Any little jobs of printing which the Senate needs during the impeachment will be furnished free of cost at this office.

## THE ORIENTAL DANCES.

The Society for the Suppression of Other People's Vices have invaded the Fair grounds and propose to regulate the oriental dances. A good many people would like to know by what right a party by the name of Kane attempts to regulate the morals or the dances of our oriental visitors. These people came here from the Old World and pay their hard money to have an innings at the Fair.

This is a World's Fair and not a mere San Francisco county exhibit. We have a Commission whose business is to run the Exposition and they need no assistance from the various self-constituted societies who have made it their business to regulate morality. The editor of the APPEAL saw the oriental dances in Chicago. They are very abominable, low and vulgar. They are the lowest, broadest and most suggestive thing in dancing we ever saw, and the most ungraceful. But for all this everybody seemed to want to see them and the theater where they performed was always packed. Nearly every man and woman who visited the Chicago Fair took at least one look at the dances which the newspapers did not dare describe. We doubt if these dances harmed anybody. The people who visited them did not as a rule seem to be spring chickens. The dances are tough beyond description, but the idea that this man Kane can come in and say to the dancers that they cannot go on because he objects is simply ridiculous. The public has its appetite whetted for the very much advertised dance and they propose to see it.

The public don't propose that Kane shall be the only one who shall see it, and, having seen it, shall shut the rest of the coast out. The proprietors of the theaters have a perfect right to kick Kane out whenever he comes there to meddle with the business. If he attends to the licensed vice in San Francisco he will have his hands full. We have an idea that a man in San Francisco who successfully regulates his own morals will have enough to do.

THE proprietor of the APPEAL extends his thanks to the press of San Francisco for the kindly expressions indulged in by them on the first appearance of this paper. Although they all know that we are liable in a few months to be negotiating for their buildings and presses to run the '49 camp journal, they rose above professional jealousy and took of their cabeese to us in proper shape. It is pleasant to meet men of such caliber. Out of the mass of congratulations expressed to our benefit we select one particular bouquet, thrown us by the Daily Report. It said: "The first issue of the MIDWINTER APPEAL was a hummer."

## TO ADVERTISERS.

During the Fair the MIDWINTER APPEAL will be the best advertising medium published. The Fair will be littered up with all sorts of advertising circulars, in which several acres of dreary advertising space confront the eye. Announcements are lost in this promiscuous wilderness of type; by these efforts are mercilessly distributed, never read. A business house might as well place an announcement on the under side of a coffin plate just before the remains are committed to the earth. An advertisement in the MIDWINTER APPEAL is read by every one who reads the paper. Over advertising space is limited and the few who secure entrance to these columns can rest assured that every one who purchases the paper will also see the advertisement. On Sunday last the first edition was exhausted by noon.

## TO FRISCO.

Gov. Colcord of Nevada, accompanied by Senator Williams, Len Hamilton, Johnny Jones and W. O. H. Martin of Reno paid the camp a visit last evening. They acted like men who thought they were in the wilds of Montana, and would have all been nabbed if our constables had not been asleep on their cocktail rooster.

It may be great fun to ride into saloons and shoot the stoppers out of the bottles, but sometimes the fun gets monotonous, and well-meaning people get shot.

We like these gentlemen very much socially, but must admonish them that they are in the center of California civilization when they strike Camp '49, and the next time the Governor of Nevada comes into the office and puts his feet on our editorial table, he had better patronize the bootblack stand near the Newsboy corner.


SAN FRANCISCO

# MUSIC AND DRAMA

THE ONLY

THEATRICAL JOURNAL

PUBLISHED ON THE

PACIFIC COAST

CONTAINS NOT ONLY ALL THE NEWS OF THE SLOPE IN THE SHOW WORLD, BUT AN EPITOME OF ALL THAT IS GOING ON IN

**AMUSEMENT CIRCLES EVERYWHERE**

Excellently and Concisely Catalogued and Pungently Paragraphed.

Every Line Expressly Written for its Columns, being neither a scissored and pasted scrap-book nor a reprint of manufactured matter made by the mile and sold by the foot, and is what it claims to be,

**THE BEST CLASS PAPER FOR ITS PRICE PUBLISHED**

*AND BETTER THAN MANY AT TWICE THE COST.*

It has the Courage of its Convictions, Is Bold and Aggressive,

Handling Sham Managers, Sham Plays and Sham Actors Without Gloves.

Not Afraid to Condemn, it Prefers to Praise.

ENCOURAGES ENTERPRISE, ASSISTS ART AND FOSTERS TALENT

Its Opinions are Widely Endorsed and its News and Facts are Copied Extensively.

*There is Never a Dull Line in It.*

BRIGHT AS A DIAMOND!

SHARP AS A RAZOR!

KEEN AS A BRIAR!

Its Circulation and its Influence Makes it an

**Extremely Valuable Advertising Medium**

TO THE MANAGER, THE STAR, THE ACTOR, THE MERCHANT

And All who may in any way have dealings with the Profession and its admirers.

**MUSIC AND DRAMA**

IS SUPPLIED TO THE TRADE BY THE

**SAN FRANCISCO NEWS CO.**

And may be found on all News Stands West of the Missouri River, and can be ordered through any Newspaper in the United States. On file in every Theatre and Vaudeville House in the Country and every Dramatic Agency on Earth.

**ITS ADVERTISING COLUMNS**

USED BY ALL SUCCESSFUL LOCAL AND VISITING MANAGERS OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE.


## STILL ON DECK.

### The Last Break of Our Crazy Deputy Sheriff.

HE DASHES HIS HORSE INTO A SALOON WINDOW AND KILLS A WOMAN

Last week the APPEAL called in the Sheriff of the county to kick Deputy Spreckels, alias Sugar-foot Dolph, off the force in the interest of law and order, but for some reason which is a mystery to the community he still retains him in the office which he disgraces.

As the result the drunken lunatic killed a woman yesterday under particularly aggravating circumstances.

It appears that there was a case at Lousetown, which consisted of divorce proceedings against the woman who keeps the Flog Saloon, known as Rednosed Fanny, who came to this camp with Whipsaw Pete about four years ago. Sugar-foot had the serving of the summons giving notice of the divorce, and came in from Lousetown in the afternoon riding a bronco. He struck the upper end of the camp about 2 o'clock and by 4 was as full as a fiddler and riding his horse up and down the street like a madman, hunting for the Flog Saloon, but too drunk to find it.

He finally learned that the woman was dying in the saloon, where she had been laid up several days with pneumonia. The sudden thought of losing his mileage sobered him up partially, and after a moment's maudlin reflection he rode full tilt at the place and his horse went clean through the window at a break-neck pace.

It was only the work of an instant for the frontier steed, its flanks cut with broken glass, to bound into the woman's room, landing on the frail cot where she was sick, and kicking it over. The terrible shock and fall sent out the last spark of life, and so the poor unfortunate creature, who was an old subscriber to this journal and never harmed a fly, died before the summons could be served. The only redeeming portion of the affair is the fact that the Deputy lost $155 mileage and the lawyer, who sent the summons by the Deputy, instead of advertising it on the fourth page of this journal next to pure reading matter, is out and injured. Of course John Spreckels, who keeps his brother in office to saddle the expenses of support-

DEPUTY SHERIFF SPRECKELS' ARRIVAL.


This Space Reserved

FOR

DANIEL BOONE'S

Performing Animal Arena.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS SEE SMALL BILLS.

THE EARLY RUSH.

## WILD SCENE IN CAMP.

### Boone's Lion Tries to Buck the Tiger.

Yesterday afternoon about 3 o'clock the editor of the APPEAL was surprised to see a large African lion standing beside our editorial table. It quietly reached over for a brace of ducks sent in that morning with the compliments of the Frisco Sporting Club, and swallowing them at a gulp, laid down by the fire.

We felt that if Col. Boone wanted to call on us he should have come in ahead of his card, and to show our disapproval of his methods we hit the beast of the desert over the head with the office towel. It knocked him through the door. We meant no disrespect for the Col., but we had to do something.

The lion then sauntered across the street and strolled into the faro game run by Harvey.

No sooner did he see the picture of the big Bengal tiger over the lookout chair, than he sent forth a roar that could be heard to Sampson's Flat, and bounding over the heads of the players, headed straight for the painted counterfeit of Bengal.

He struck the frail boards with a crash, and going through, landed squarely on the red hot stove in Peake's restaurant. After sitting on the hot range until he realized that it was no place for him, he hopped off, the pads on his paws sizzling like fried beefsteak. He then went back with a bound through the same hole he came in at and landed on the faro table, where Gov. Markham, Col. Fair, Adolph Sutro and Mike de Young were trying to break the bank.

Glaring at Mr. de Young, he seemed to think him responsible in some way for the trouble, and opening his mouth three feet wide, uttered a roar that made the Japanese camp think there was an earthquake. He would have certainly devoured the Director-General had not Col. Boon stepped in, and with a calm look in his eye and a gentle word of command, reduced the beast to abject submission.

Col. Fair was so disturbed that he hastened through the door, leaving six dollars on the green, which he had just won.

The money will be exhibited as one of the curios of the '49 Camp.

### ARRIVED.

Four boxes of Viavi arrived yesterday on Talley's mules and more is coming. Before the Fair is over 6,000,000 people will be inquiring for this great remedy. Viavi means the way to health, and this new medical discovery certainly points the way to perfect health when everything else only leads to the first mile post.

Address Viavi Company, corner Van Ness avenue and Vallejo street, San Francisco, Cal.

The next man that shoots into our reaction when we are asleep on the imposing stone, will have to make explanations. Practical joking in this camp is getting run into the ground.

## ROW AT A HORSE RACE.

News comes from Filkmans Flat that at the horse race yesterday a gang of sports from the east rung in with a thoroughbred Kentucky racer and cleaned out the camp. The betting was 40 to 1 on the favorite, who never knew he was in it after the first quarter.

The man whose horse won left the camp amidst a storm of bullets on one side, while the stake-holder skipped out on the other. The two were in cahoots, and made a fine clean-up.

The party who worked the horse into the race is rumored to be a sport known as "Long Tom," who is not in the racing business for his health.

It is high time some new racing blood was infused into the turf of this coast, and Mr. Williams is just the man to do it.

Our old cayuse plug that brings in dispatches can best any of the nags that ran yesterday at the Flat, except the Kentucky racer.

If Mr. Williams will call at the office and plank down $20, we will give his horse a good send off in our next edition.

## GROWLING CONCESSIONAIRES.

There is considerable growling among the concessioners because they have to pay their percentage from the receipts of business before the Fair opens.

While it is all right for some, it works a hardship on others. For instance, a man who merely has some staple article for sale, everything is clear gain, and he can lay off his help and box up his stock at any time business is not brisk.

But a man with a number of people on his hands engaged and under contract for January 1st, the day the fair was advertised to open, finds the post ponement a heavy loss to him, and people in this situation consider it crowding the mourners a little when the collector comes round for the percentage.

The situation presents many difficulties in the way of a fair adjustment, which will soon be relieved by the big opening, good weather, and the augmented attendance which will follow in the wake of all these blessings.

The other day a young man who was engaged to a chorus girl of one of the local theaters was shot by the girl's mother and died in due form. Of course the papers all sent interviewers to pump the girl. One of them, representing a leading daily asked her the following question:

"Is it true that you spent last Saturday night with the deceased at the Cliff House?"

The reporter goes on to say that the girl blushed slightly before answering the question.

This was a mistake. She should have grabbed a poker and beaten the man over the head a few times, and then answered it at her leisure.

Suppose some one were to call at the reporter's house at night, ring him up and ask him, with the privilege of publication, where he spent some particular night and who was his companion, he would probably consider it somewhat of an impertinent question.

Such a question is only allowable to be asked in a court trial, and then the witness need not answer it.

## A LETTER FROM "PONY."

### He Likes the Idea of Having "Hank" Monk's Stage Run to the Midwinter Fair.

COWO, Jan. 2, 1894.

EDITOR APPEAL.—I have seen in several papers that is proposed to take the old stage in which the founder of the New York Tribune was whirled over the Sierras by "Hank" Monk to the '45 camp at the Midwinter Fair to be driven by Doc Benton of Carson City. The proposition is a good one. It would add largely to the attractions of the '49 Camp.

That old stage is historic outside of the fame given it by the Greeley trip over the mountains, for "Hank" afterward became a part owner of the same old coach. It came about in this way: Mr. Chorpening, for whom "Hank" drove at the time of the "Greeley ride," had the contract to carry the U. S. mail between Salt Lake and Sacramento, and became so involved that his property was being attached, and Mart Smith, Chorpening's agent for this end of the route, advised "Hank" to make his salary secure by secreting some of the stage property. "Hank" acted on the advice and hitched up two of the stages, including the historic one, and drove them across Van Sickles ranch and the Carson river, just above Genoa, dismantled and secreted them in tules and turned the horses loose, and by so doing secured his back wages.

"Hank" made another famous trip over the mountains in 1863, or '64, taking over a load of Comstock magnates from Virginia City. They chartered a special coach from Wells, Fargo & Co., who then owned the line, with, of course, the stipulation that "Hank" was to drive. So well were they satisfied with his driving that they presented him with a $300 watch and a gold-mounted six-horse stage whip. He was very proud of his trophies, though they were seldom seen save by his intimate friends. If Doc Benton drives the old coach over the mountains and into the '49 Camp of the Midwinter Fair he will doubtless use the gold-mounted whip, for Hank told the writer a short time before he died that the watch and whip were for Doc Benton and his wife. They were his true friends to the last, and staid by him until the brake finally slipped from his grasp.

Mart Smith, spoken of above as the stage agent, ought to go over with Doc and the old stage, for he was on the box with Hank when the great editor took his famous ride and Mr. Greeley was the only passenger.

Hank acknowledged that Mart's presence probably prevented a serious mishap, for as they were descending a steep grade a trace on one of the wheels became unhitched and was dangling around his legs. In a moment every one of those wild mustangs was doing his very best to get away from that particular spot. At the foot of the grade a short turn to the left took them on to the bridge which spanned the south fork of the American river, while off on the road to the right was a flat covered with heavy timber. The horses were running away and no human power at hand could stop them on that down grade. "Will you try to make the turn?" asked Mart. "No," said Hank, "I am going to steer for the trees we are all right, and if I don't it is better than the river." He skipped the trees, and by the time Horace got his head out to make inquiries Smith had the trace hitched and they were ready to commence making time again, and their passenger never knew but the ride through that grove was the correct thing. Well, at that time, it certainly was.

POSY.


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One hears this a thousand times daily because it is a

Sporting Center.

It is hardly necessary to say that the CAFE ROYAL is on the corner of Fourth and Market, and that JOE ORNDORFF is the proprietor.

We merely make the remark to fill this space.



A. COHN.

SAN FRANCISCO PEOPLE

Who cannot get suited in the price and quality of San Francisco clothing will find

Abe Cohn's

In CARSON CITY the place to buy to advantage.



LOUIS SUTTER,

Formerly of Virginia City, Bodie, Aurora and Pickhandle Gulch, has pitched his tent on the northwest corner of Polk and Sutter streets, where he runs a regular old-time saloon for old-time friends.

If you want to get real good liquor coil up with your buckskin sack and gold dust.



This Space Reserved For Next Week.

## A MILITARY SUGGESTION.

### An Old Army Officer Wants Soldiery in the Camp.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THE WAR DEPARTMENT TO FOLLOW.

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 8, 1894.

EDITOR MIDWINTER APPEAL: As the United States Army had much to do with the military occupation of California and the days of '49 I respectfully ask that Uncle Sam's Department of War be represented in the "'49 Camp," which is to be one of the greatest features of the California Midwinter International Exposition.

We intend to make everything about the camp as realistic as possible. A '49 camp without a sprinkling of army officers would be like a whisky mill without a dry crowd at the bar.

A detail of one General, two Majors and a Lieutenant would about meet the realistic requirements of our '49 Camp. If more can be spared without manifest injury to the service so much the better.

General Roger might be ordered to report for special duty during the ensuing six months. You can probably get him to personate General Kearny of the glorious days of '49. In this character he would be able to create quite a military sensation recounting to the visitors the stories of the trouble between Kearny and John C. Fremont. He would only be needed for this duty two or three times in the day and once in the evening.

It would be a good idea to have Lieut. Fremont ordered to report to camp for duty. He could appropriately personate his father, the Pathfinder. You could build a tower in the camp made of old ordnance and rely on ample material for its construction in the several hundred rusty artillery pieces lying around loose in California and Nevada, which old settlers swear Captain John C. Fremont, the Pathfinder, abandoned whenever he lost his way. You will recognize the fitness of the selection of young Fremont to perch himself upon the top of this tower in full dress uniform to recite to tenderfoot visitors the exploits of his heroic sire.

You need two Majors to impart some life to the '49 Camp and infuse it with a 49-proof spirit of that bibulous era. Majors Elderkin and Woodruff would just fill the bill. They both belong to the commissary department and commissaries are traditionally reputed to be jovial fellows. Elderkin is a humorist and Wood an orator, two essential requirements to a realistic presentation of a '49 mining camp.

In your '49 Camp Major Elderkin could personate the late Lieutenant Derby of "Phoenix" memory. You can utilize Major Elderkin in reproducing the famous scene in San Diego between Derby and the editor of a local sheet. Put Elderkin in charge of the paper you are to edit at the camp. Like Derby, Elderkin will change its politics during your temporary absence in Carson. On your return the old row can be witnessed between the officer and the editor, which winds up in a tableau in which Elderkin, a la Derby, is represented on top holding you down with his nose inserted between your teeth.

You will observe by referring to your prospectus that you are to have an occasional lynching bee in the camp. As Woodruff is an orator you will need him to harangue the crowd at times in the interest of law and order.

All these officials will be allowed Sunday off but should attend strictly to business on secular days. They will be provided with cigars and coffee free. Greater liberality on your part is restrained only by the high price you have paid for your concession.

Hoping at an early day to see copies of the orders of the War Department assigning these officers to special duty in accordance with this request, I remain yours faithfully,

AN OLD ARMY OFFICER.

—ALSO—

Sam Davis' new paper, the MIDWINTER APPEAL AND JOURNAL OF '49, it beyond question the most unique thing in journalism produced on this coast for years. The day after it was issued it was the talk of the town, and now it is almost impossible to secure a copy. It is published for the '49 Mining Camp, and is the biggest advertisement of the camp that could possibly be made. Old-timers will read its pages with delight, as it brings up once more in reality the dreams of old days. Its illustrations are better than the art work of the dailies, and its columns fairly teem with good things.—Star.

'49 MINING CAMP, MIDWINTER FAIR.


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Which translated means
THE ROAD TO HEALTH.

Very necessary to womankind
In a thousand and one ways
And by our cures we quickly
Verify the claim that VIAVA is
Indispensible to you all.

TO ALL WANDERERS on the rocky road of sickness, we will furnish a Guide to the City of Health and happiness in life, where woman with her ever increasing burden can throw off and lay aside the weight of destroying disease and lift up her head in

**Perfect Health.**

Upon the pages of feminine history appear a thousand testimonials from thankful hearts of wives, mothers and daughters whose ills have been banished by VIAVI. All disease fails before its potent influence and slow destroyers give way to vigorous health, happiness and physical comfort, not for a day, but always.

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THE
**MIDWINTER APPEAL**
.....AND.....
**Journal of '49.**

Devoted to the Interests of the Midwinter Fair and the '49 Mining Camp.

This journal will be published daily, weekly or three times a day, as the editor may see fit. The daily edition will not contain any advertising, as a faithful record of the rush and riot of the great Fair and '49 Camp will not give the editor any time to rustle for business.

If you want to advertise go to the Weekly, as the Weekly is out for the stuff and will take all the advertising it can lay its hands on.

All the writers of any note on the Pacific Coast have been secured to ladle out English in the columns of this newspaper. Our list of contributors will embrace such people as Joaquin Miller, Rollen M. Daggett, Judge C. C. Goodwin, Dan De Quille, Ambrose Bierce, W. H. Mills, S. E. Moffitt, Charles Michelson, Ned Hamilton, Colonel Irish, W. C. Morrow, Joe Goodman, "Lying Jim" Townsend, Arthur McEwen, Major Frank McLaughlin, Ed Colnon, Allen Kelly, Eugene Hahn, Colonel Shaw, Albert May, Colonel Ayer, Sam Chamberlain, Ed. Morphy, Jim Barry, Frank Moffit, Colonel Young, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Hugh Hume, Rosa Jackson, and others.

Contributions from commercial sluiricans, millionaires, and political statuary who cannot write a lick on earth, will be pitched in the waste basket.

Editors visiting the Fair are invited to come into the sanctum, make free use of our corn-cob pipe, spit on the floor, and utilize the copy hook as they see fit. If the gate-keeper gives you any plaver, knock him down and walk in.

Dick Foote will write the criticisms of all the theaters except his own.

Willie Polk will run the architecture column.

Hal Mighels will be the sporting reporter.

Sam Davis will edit the paper.

Bob Davis will tangle up telegraph news.

Each contributer is expected to sign his name and do his own scrapping.

The sheet will come out in the afternoon when it comes out all.

Contributors' articles will go as they are written, and not be edited by some ass who thinks he knows better what the contributor wants to say than the man who writes it.

**REST FOR THE WEARY.**

**Food and Feed for Man and Beast.**

**Baked Beans Cooked in the Ground, None Better.**

OLD PAPA PEAKS, the Well-Known Caterer, Will Personally Superintend the Management.

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THE
LIGHTNING ARTIST
Has Arrived at the Camp and is Now Ready and Anxious to Knock Out Life Size Pictures in 5 Minutes for
**4 BITS EACH**
IN HARD CASH.

READ WHAT PROF. DAVIS CAN DO WITH CRAYONS AND THEN HAVE HIM THROW YOUR PHYSIOGNOMY ON PAPER.

TESTIMONIAL.

To ARTHUR S. DAVIS,
THE LIGHTNING ARTIST:

Being a thoroughly disinterested person in your peculiarly gifted work I am sure you would appreciate a just compliment from me:

☞ YOU ARE SIMPLY GREAT and as long as you live, Mike Angelo is not dead. The speed you show and the marvelous accuracy you display in getting a perfect expression would have made Pete Rembrandt throw up his job. I have watched you work many times and can conscientiously say that you are the swiftest man that ever slung crayons into portrait form. Begging pardon for consuming your valuable time I remain yours at the old percentage,

BOB DAVIS,
Business Manager.

P. S.—More testimonials if wanted.

**J. K. DALMAS,**
**CARPENTER and BUILDER**
FOR THE
'49 CAMP '49
Particular attention paid to Fitting up and placing exhibits at the Midwinter Fair.
TERMS MODERATE.
GOOD AND QUICK WORK.
Orders left at
1201 Market St., Corner Eighth,
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

**RUSS HOUSE,**
MONTGOMERY ST., EXTENDING FROM PINE TO BUSH,
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Business center of the city, convenient to all banks, insurance offices and places of amusement during the Midwinter Fair.
Containing 300 Rooms.
J. S. YOUNG - - - - PROPRIETOR
TERMS:
$1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 Per Day.
Still lower terms for excursion and other large parties. Superior accommodations for families at very moderate rates.
Hotel coach in waiting at all boats and trains to convey guests to and from the house free of Charge.
For further particulars apply at '49 Camp.

**'49 MINING CAMP.**

A FAITHFUL REPRESENTATION OF THE OLD-TIME FEATURES OF A NEW DIGGINGS IN '49.

Mining Strikes, Hydraulic, Sluice and Quartz Mining Faithfully Represented.

Mining Riots, Pistol Arbitration, Lynching Bees and Claim Jumping Riots Realistically Enacted.

The Postoffice, Justice's Office and Mayor's Office, All in the same Saloon Open Night and Day.

The Tiger with his Teeth Pulled Will Be There in Mimic Representation of the old Gaming Days.

STAGES RUNNING BETWEEN THE CAMP AND FRISCO DAILY.

Good Tavern Accommodations and Mule Corrals.

Mrs. Woods' Souvenir Paintings of Camp Cabins.

Halstead's Horses on Snow Shoes.

PRECIPITOUS PLUMES AT THE FOOT OF MT. SHASTA.
GRAND PANORAMIC EXHIBIT, SHOWING MT. SHASTA FIFTY MILES AWAY.
The Millionaire Cabins of Early Days. John Mackay's Cabin, Built by Him, and in Which He Lived When He Made His First Big Strike in Alleghany, Sierra County.
U. S. Senator Perkins' Cabin, Built by Him 38 Years Ago at Thompson's Flat, Butte County.
The Original Downie Cabin, Reproduced From a Cabin built by Major William Downie, the founder of Downieville.

Major Downie expected to spend part of the winter here at the camp but he died in this port on the steamer City of Pueblo December 28, on his way from British Columbia.

Typical '49 FANDANGO with forty sweet-faced Senioritas dancing to the strains of the famous Mexican Orchestra.

A REGULAR NEWSPAPER OFFICE ON THE GROUND.

Every building a museum of interesting relics. More to be seen there than possible to describe.

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# THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
## AND JOURNAL OF FORTY-NINE.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SUNDAY, JANUARY 21, 1894. NUMBER 3.

THE MIDWINTER APPEAL AND JOURNAL OF '49.
Published Weekly at 420 Montgomery street
—BY—
SAM DAVIS.
$10 Per Annum. $5 for Six Months.


### BY PONY EXPRESS.

### NEWS BROUGHT IN BY OUR CAYUSE.

#### PANIC IN CARSON.

Carson, Nev., Jan. 14—At the fireman's banquet last night a terrible panic was created by one Phil Doyle, and eight people were injured severely, three perhaps fatally.

The festivities were going on exceptionally smooth until the master of ceremonies arose amid the silence of respect for him and addressed the jakies as follows:

"Brothers and defenders of the people: I now arise to prepare the way for an address by one of the most eloquent and masterful orators living. I will now introduce to you the Honorable Phil Doyle."

As the modest Doyle stepped to the front there was a silence in which the chicks on his shirt could be heard clanking together.

Suddenly a howl went up and the entire crowd started for the street, piling over each other in mad profusion and fighting a way toward the windows and doors. Most of the firemen who were on to Doyle had escaped the torture so frequently suffered before and left the maimed and mangled on the floor. Doyle, who was never yet shut off on a speech, dragged the wounded back to their chairs and delivered his address anyhow. Four of his audience fainted away, but Doyle only shot a dose of seltzer in their faces and continued without interruption.

At a late hour George Bryson and John Trapp went back to the hall, looked in and found Doyle still laying down an address of welcome to his speechless listeners. Doyle holds the fort and no one dares to enter for fear he will prolong the address. Men are stationed at different entrances waiting for him to stop long enough for some one to invite the speaker to come out and drink.

#### HAD A BAD EYE.

Rag Gulch, Jan. 18—Yesterday a tragedy was enacted through the unnatural jealousy of old Pete Jay. A stranger came to town, a fine looking young fellow, who has since proven to be Johny Fagan of Oak Flat. Young Fagan was playing at Pete's lay-out, with Moll his wife in the lookout chair. Fagan turned in his chair frequently, and, throwing his head back, winked his left eye. This happened too often not to be observed by Pete, who took it as an insult to Mrs. Jay. Before it was time for explanations both men had exchanged shots. Fagan was shot in the bowels, and has since died. Pete is packing his shooting hand in a sling. It now transpires that Fagan had a glass eye, and in order to bring the lid over it he had to throw his head back a little and wink hard to make the connection. The Coroner's jury proved that he came to his death from justifiable causes.

#### THE FIRST FAKIR.

Emigrant Hill, Jan. 20—A man by the name of Glass gave an exhibition at Hobson's Hall last night with what he called a phonograph or talking machine. He tried to work the audience for two hours, but everybody knew there was a man under the table doing the talking. You can't fool this town.

LAYING THE FOUNDATIONS OF STATE.

#### THAT AFFAIR AT POLLARD'S.

I am going to try to state the true facts in the case. That appears easy enough to you probably, but it isn't as easy as you think. I doubt if any one can tell the absolute truth. There is a way in the candidest intellect that twists things. The most conscientious man I know—Sam Davis of Carson, Nev.—has staggered under this disability all his life. He desires to tell the truth on all occasions, but is simply incapable of doing it. An approximate reach towards facts—always largely on the side of error—is the nearest point to which he can ever arrive. This fault or infirmity—or whatever you choose to call it—became at one time a burning international—but here I am wondering away from the facts—because, I say, a State question, and is embalmed in the statutes of Nevada. He has enlisted the commonwealth to the large amount through advertising in the Carson APPEAL, but was incompetent to recover owing to his inability to take the ordinary oath. But his genius rose to the occasion. With the help of Sam Wright he lobbied an act through the legislature empowering him not to tell the truth but to come as near to it as he could, and under this statute he sued and collected from the State an amount that left it permanently bankrupt. I told this to Bill Nye, but he didn't see fit to avail himself of it and has gone on twaddling irrelevant both ever since.

As I said, however, I am going to try to state the facts in the Pollard affair—but again it isn't as easy as you think. I have a case of hereditary, persistent and perverse prevarication in my mind. I know Mr. James Townsend, better known as Lying Jim Townsend. He walked into the old Golden Era office in 1859—a slim, clipper-built lad, who had boxed the compass in his cruises—and proclaimed that he was then forty-six years old. By dead log reckoning he must now be 81, yet he is still a boy, and has never been known to tell the truth from that day till now. Hence his reputation.

But to get down to the facts of the case which, as I have said, isn't as easy as you think. For, without heredity or strain for reputation, I find it difficult to tell the truth myself. Things round themselves up in ones imagination so much better than they really occur. You, my Christian friend, have undoubtedly often added or suppressed a little to make a statement more dramatic and complete.

And so, upon full consideration, lest my biases should pervert the actual facts, I shall not attempt to give an account of that affair at Pollard's.

J. T. GOODMAN.

[When a man of Joe Goodman's veracity doubts his ability to tell the truth, none of the rest of us need be blamed for lying.—ED. APPEAL.]

The miners who go around the city for a little run say that The Osborn, with its bar and billiard parlor at 210 Grant avenue, run by J. Donnelly, is the place of places for a good time. W. E. Stevens is manager, and he makes the boys very welcome. The only trouble seems to be that the men are so pleased that they neglect their assessment work.

#### SUNDAY'S KILLING.

**Mexican Billy Passes in His Checks.**

Mexican Billy, a hard character in the camp, was shot through the head and instantly killed last Sunday by Rufe Love, proprietor of the new dance house.

On Sunday the place was opened for the first time, and while the festivites were at their height, Mexican Billy, a well known peace disturber from Dutch Flat, came in and began making quite free with every body. He was quite full at the time and insisted on dancing with the prettiest girls in the room, and when the dance was over would invariably dodge the time honored practice of treating his partner. This caused some talk, and Billy finally said he could clean out the hall.

He made his first bad break at the proprietor of the place and was quickly keeled over with a bullet between the eyes. He was at once lugged out and pitched into Tully's corral, where he lay until the next day, when some friends found him and buried him in an old prospect hole near Denis Healy's mine.

The coroner who presided said that there was no sense in holding an inquest in such a clear case of suicide.

The new dance house is a great success, and all who were there last Sunday say that there is nothing like it to be seen anywhere. There was plenty of orange cider at the bar, and if you want anything stronger, call for orange cider hard, with the proper accent.

Now that the Dance Hall has been inaugurated there will be a very lively run of business this winter, and there is talk of enlarging it and building galleries.

#### COLONEL HAFFORD'S EXHIBIT.

One of the most unique features of the Fair is the exhibit of Arizona curios by R. F. Hafford.

It is a literal museum of natural curiosities, embracing the birds, fish animals and reptiles of this remarkable country. A student of natural history can spend hours there studying the queer productions that Dame Nature has selected to have their abiding place in that section, where under the heat of an almost tropic sun, is found the grandest mineral belt in the world, and the queerest creations known to the naturalist.

It is a notable fact that the ladies who visit the exhibit invariably pause almost spell bound in contemplation of the ugly Gila monsters, enormous snakes and hideous horned toads and lizards, and pay no attention to the beautiful rainbow colors of the thousand and one birds of the collection. One would think that ladies who love to put gayest bird wings on their hats, would like to see the birds in their natural state, but the sword of feminines is always around the boxes containing the Gila monsters and rattlesnakes.

#### DIED AT HIS POST.

Hank Spooner, the lumber man, came down to the camp last Wednesday with a load of pitch pine for the Presbyterian Church parson, who announced from the pulpit that if he didn't have a fire in his vestry he would resign. Spooner dumped the wood in the preacher's back yard and then came up to Spanish Manel's saloon, where he got drunk. He then hitched up his team, drove back to the church, loaded the wood on his wagon again and returned to Shasta. Thursday morning the minister was found frozen to death in his vestry, where he had become chilled and died while writing his resignation. The sexton had picked his pockets and turned the money over to this journal to square his subscription account. It's an ill wind, etc.

#### A SPECIAL REQUEST.

The editor of this paper respectfully requests the 601 element to hang no more Dagos to the cottonwood tree in front of this office. The foreman of the paper has lost several relatives, who left town by the same route, and it awakens unpleasant memories in his mind to see a man swinging in front of the window all day. As for ourself we don't want this to appear as a kick, because we like to see discipline and justice on top in this town, but the foreman borrowed $427 from us in a poker game last Tuesday and we want him to hang around a few years and work it out or until he can get a good whack at the game when his luck is on.

#### '49 WHISKY.

For several weeks past the grade of whisky in this camp has been from only fair to middling—at least we are able to state that the samples sent to this office by the various saloons has been the worst we have tasted for many a day.

Recently, however, a bottle of the Days of '49 Sour Mash Whisky floated into this office, and our educated taste at once revealed to us that some of the real stuff had struck the place at last. Its advent here has caused great excitement and satisfaction, and now that Meyerfeld, Mitchell & Co., 116 Front street, have landed their whisky in camp the diggins is on its feet.

#### $25 REWARD.

The first number of the APPEAL was printed January 7th 1894.

At the present time it is impossible to find a copy of the first number at any news stands in the city and we have none for our file. The first person bringing this office a MIDWINTER APPEAL, bearing date of January 7th, 1894, will receive $25. The second $10, the third $5. All copies after that will be paid for at the rate of 25 cents apiece.

Colusa, Jan. 19—M. H. De Young hired a hall here last night and spoke in favor of Col. Andrews for U. S. Senator. Alex. Badlam furnished the band.


[ESTABLISHED] 1850

For Almost Half a Century We Have Been Catering To the Cultivated Tastes of this City and the Pacific Coast.

High-Grade Groceries
Medicinal Liquors
Havana Cigars

WE PUBLISH THE LARGEST GROCERY CATALOGUE IN THE WORLD. SEND, POSTAL FOR COPY.

SPECIALTIES:
Sierra Madre California Olive Oil.
Finest California Wines.
Old Crow and McBrayer Whiskies.

WE SHIP EVERYWHERE.

**GOLDBERG BOWEN AND LEBENBAUM**
426-428-430-432 Pine Street,
(Telephone No. 1.)
215-217 Sutter Street,
(Telephone No. 111.)
2805 California Street,
(Telephone No. 4101.)

**TABER**
PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.
Official Photographer
CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER
—INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION—
1894.
Studio on Central Court, Exposition Grounds, between the Administration and Mechanical Arts Buildings.
—ALSO—
121 Post Street,
Between Kearny and Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.
Jan11tf
ROBT. JONES. W. J. BARNES.

**THE PALM**
GARDEN CAFE,
On South Drive, Under the Scenic Railway Tunnel.
Refreshments of All Kinds, Solid and Liquid, at Reasonable Prices.
The Finest Brands of California Wines and Beer.
☞ Private Dining Rooms.
JONES & BARNES.

BOYS!
DRINK THE GOOD OLD
**DAYS OF '49**
WHISKY.
For Sale
All Over the
Camp.
Meyerfeld, Mitchell & Co.,
SOLE AGENTS,
116 Front Street, San Francisco.

## CHEERING PROSPECTS.

Never in the history of mining on this coast has a new camp grown with such rapidity as Camp '49, the scene of the recent strike on the northern slope of Strawberry Hill.

A few months ago, when the first strike was made, but little attention was paid to it by mining men, as the idea seemed to prevail that no gold in any quantity could be found in such a formation. But subsequent development has sustained the original claim made by the APPEAL that the strike was genuine and the camp destined to become a permanent town.

Soon afterward the rush for the new diggings began, and now it is by all odds one of the most thriving places in California. The men who staked out the original Gold Gulch claim at the foot of the hill have found the earth richer as they go down and the surrounding country is now sprinkled with new locations, until the election of a District Recorder is seriously talked of.

The Gold Gulch claim is now panning out $10 a day to the man. The Frog Hollow mine is doing nearly as well, and yesterday a $400 nugget was one of the finds in the Jumping Jackass.

Over twenty claims are now staked out near the first discovery, and a thriving little camp has sprung up around these locations.

We think we knew what we were about when we pitched our tent in these diggings and fired up the engine of civilization in the shape of the MIDWINTER APPEAL as the organ of Camp '49. Following in our wake we find a hotel, two saloons, a stage office, a gambling resort and a dance house, along with a lawyer and doctor's office.

Now you can all depend on it that when a lawyer locates in a camp he considers the claims worth litigating for.

Our advertising columns show that the town is booming and we are here to stay. We predict that before spring claims in the camp will be selling for $1000 a front foot and upward.

This is no idle boast. We know just what we are talking about, and people who hold back thinking they can buy real estate in this locality short of $200 a square foot will curse their folly before spring. Now is the time to get in.

## A STATE'S REPUTATION.

To-day the honor and reputation of the State of California is at stake.

The success of the Midwinter Fair is something that means a great deal more than the local reputation of the Fair managers. People imagine that the Fair is bounded by individual endeavors.

There are men who refuse to put their shoulder to the wheel of progress, not as they alleged, because they fear the failure of the undertaking, but because they fear its success may result in some body getting a great deal of credit.

It is the success and not the failure of the Fair they fear.

Any man who allows such a feeling to govern his actions is an enemy to the prosperity of this great commonwealth.

Such a spirit in Chicago would have killed the fair, but to the credit of Illinois the inhabitants of the State were too proud to tolerate it.

To day the leading men of the State are heading the charge against the sluggards in California. Every citizen should be one of the grand army marshalled to win the battle.

The spoils of victory are well worth fighting for. They embrace an increase of population, a greater demand for our products, advanced land values and a grand era of prosperity.

Sam Davis, the Nevada writer, has issued the first number of his '49 journal, and sent us the third one of the press. The first and second copies went to Washington to be copyrighted.

The paper is small, but there is sufficient Western and early day editorial matter in it to bring down a dozen shoeling scrapes on Sam's head within the next week. It is strictly a union rag, and none but card men will get a chance to cuss over Sam's handwriting and roar at late copy. He proposes to run the paper just as he pleases and make as many mistakes as the law allows.

One of the strong features of the journal is the telegraph column, edited by Bob Davis, who from time to time has contributed to this paper.

An old time print, who can tell a good story of the days long buried in the years now passed, will be welcomed in the office, and his copy will not be butchered by some jay who can't write the address on an envelope.

Any man who can stick type or borrow money certainly belongs to the business, and will find himself at home in the MIDWINTER APPEAL office. With Sam's rustling capacity, and Bob's infernal gall, the paper will certainly be a success.—Pacific Union Printer.

## "SNOWSHOE" THOMPSON.

### A VALUABLE RELIC OF EARLY DAYS.

### THE IDENTICAL SNOWSHOES USED BY THOMPSON TO BE EXHIBITED AT THE FAIR.

One of the features of Ormsby County's contibution to Nevada's exhibit at the Midwinter Fair will be the identical snowshoes used by the famous "Snowshoe" (J. A.) Thompson in carrying Uncle Sam's mail across the Sierras from Placerville to Genoa in 1857. The snowshoes are the property of the Ormsby House, having been purchased some years ago from the widow of Thompson by the then proprietor of the Ormsby, Geo. D. Fryer. Below is given a sketch of the intrepid snowshoer.

This noted mountaineer was born at Upper Tins, Prestigeld, Norway, in 1827. He came with his father to the United States in 1837 and settled in Illinois. In 1851 he crossed the plains to California, where he worked in different places for several years, sometimes farming, sometimes mining. Hearing of the difficulties attending the transportation of the mail across the Sierras, on account of the great depth of the snow, he determined one day to make a pair of snowshoes such as he remembered to have seen when a boy in Norway. Having made the shoes, he went to Placerville, California, near which place he could practice using them and test their utility. Finding that they worked to his entire satisfaction, he undertook to carry the mail across the Sierras on them, making his first trip in January, 1856. The distance, ninety miles, from Placerville to Carson Valley, was passed over in three days, the return taking one less on account of the down grade. Having made the experiment successfully, Thompson continued to carry the mail between the two points all that winter. The weight of the mail bags was often from sixty to eighty pounds.

When travelling across the mountains he never carried blankets nor wore an overcoat. He traveled by night as well as by day when necessary. If he camped for the night he hunted the stump of a dead tree, and having set fire to it, he built him a bed of spruce boughs on the snow, and lying down with his feet to the fire, rested and slept soundly. He was never lost in the woods or in the mountains. By observing the appearance of the trees and rocks he could tell which way was north and which south, and direct his course accordingly.

He helped to bring material over the Sierra Nevada mountains on which the "Enterprise" was first printed at Genoa, in 1856. He was in the battle with the Pintes in May, 1860, at Pyramid Lake, where the whites were rooted with great slaughter.

He was a man of great physical strength and endurance and of such fortitude of mind and spirits that he courted rather than feared the perils of the mountains when visited by their fiercest storms, and the wild rage of a midnight tempest could not disconcert or drive him from his path. But under the strain of the exhausting labors he forced upon himself, his strength gave out, and in the prime of life he was compelled to surrender himself to nature's last summons. After a brief illness at his residence in Diamond Valley, Cal., he died May 15, 1876. His remains were taken to Genoa, Nevada, for burial. He left a wife and one child.

The Bonynge family, after a long siege and the expenditure of a great deal of money for commissions to grafters and middlemen, have finally succeeded in landing the Viscount Lord Deerhurst. Miss Virginia and the Bonynge money was the bait, and even then it seems to have taken a good deal of angling before the fish was fairly landed. They must feel even now in the position of members of the Carson Sporting Club, who, when fishing is not good, take along a little money to purchase fish of the Indians that they may have a string to display when they come home. The famous picture of "The Slave Mart," displayed about two years ago on Market street, would be a most appropriate wedding gift for the matches made by American girls with British aristocracy.

From the realms of the Midwinter Fair comes the MIDWINTER APPEAL. It is a brief little two-page sheet, and from the list of contributors published on its front page it should sparkle with the best litevature that California can produce.

With Sam Davis at the head the paper is bound to accomplish its purpose of reproducing, in the ablest and most lurid manner and with broad burlesque and timely hits, the spirit of the early-day mining camp newspaper.—NEWS LETTER.

## RARE OLD PAPERS.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Belsey Crose, 1724 Eighth street, Oakland, the APPEAL has been furnished with copies of three old San Francisco newspapers.

The Daily Alta-Californian, Wednesday morning, April 14, 1852.

The San Francisco Daily Herald, Thursday morning, April 24, 1852.

The Pacific, a weekly religious journal, published Friday, July 9, 1852.

The latter is printed on coffee-colored paper several sizes too large for the form, which shows that white paper was scarce in those days.

It was edited by Rev. J. M. Douglass and its motto was "First Pure, then Peaceable — Wilhoot Partiality and Without Hypocrisy." The issue before us hardly carries out the "peaceable" proviso in the motto, for the editor seems to have been doing some pretty lively fighting with various parties holding different religious views. It also takes a hand in secular politics, and the issue before us lambastes the rotten condition of politics in San Francisco and calls loudly for a new deal.

It denounces the judges as drunkards, the peace officers rowdies and brawlers and charges almost every body with being out for the stuff. In its account of the Fourth of July celebration it speaks of 400 Chinamen marching in line in the procession bearing a dragon flag of the Celestial Empire valued at $2000 and the music was furnished by a Chinese band. The Pacific prints its account interspersed with comments on the sight of two great nations mingling, and indulges in the hope that it may mean ultimate peace, prosperity and the everlasting harmony of two great nations.

The Alta-California is crowded with shipping and mercantile news and has a good deal to say about the rumors of trouble brewing in the Sandwich islands. E. Gilbert, E. C. Kemble and E. Connor were the publishers at that time.

Its legislative intelligence came "by Adams Express Company" from Sacramento. The price of the paper was 25 cents per copy.

The Herald was published by John Nugent and was crammed with advertisements and seems to have had a firm grip on the legal business of the city.

These old papers will be on exhibition at the APPEAL office during the Fair.

## DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

On Sunday last there was quite a crowd of distinguished visitors from adjacent camps. When the stage rolled up M. H. de Young; Alex Baldwin, Bob Mitchell, Senator Jones of Butte, Colonel Boone, Count Vernon of Russia, Colonel Hafford of Tombstone, Lon Hamilton of the Palace and Sam House of Gold Hill got out. They came to see the Mexican fandango, and were so taken with the dancing girls that they kept the stage waiting an hour or more while they watched the high kickers in blue and pink.

Mr. De Young said the dancing "was a revelation."

Bob Mitchell said that he was going to buy land in Mexico and go there to live. Badlam said it was the fish diet of that section that gave them their beautiful figures.

Colonel Boone thought that trainlug these wild creatures would be a pleasant, though perhaps a dangerous task.

The rest of the crowd simply kept time to the music and declined to commit themselves.

We feel bound to say that the party behaved themselves very well, leaving their side arms at the door and remaining sober during their stay, with the exception of Badlam, who got into a row with a miner and lost his gun in the scuffle. He treated the crowd so often that he had to be seat to the cooler for the night.

Justice Moses fined him $20 for disorderly conduct, and he left the camp next morning with his head muffled in a towel.

## SPORTING.

Dublin Pete and Kangaroo Kelly will fight a glove fight to a finish next Sunday for $200 a side. The Common Council will adjourn at 7 o'clock to give everybody a chance to see the opening of the mill.

Ed Williams of Grass Valley is in town looking for a wrestling match for $100 a side. Man and money ready at Harvey's saloon. All persons wishing to make matches of any description can leave the stake money at this office free of charge.

## OUR SUBSCRIPTION YANKER.

Gen. C. W. Boston is the authorised subscription agent of the MIDWINTER APPEAL and any orders given him during his walks from camp to camp will be attended to without delay. No dairy produce accepted in payment.

## GOOD NEWS FOR THE MINER.

Tolley's train of thirty-five mules just arrived with a stock for Smith's Cash Store, embracing everything that the miners need—articles calculated to supply the wants of our whole camp.

Among other things our reporter noticed as the goods were unpacked was a set of the most improved gold scales "that balance," gold pans that are beauties, and not "straight up and down."

Potatoes, boys, just think of it, and onions, too; flour, without bugs; hardtack that a fellow can eat; bacon, good and sweet; codfish, blankets, overalls, warm shirts, bull breeches; picks, shovels, bright and new, camp kettles—well, our paper ain't big enough to enumerate all, but "they've got it"—all but one thing—that's whisky as no liquor is ever sold by them—nothing that hinders the prospector from working diligently and successfully for the glittering gold is ever handled in their establishment.

We are sure the boys of the camp will always get value for every ounce of dust left at Smith's Cash Store, and that their manager, George A. Turner, will do everything he can for them.

We are informed that every train of mules will bring new and fresh stock from their immense stores at 416-418 Front street, San Francisco. Drop in at the store, boys, and get one of their "Home Circles." They are given to everybody, and contain forty pages more reading than you can get for a dollar anywhere else except in the camp. It tells the price of the thousand and one things they have on sale, so you can tell to a cent what your next month's supplies will cost.

Mr. Turner says the motto of the store is "Satisfaction." We think it a good one, and are sure that any one dealing at Smith's Cash Stores gets it at all times.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

During the Fair the MIDWINTER APPEAL will be the best advertising medium published. The Fair will be littered up with all sorts of advertising circulars, in which several acres of dreary advertising pages confront the eye. Announcements are lost in this promiscuous wilderness of type; for these affairs are merely distributed, never read. A business house right in the well place an announcement on the under side of a coffin plate just before the remains are committed to the earth. An advertisement in the MIDWINTER APPEAL is read by every one who reads the paper. Our advertising space is limited and the few who secure entrance to these columns can rest assured that every one who purchases the paper will also see the advertisement. On Sunday last the first edition was exhausted by noon.

## BUFFALO BILL COMING.

The following letter speaks for itself and was received by Buffalo Bill's agent:

NORTH PLATTE, Neb., Jan. 5, 1894.

Dear Cirkle: Yours to hand. So you are taking in another fair. Well, what's the prospects of the Midwinter Fair? Guess it will be a big success, as everybody out here is going. Are there any Wild West shows out there? I will take a run out to see the opening and spend a few weeks, as it is something I would like to miss for anything. I want to cabin a few days in the '49 Camp and renew old associations. Yours truly,

W. F. CODY (Buffalo Bill).

## GOOD CIGARS.

From the good old days of '49 up to the present, San Franciscans have always demanded good cigars. When a Pacific Coaster is in the East the cigar man always get out their best Havana and Key West cigars, for they know they can sell nothing else. M. Blankower & Co. have been one of the firms who have done so much to keep up the reputation of San Francisco's cigar smokers. Most of that success is due to their being so ably represented by Gus Grose of old Virginia City, their traveling agent.

The Palo Alto Stables at No. 220 O'Farrell street are managed by E. R. Mills. Old timers who know good horseflesh when they see it, regard this as a place where the quality of the steeds they secure here is never questioned. It is always a pleasure to a genuine horseman to be able when driving to have no trouble in passing every thing on the road. When you get a rig at the Palo Alto you are sure of having just the nags that can do this.

The Colusa Sun berates the APPEAL on the ground that it calls itself the Self-Cocker. This shows that brother Green is still keeping up his reputation as a chronic kicker, and has criticised the paper without ever seeing a copy. We have never printed an issue of the paper under that name, and never propose to. The title "Self-Cocker" has merely been given us by the camp miners in a jocular spirit.

## A CALL FROM BOONE.

### He Fixes Advertising Rates With a Lion and Brass Band.

Yesterday Colonel Boone's splendid band filed up in front of the APPEAL office and gave the camp a serenade, H. F. McGarvie, the manager, led the way under a new silk tile, and Harry Hamilton, the live prem agent, was there with both feet.

Colonel Boone came in with his biggest lion and talked over advertising rates while the music floated softly into the sanctum.

"Of course, I want my advertisement in a double column and specified position."

"We can't engage to give any man his any of where advertisements shall run," we replies, reaching for our trusty six-shooter.

Just then the lion rose up, and, placing his mouth in front of ours, let go a few low growls.

"All right, Colonel; you can have your trained animal announcement just where you say and at your own figures."

Then the lion retreated to a corner and fell asleep with his nose between his paws.

The band then played "After the Ball is Over," and the Colonel, lifting his hat politely, said:

"I guess we understand each other, Mr. Editor. Any time you want to discuss a change of location of my announcement you will find me in the lion's cage ready to talk business. If your amusement editor should happen to so far forget himself as to roast my show I trust you will see that he isn't on the ground when the lion gets loose. He regards adverse critics as you do the tenderloin of a beefsteak."

Our new show reporter wrote down the Colonel's remarks and pasted them in his hat.

J. H. Candy led the band. Call again.


RUSS HOUSE,

MONTGOMERY ST., EXTENDING FROM PINE TO BUSH,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Business center of the city, convenient to all banks, insurance offices and places of amusement during the Midwinter Fair.

Containing 300 Rooms.

J. S. YOUNG - - - - PROPRIETOR

TERMS:

$1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 Per Day.

Still lower terms for excursion and other large parties. Superior accommodations for families at very moderate rates.

Hotel coach in waiting at all boats and trains to convey guests to and from the house free of Charge.

For further particulars apply at '49 Camp.

PACIFIC STATES Type Foundry,

409 Washington Street, San Francisco,

DOES NOT BELONG TO THE TRUST.

Type The latest and Best Styles. Superior Metal and Finish.

Presses Colt's Armory, Chandler & Price and Golding Jobbers; Babcock & Cranston Gylinders.

Complete outfits on short notice. Headquarters for country publishers.

St. Mary's Hospital,

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

Luke Robinson, M. D., Senior Physician and Gynecologist.

Alexander Leonard, M. D., Senior Surgeon.

Walter S. Thorne, M. D., Michael Farrell, M. D., Physicians.

T. E. Bailey, M. D., Resident Physician.

George H. Powers and William Hopkins, Oculists and Aurists.

COLONEL HAFFORD'S ARIZONA EXHIBIT

Of all the Birds, Animals and Reptiles of the Territory.

The most Complete Private Collection in the World.

The Colonel has taken twenty-five years to Amass this Collection.

South Drive, in rear of the Administration Building.

ADMISSION - - - - - - - 25 CENTS.

G. LEIPNITZ & CO.,

DRUGGISTS & CHEMISTS,

236 SUTTER STREET,

Between Kearny and Dupont, Opposite the Market, San Francisco,

AN EARLY CALIFORNIA TOWN.

## THE TAMALE MAN.

### A Toothsome Treat for Eastern Visitors.

### HOW NED FOSTER GOT HIS FIRST START.

One of the special treats in store for the eastern visitors will be their first introduction to the tamale, a very delicious article of food, which is unknown east of the Rocky mountains.

Ned Foster, proprietor of the Bells Union Theater, has the tamale concession.

Ned is a very thorough man in his business methods and always conducts his affairs on a grand scale, with a view to the strictest economy in every detail. The tamale is, as everybody knows, a combination of chicken, red peppers, olives, etc., cooked in Spanish style, rolled in cornmeal, enveloped in corn husk and served hot.

No ordinary description can give any hint of the satisfactory manner in which it touches the palate and fills the stomach.

To give an idea of the magnitude of the tamale business Foster expects to conduct at the Fair it is but necessary to state that he paid recently over $1100 for one consignment of corn husks, put up in bales and shipped from Southern California. The tamale is a Mexican dish, and he has engaged fifty Mexican girls, all young and beautiful, to sell the tamales on the ground. They are dressed in their native costume and will in themselves form an attractive feature of the Fair.

Of late years there has been a very well founded suspicion on the part of the community that chicken tamales were composed largely of seagull meat, and we fear there has been considerable foundation for this suspicion.

In order to disabuse the public mind of this idea Mr. Foster has fitted up an elaborate Mexican house, where the tamales are made in full view of the public. When you see a woman lift a spring chicken from a row where 500 are hanging by the heels, and cut it up to make her tamales of, you feel assured that the tamales are what they claim to be.

Mr. Foster has long ago acquired a reputation for doing as he agrees, and his open methods have been conducted on this plan.

He will during the Fair sell a tamale, a small bottle of beer, a wooden plate and fork and a Japanese napkin for 25 cents. A wooden cup fits on the bottom of the beer bottle, and the fork, plate, napkin and cup can be cast aside after use.

The owner of this concession is known all over the coast as Lame Foster. His lameness came about as follows: He came to Virginia City early in the sixties a young man and the rustling member of a very needy family. Casting about for some means of making a livelihood he concluded to go into the wood business. Without a dollar in his pocket he traded an old coat to a Chinaman for the loan of a mule for one week and began packing wood from Cedar Hill, which he easily disposed of for $2 a load.

Before long he was running a string of mules and earning several hundred a month. His next move was to pack snow in gunny sacks, which he stored up for summer use. A pack of snow in the winter, when old Borax was piling drifts of it fifty feet deep around Mount Davidson, was quoted very low, but in the hot July days the snow sold readily at $1 a sack to the saloons. Foster soon began selling real ice and established a thriving trade with the mines, his ice being in enormous demand when the hot levels were reached.

One evening coming up from Lower Gold Hill with about $900 in a sack under his buckboard seat he saw a man advancing along the road, and, supposing him to be a footpad, Foster got out his sixshooter. He was more than anxious to encounter and kill some one, as everybody on the Comstock then with the slightest pretensions was supposed to have a notch in the hilt of his gun, representing some sort of homicide. But the mingling of expectation, fright and excitement was too much, and before he reached the man he had accidentally discharged the gun in his leg, and the man ran yelling down the ravine, supposing he had been shot at.

The ball passed clear through Foster's leg, the young fellow stuck a finger in each end of the hole to stanch the blood and presently fainted and fell from his seat.

He was found unconscious and covered with blood, and such a hue and cry was raised that the people of Virginia City turned out and organized a lynching party to hang "the man who had killed and robbed old Foster's son." Men were out all night in vain search and the best doctors in the town were hard at work on the wounded man. When he came to he explained the situation, and the sack of money was found safe under the seat.

Some years after it transpired that the man who had met him on the road was a German who could not read English. He supposed Foster had tried to kill him, and fearing for his life made over the mountains in the night and kept on to Grass Valley, where he lived two years before he learned of the great rumpus his appearance on the road had raised.

Foster is the hero of the famous story in which he is described as running into camp one morning with a bear on the dead jump and close behind.

"Run, Ned! Run!" shouted his companions. "The bear's gainin'!"

"Shoot, damn it! Do you think I'm throwin' this race!" he yelled, for even with death close at his heels his natural instinct for repartee was as strong as ever, and this laughable rejoinder has since been quoted by the sporting fraternity all over the Union.

J. F. Moore can move more furniture and other truck in a day than any other man in California, because he knows how and has the appliances. He can be found at the corner of 7th and D streets. He also has extra storage facilites.

Geo. W. Emmonds and E. B. Storey were visitors at the APPEAL office today both leaving their subscriptions.


1. PROFESSOR GILBERT will introduce his Performing Siberian Wolves.
2. PROFESSOR MATTHEWS and his flock of Trained Goats.
3. PROFESSOR BOGARD and his Performing Bears.
4. PROFESSOR WORMWOOD with a School of Dogs and Monkeys.
5. PROFESSOR GIOVANNI will introduce his Marvelous Flock of Australian Cockatoos.
6. MONS. COOS and his Wrestling Bear—A contest of Man vs. Beast.
7. MONS. NATALIE and his Wonderful Troupe of Performing Hogs.

Performance Daily at 2 and 4 P. M.

EXTRA PERFORMANCES SATURDAYS, SUNDAYS AND SPECIAL DAYS.

8. COLONEL BOONE and MLLE. CARLOTTA, WITH THEIR MARVELOUS CAGE OF LIONS.
1. Introducing Colonel Boone and Lion Parcell riding Tricycle, assisted by Boar Hounds.
2. Pyramid of Lions and Boar Hounds.
3. Lions Holding Banner for Leaping Dogs.
4. Lion Suitan Firing Off Pistol.
5. Feeding Lions from Naked Hand with Raw Meat.
6. Lions and Dog Playing See-Saw.
7. Grand Rally to Cage Amidst the Firing of Pistols.

COLONEL E. DANIEL BOONE, Proprietor.

H. F. McGARVIE, Manager.

This Space is Reserved .....FOR..... NED FOSTER'S Tamale Advertisement.

'93-4-THIRD COAST TOUR-'93-4

THE CALIFORNIA TRAGEDI

FOOTE FOOTE

Accompanied by the Charming Comedienne

Miss Annie Plunkett

In a Brilliant Legitimate Repertoire.

RICHARD III
INGOMAR
CLAUDE MELNOTTE
HAMLET
ARMAND DUVAL
RICHELIEU
DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN
FABIEN and LOUIS DEI FRANCHI
OTHELLO
OLD GUARD
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE
EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT
DAMON AND PYTHIAS,
FOOLS REVENGE or
KING LEAR.

"Meet Me at the Cafe Royal,"

One hears this a thousand times daily because it is a

Sporting Center.

It is hardly necessary to say that the CAFE ROYAL is on the corner of Fourth and Market, and that JIM ORNDORFF is the proprietor.

We merely make the remark to fill this space.

A. COHN.

SAN FRANCISCO PEOPLE

Who cannot get suited in the price and quality of San Francisco clothing will find

Abe Cohn's

in CARSON CITY the place to buy to advantage.

LOUIS SUTTER,

Formerly of Virginia City, Bodie, Aurora and Pickhandle Gulch, has pitched his tent on the northwest corner of Polk and Sutter streets, where he runs a regular old-time saloon for old-time friends.

If you want to get real good liquor coll up with your buckskin sack and gold dust.

WHEELAND & COLLINS,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Old French and London Dock Brandies,

Port Wines, Sherries and all the Choicest Brands of Champagne, Apple Jack, Pisco, Arrack, Cordials, Liquors, etc. 329 MONTGOMERY and 511 CALIFORNIA Streets, San Francisco.

## CAMP JOTS.

If Ben Harrison, who ordered the APPEAL eight years ago, don't settle up we'll hunt up his granddaughter, B. McKee, and put her onto her grandpa's gait.

The poem by Dr. Lee, entitled "The Ins and Outs of the Rib", is too loud for this paper. It will be printed in book form to be sold only to registered voters at $1 50 per copy.

A few shots were exchanged last Sunday over the Mosquito claim, but no one was killed. As a rule the shooting of the Rhode Island arrivals seems to be very wild.

Correspondents of this paper will please get their copy in the office when the editor is present, as we are begining to miss some valuables that we keep in the right hand drawer of our desk. Always put the cork back anyhow.

Bob Beggs, the Mayor, is neglecting his office, and does nothing but lay around in the woods fishing and smoking away the the imported cigars of the County Central Committe. Beggs is the biggest bum that ever sucked a salary out of the people of this camp.

We are pleased to learn that Rev. James G. Fair, who fainted in the chancel last Sunday evening upon finding a counterfeit dollar in the collection, has been revived and will be able to preach next Sunday from the text "God loveth a cheerful giver."

A quarter interest in the Root Hog mine was sold yesterday for $7500 by the Public Administrator. Joe Harvey was the lucky bidder. The original owner was the man killed in Grass Valley last week in a card row, Locky Bill having got the drop on him.

O. H. Grey, the City Clerk, is too fresh altogether and will be wiped up next election if he don't supply us with stationery and lead pencils. If he gives any more job work to our condensed milk contemporary there will be trouble. Politicians in this county will note our methods.

The APPEAL extends thanks for a complimentary ticket to the lynching of the Superintendent of the Baling Rope Mine, to take place Thursday evening in the cemetery of the Methodist Church. A few select have been invited and will sing songs while the Superintendent is making his ascension.

Old John Mosse opened his justice court yesterday. He celebrated his establisment in office by getting on a regular jamboree, and when the first case was called he was not to be found. The constable turned the prisoner loose after taking from his pockets enough money to cover the costs of the case.

The consolidated ass who runs our evening contemporary down the street charges us with holding 10,000 shares of stock in the Dogtown and Bitter Creek Railroad Company. This is correct, and we announce right here that we are about to enter suit against the corporation for 5000 more shares, which the president of the company promised us if we would stand in.

We always said that the editor of our evening contemporary, whose name we have forgotten, was unfit to occupy any decent community, and yesterday he proved it, with the assistance of his wife. It appears that she forged his name on the Pioneer Bank, and upon presenting it was given $1 50 on account, being informed by the cashier that his signature was only good for that amount.

Major Frank McLaughlin, one of our traveling correspondents, has not been heard of for several days. Under promise of sending us in weekly letters he secured credentials from this office, but up to date we have received nothing from his pen. Hotel-keepers are notified that we will not be responsible for his accounts. Any one claiming to be from this office who hasn't the name "MIDWINTER APPEAL AND JOURNAL OF '49" plainly branded across his chest is not authorized to represent this office in any capacity, except to receive money without giving receipts.

### THE COLLECTOR.

With this issue the collector will be around. Subscribers are requested to pony up without any back talk.

This sheet is not in the service of any clique or corporation, and depends alone on the public for its support.

The price will be $5 for the season of the Fair, whether the paper is issued weekly, tri-weekly, daily or twice a day.

Theo Atkins, Stationer and Newsdealer, will receive orders for the paper at 431 Montgomery street.

'49 MINING CAMP, MIDWINTER FAIR.


**VIAVI.**
Which translated means
THE ROAD TO HEALTH.

Very necessary to womankind
In a thousand and one ways
And by our cures we quickly
Verify the claim that VIAVA is
Indispensible to you all.

TO ALL WANDERERS on the rocky road of sickness, we will furnish a Guide to the City of Health and happiness in life, where woman with her ever increasing burden can throw off and lay aside the weight of destroying disease and lift up her head in

**Perfect Health.**

Upon the pages of feminine history appear a thousand testimonials from thankful hearts of wives, mothers and daughters whose ills have been banished by VIAVI. All disease falls before its potent influence and slow destroyers give way to vigorous health, happiness and physical comfort, not for a day, but always.

Nothing but competent and patient ladies in attendance to consult and comfort those who need our aid.

**No Charge For Consultation.**

Call on or Address
2301 VAN NESS AVENUE,
CORNER VALLEJO.

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**THE ORO FINO**
—CONCERT HALL,—
'49 MINING CAMP.

Songs, Ballads, Skirt and Serpentine Dancing,
And Every Other Terpsichorean Novelty Known.
Old-time Jigs and Reels.

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**LEVY & CO.,**
WHOLESALE WINE AND LIQUOR MERCHANTS,
219 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.
Depot for the Celebrated SCHMIDT SARSAPARILLA AND IRON.

**Centrifugal Roller Quartz Mill.**
This mill can be seen in operation in the MECHANICAL ARTS BUILDING.
**F. A. Huntington,**
Manufacturer, 213 and 219 Front street, San Francisco.
Illustrated Pamphlet on application.

**THE MIDWINTER APPEAL**
.....AND.....
**Journal of '49.**

Devoted to the Interests of the Midwinter Fair and the '49 Mining Camp.

This journal will be published daily, weekly or three times a day, as the editor may see fit. The daily edition will not contain any advertising, as a faithful record of the rush and fun of the great Fair and '49 Camp will not give the editor any time to rustle for business.

If you want to advertise go to the Weekly, as the Weekly is out for the stuff and will take all the advertising it can lay its hands on.

All the writers of any note on the Pacific Coast have been secured to lade out English in the columns of this newspaper. Our list of contributors will embrace such people as Joaquin Miller, Rollen M. Daggett, Judge C. C. Goodwin, Dan De Quille, Ambrose Bierce, W. H. Mills, S. E. Moffitt, Charles Michelson, Ned Hamilton, Colonel Irish, W. C. Morrow, Joe Goodman, "Lying Jim" Townsend, Arthur McEwen, Major Frank McLaughlin, El Colnon, Allen Kelly, Eugene Hahn, Colonel Shaw, Albert May, Colonel Ayer, Sam Chamberlain, Ed. Morphy, Jim Barry, Frank Moffit, Colonel Young, Hank Harte, Mark Twain, Hugh Hume, Ross Jackson, and others.

Contributions from commercial altruists, millionaires, and political statuary who cannot write a lick on earth, will be pitched in the waste basket.

Editors visiting the Fair are invited to come into the sanctum, make free use of our corn-cob pipe, spit on the floor, and utilize the copy book as they see fit. If the gate-keeper gives you any plaver, knock him down and walk in.

Dick Foote will write the criticisms of all the theaters except his own.

Willis Polk will run the architecture column.

Hal Mighels will be the sporting reporter.

Sam Davis will edit the paper.

Bob Davis will tangle up telegraph news.

Each contributor is expected to sign his name and do his own scrapping.

The sheet will come out in the afternoon when it comes out all.

Contributors' articles will go as they are written, and not be edited by some ass who thinks he knows better what the contributor wants to say than the man who writes it.

**PROF. DAVIS**
THE
LIGHTNING ARTIST
Has Arrived at the Camp and is Now Ready and Anxious to Knock Out Life Size Pictures in 5 Minutes for
**4 BITS EACH**
IN HARD CASH.

READ WHAT PROF. DAVIS CAN DO WITH CRAYONS AND THEN HAVE HIM THROW YOUR PHYSIOGNOMY ON PAPER.
TESTIMONIAL.

To ARTHUR S. DAVIS,
THE LIGHTNING ARTIST:
Being a thoroughly disinterested person in your peculiarly gifted work I am sure you would appreciate a just compliment from me:

YOU ARE SIMPLY GREAT and as long as you live Mike Angelo is not dead. The speed you show and the marvelous accuracy you display in getting a perfect expression would have made Pete Rembrandt throw up his job. I have watched you work many times and can conscieniously say that you are the swiftest man that ever sling crayons into portrait form. Begging pardon for consuming your valuable time I remain yours at the old percentage,

BOB DAVIS,
Business Manager.

P. S.—More testimonials if wanted.

**REST FOR THE WEARY.**

**Food and Feed for Man and Beast.**

**Baked Beans Cooked in the Ground, None Better.**

**OLD PAPA PEAKS, the Well-Known Caterer, Will Personally Superintend the Management.**

MEALS - - - - 25 Cents

**J. K. DALMAS,**
CARPENTER and BUILDER
FOR THE
'49 CAMP '49
Particular attention paid to Fitting up and placing exhibits at the Midwinter Fair.
TERMS MODERATE.
GOOD AND QUICK WORK.
Orders left at
1201 Market St., Corner Eighth,
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

**'49 MINING CAMP.**

A FAITHFUL REPRESENTATION OF THE OLD-TIME FEATURES OF A NEW DIGGINGS IN '49.

Mining Strikes, Hydraulic, Sluice and Quartz Mining Faithfully Represented.

Mining Riots, Pistol Arbitration, Lynching Bees and Claim Jumping Riots Realistically Enacted.

The Postoffice, Justice's Office and Mayor's Office, All in the same Saloon Open Night and Day.

The Tiger with his Teeth Pulled Will Be There in Mimic Representation of the old Gaming Days.

STAGES RUNNING BETWEEN THE CAMP AND FRISCO DAILY.

**Good Tavern Accommodations and Mule Corrals.**

Mrs. Woods' Souvenir Paintings of Camp Cabins.

**Halstead's Horses on Snow Shoes.**

PRECIPITOUS FLUMES AT THE FOOT OF MT. SHASTA.
GRAND PANORAMIC EXHIBIT, SHOWING MT. SHASTA FIFTY MILES AWAY.
The Millionaire Cabins of Early Days.
John Mackay's Cabin, Built by Him, and in Which He Lived When He Made His First Big Strike in Alleghany, Sierra County.
U. S. Senator Perkins' Cabin, Built by Him 38 Years Ago at Thompson's Flat, Butte County.
The Original Downie Cabin, Reproduced From a Cabin built by Major William Downie, the founder of Downieville.

Major Downie expected to spend part of the winter here at the camp but he died in this port on the steamer City of Pueblo December 28, on his way from British Colombia.

Typical '49 FANDANGO with forty sweet-faced Senioritas dancing to the strains of the famous Mexican Orchestra.

A REGULAR NEWSPAPER OFFICE ON THE GROUND.

Every building a museum of interesting relics. More to be seen there than is possible to describe.

ADMISSION - 25 Cts.



# THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
## AND JOURNAL OF FORTY-NINE.

VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1894. NUMBER 4.

THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
AND JOURNAL OF '49.
Published Weekly at 427 Montgomery street
—BY—
SAM DAVIS.
$10 Per Annum. $5 for Six Months.


BY PONY EXPRESS.

### NEWS BROUGHT IN BY OUR CAYUSE.

REFUSED THE CHANCE.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 20.—Shopkeepers are wild over the discovery that the President will not take silver in change. Yesterday he walked into Boskowits' cigar store and called for three stogies, laying a $5 note on the counter. The dealer, who happened to have a handful of silver, passed the change over to him in white metal. Grover deliberately turned his back and walked away. The news spread like wildfire and a mob attempted to get into the treasury vaults, where most all the silver is, and get change, so that he could be worked in a similar way again while buying bric-a-brac and other toys for Baby Ruth.

EVANS BRINGS SUIT.

Fresno, Jan. 25—Reel Terry filed complaint in the District Court to-day, suing the Fresno Expositor, on behalf of Chris Evans, for $50,000, on account of alurring remarks made by that paper in reference to his character as a citizen and man of family. Evans remained in town long enough to swear to the complaint and treated Sheriff Scott. Mr. Scott says that had he recognized Evans he would certainly have arrested him.

BISMARCK ALL O. K.

Berlin, Jan. 24—Herbert Bismarck entered Berlin to-day and was received with every demonstration of enthusiasm by the people. He went into Norman's saloon and drank 37 glasses of beer in 40 minutes. When the Emperor heard of his feat he was satisfied that Bismarck was his old self, and should call him back at once to take the helm of the Ship of State.

WAS MITCHELL DRUGGED?

Jacksonville, Jan. 27—It is reported to-day that Charley Mitchell was drugged at the ringside with a decoction of Dr. McDonald's Vinegar Bitters. The fact that he is alive to-day, is regarded as disproving this statement. It is also said that the Governor of Florida witnessed the fight disguised as Mose Ginat and lost $2000 on the mill.

THE HAWAIIAN PORTFOLIO.

Washinton, Jan. 25—It was rumored here to-day that King McManus of the Potrero, had been tendered the Portfolio to the Hawaiian Islands and had selected John D. Spreckels as his legal advisor. The President declined to be interviewed on the subject.

THE GOLD MINE.

William Kast's Colorado Gold Mine is destined to prove a gold mine indeed to its owner and inventor. Mr. Kast exhibits a ministare mine in full operation. The cages go up and down the shaft, and glide to the waste dump and ore houses, while the miners, not over an inch high, delve in the lower depths, swinging their picks as natural as possible.

The entrance to the show is through a tunnel, and the audience watches the busy mechanical scene for hours, while the lecturer explains the workings of the mine. Nowhere can a novice get such a clear idea of underground workings of a mine as here.

Chris Evans writes us from Sampson Flat that his APPEAL does not reach him regularly.

BOUND FOR CALIFORNIA.

### SUNDAY IN THE CAMP.

A Steady Influx of Visitors All Day.

VOTED BY EVERYBODY THE BEST SHOW AT THE FAIR.

Last Sunday was a big day for the '49 Camp. A day, in fact, that surpassed the expectations of the promoters of the enterprise.

The road to the camp had not been macadamized, the day was threatening and accompanied by slight showers, yet with all these drawbacks over 1800 people trudged through the sand to inspect the camp. Although the camp is by no means what it will be, as constant additions are being made, the visitors saw enought to fill them with wonder and astonishment, and the general expression was that it was by all odds the greatest attraction in the Fair grounds.

The first thing that strikes the visitor is the picturesque gateway. There is a rustic tollhouse at the entrance, where the visitors pungle their quarters, and then pass through a gateway made attractive with a combination of rustic work, vines and evergreens.

Once through the gate the revived glories of the old California mining camp opens in view. The old cabins built of logs, shakes and slabs, from whose stone and adobe chimneys the smoke curls lazily; the crooked street past the mule corral, with its old-fashioned "Rest for the Weary" hotel; the log cabin newspaper office, the gambling hell, the dance house and various little offices where the lawyers and doctors have hung out their shingles, the spot where the Justice of the Peace and Postmaster in a consolidated citizen and the old cabins once occupied by the millionaires of the coast.

It was very lively last Sunday. From Joe Harvey's gambling house came the familiar sounds of the banjo and fiddle, the click of chips, the call of the chuck-a-luck man, the rattle of dice and the jargon of the keno players. There was all the din and confusion of a gaming house, with just as much noise and hubbub as if thousands were being lost and won.

The place was packed with ladies, who enjoyed the novelty of seeing just how men acted who were gaming, and they laughed and applauded the hits and fun embodied in the old-time ballads which enlivened the camp of '49 and seemed like the ghosts of the dead and buried melodies of other days.

The miners were there in all sorts of odd costumes, plunking down their limitation gold dust on the board and crowding up to the bar after successful plays.

"Make your game, gentlemen!"

"Let her flicker!"

"Give her another spin, Sancho!"

"Four, six, fray!"

"Ten dollars on the ace!"

"Red wine!"

In the old log cabin newspaper office a lot of delapidated racks stood against the walls and the printers were closing up the chinks in the cabin with old exchanges and fixing up generally. A man with a short pipe in his mouth, the boss of the circulation department, was selling MIDWINTER APPEALS, and they were being snapped up by the crowd.

He said the issue was a little late, as the compositors had been on a two days' drunk and four galleys of matter had been piled in a fight which took place in the office on Friday. He promised a better issue next week.

Across the tea street the "Rest for the Weary," run by old Papa Peakes, was in full blast. There was a great hill of fare, and the beans cooked in the ground simply melted in one's mouth. Old-fashioned camp cooking was the rule, and all the visitors marveled at the cheap rates and excellence of the provender.

Presently there was a cry from the street and everybody made way for the four-horse stage that came up the grade with the steels on the dead run. It was full of passengers and it unloaded the crowd at the Dance Hall. Here was indeed a scene of life and gayety. The Mexican fandango was in full blast. Twenty young girls in the bewitching costume of the Spanish fandango of old times were on the floor with their partners, and the catchy, tripping music made everybody in the hall long to get in and join the gay crowd. There is a swing and abandon about the Spanish fandango that one sees nowhere else. There is a constant flash of gayly colored hosiery, the rhythmic beat of pretty feet, the gleam of mingling laces and shapely ankles and the swaying, willowy figures keeping time with the click and clash of the castanets. The men were dressed after the fashion of '49.

Mexicans in gay attire, braid and velvet, jewelry, tassels and colored sashes, hats covered with silver ornaments and shoes with gaudy buckles, miners in blue jeans and cowboys in big hats, and, above all, the irresistible contagion of good music.

The girls danced as if they really enjoyed every step and pose, and after some romping, lively figure the audience would break into a round of applause and encore the dancers. The hall was filled almost to suffocation all day, and it will have to be enlarged and galleries built.

During the dance a couple of Mexicans got into a row over a girl and pistols were drawn. There was a rush to the spot, two sharp reports and a man fell mortally wounded, soon expiring in regulation fashion with his boots on. As he was dragged out the audience with, to use a Western phrase, "Dead on," and gave the scene a round of applause. Dancing had to be stopped in order to clear the hall and let the outside crowd in.

The visitors devoted the rest of their time inspecting the mule corrals, the old prairie schooner and mingling with the gold miners in their cabins and mess. The process of washing out the gold nuggets in the sluice boxes was very interesting and most of the old miners in the camp have astonishing memories and imaginations.

"Yes, I was there when we took out as high as $200 to the pan at Bidwell's Bar."

"Yes, madam, I'm an old miner. It was me that lifted the $2000 nugget out of the Yuba in '51."

"You kin bet yer life, for I'm an old '49 miner. I tuck the matter of $50,000 out of the Feather river in six months and blew it all in at the El Dorado in two weeks. Yes, marm, those was great days in those times."

LIGHTNING ART.

Arthur Davis, the lightning artist, has a stand there, where he draws pictures of celebrities, giving a good crayon likeness in four minutes. A crowd always stood there watching his work. Dr. O'Donnell, the standing candidate for the Mayoralty, took in the chair, and the crowd applauded when they saw how quickly the familiar features were placed on the canvas.

Bob Davis, the newspaper writer, is manager for the artist, and tie lectures on art while the pictures grow on the easel.

"This is no fake, gentlemen. Watch, every line go down, every one in its proper place. Not a line there that don't belong there. We can't throw in extra lines at the price. I can teach anybody how to draw in ten minutes. All art is composed of straight lines and curves. Get your straight lines in the right places and your curved lines in the rest of the places and there's your picture. I defy any man to show me a single picture made any other way. Buy a ticket for the next place in the chair. If you don't like the picture your money will be refunded by calling at the administration building and talking to the executive committee. All right, Doctor. Next."

CLEARED AT LAST.

All this afternoon the crowd gathered, and no one who was inside seemed to care to go out, and finally the place seemed like a populous village. The museum of mining relics was always crowded, the miners' cabins filled, and at times one could hardly walk the street because of the jam. It was not until nearly nightfall, when the strains of music in the Dance Hall and Gambling Hell ceased and the fog began to settle down over the camp, that the crowd could be indnced to go.

WELCOME HOME.

Jimmy Swinnerton and Charles Michelson, who have just returned to San Francisco from a big jag with the officers who searched for Evans and Morell, are not entirely sober yet. Last night these two terrors woke up everybody in the Palace calling for a porter to blow out the incandescent lights.


ESTABLISHED 1850.

For Almost Half a Century We Have Been Catering To the Cultivated Tastes of this City and the Pacific Coast.

High-Grade Groceries
Medicinal Liquors
Havana Cigars

WE PUBLISH THE LARGEST GROCERY CATALOGUE IN THE WORLD. SEND POSTAL FOR COPY.

SPECIALTIES:
Sierra Madre California Olive Oil.
Finest California Wines.
Old Crow and McBrayer Whiskies.

WE SHIP EVERYWHERE.

**GOLDBERG BOWEN AND LEBENBAUM**
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(Telephone No. 4101.)

COLONEL HAFFORD'S ARIZONA EXHIBIT
Of all the Birds, Animals and Reptiles of the Territory.
The most Complete Private Collection in the World.
The Colonel has taken twenty-five years to Amass this Collection.
South Drive, in rear of the Administration Building.
ADMISSION - - - - - - 25 CENTS.

If You Don't Buy THE Official Catalogue You Don't See THE FAIR.

BOYS!
DRINK THE GOOD OLD
DAYS OF '49
WHISKY.
For Sale All Over the Camp.

Meyerfeld, Mitchell & Co.,
SOLE AGENTS,
116 Front Street. San Francisco.

## THE McNULTY CASE

No more striking illustration of the greed, insapenity and ignorance of the attorney was ever exhibited in California than Wilson's connection with the McNulty case. This miserable parody on the legal profession bled the defendant of his last dollar, put in a false plea of insanity, thereby depriving him of his proper defense, and dropped him after he had robbed him of his money and irredeemably muddled his case by allowing the term to lapse in which he might have filed his bill of exceptions.

He is now involved in the Curtis jury bribery case and a much more likely subject for legal investigation than his unfortunate client and victim, McNulty.

Contrasted with this pusillanimous course is the subsequent able and consummate handling of the case by Garrett Cook, who on a fee of a few hundred dollars, spent nearly $2000 out of his own pocket to right the wrongs the poor fellow had suffered at the hands of the legal blood-sucker and bungler Wilson. A man who has ever been his client has expected a thousand cringes.

Mr. Cook was ably seconded in his fight by Jim Barry of the Star, who has been working six months like a beaver for the commutation of McNulty's sentence. Other leading men of the State investigated the matter and joined hands in helping the unfortunate man. On Thursday success crowned their efforts and Governor Markham commuted the sentence.

## STAR CHAMBER WORK.

Rumors reach this office from a reliable source that a plan has been hatched to control the politics of Camp '49.

Last Thursday Deputy Spreckels, a ward-striker and ballot-stuffer in San Francisco, came down here and had a confab with Joe Harvey, the faro man, in the rear room of the El Dorado saloon. The job was to call a convention for next Monday and pack it with heelers from the race course and gambling dens along the river.

The people of this camp don't want any convention called at this time, and you can bet your bottom dollar that the honest miners of this section will not stand any of the coarse work of Spreckels, Harvey & Co. They are in politics for revenue only, and it's dollars to doughnuts that they will have to heel every man who attends the convention, for no decent man would show his mug in such a gathering unless he was paid for it.

This nefarious gathering is to be made respectable by calling it a Whig convention, when it is merely composed of the tough and lawless element of the county.

The APPEAL has not been consulted by these ringsters, as they know too well that this sheet would not countenance their games, and we will keep the honest miners posted on their doings. More anon.

Count Vermont President of the Concessionaires Club, and Assistant Director General Cornell, ought to rise up and explain, and that too very quickly their connection with the Street of Cairo jobbery. These men have been exposed and roasted by the daily press for several days and make no defense of their course. In such a case Vermont should resign as President of the Concessionaires Club, and Cornell should follow his example, unless they can clear their skirts.

Since the above was in type the Count has resigned.

## CALL FOR WELLS DRURY.

The APPEAL has received letters from Nevada asking why Wells Drury was left out of the list of contributors. It was simply an oversight, as Mr. Drury was long ago engaged to contribute to the APPEAL. It reminds one of the time when a famous man of Greece was dying and his friends asked him to make some suggestion regarding his monument.

He said he "did not want a monument."

"Then every body will ask why the tribute is not paid you."

"The fact that people note the absence of it will be a sufficient tribute."

"Officer, do you know where Flagg & Burns' Coroner Hall is?" said a well-dressed gentleman, who appeared to be a stranger, to Officer Corrigan recently.

"Do I know where thim two bys bees in business, Well, I guess I do, and shure there ain't a man in town phwat don't know that same place. That's phwat I'm."

"Well, where is it then?" asked the stranger.

"Will, yes'll find in an the corner near the mule corral, shure ye will, yis, ye will, and it's great slathers of purty dancing gurls will be there nixt wake."

Some more of White Cloud's Indians reached the city yesterday.

## A BUILDER OF THE WEST.

### A Few Facts in the Life of Dr. A. F. Sawyer.

### HIS REMARKABLE CAREER ON THIS COAST AND A STORY OF HIS TILT WITH BLYTHE.

Of that noble race of pioneers who braved the trials and tribulations of the unsettled West but few live to-day to tell the tales of toil and privation that made the romance of the land of gold.

Among those who still survive we find a class of men whose hand voluntarily extends to the stranger and whose heart is full of humanity for his fellow-being.

Fighting with discomfort and bearing up against the struggle that so long engaged them, they have learned by a tedious lesson to feel thankful for the prosperity of a country and the triumph of a State that by their fortitude they builded from the ground.

Among the few who still remain to see the completion of the work born of toil is Dr. A. F. Sawyer, a man whose name has been coupled with California history since 1853, when as a boy fresh from Harvard College and the practicing hospitals of Boston and the East he landed at Broadway wharf and his labors commenced in earnest.

He at once began the practice of medicine, and his early education and natural stintlessness brought him rapidly to the front as a physician and surgeon.

All through his career on this coast he was always recognized as a man of magnificent charities, and if those who enjoyed it were to tell of his kindness these columns could not hold the recital.

Ministers, teachers, etc., could always secure his professional services free of charge, and many people in San Francisco at the present time willingly testify to the fact that in the past they were charity patients of Dr. Sawyer.

On the other hand he was as firm in his dislikes and as solid in delivering justice as he was merciful in his humanity. As an illustration of his tenacity and fearlessness the story of his tilt in the seventies with Blythe, the millionaire, will be as interesting to the present generation as to those who remember the occurrence. It appears that the Doctor had opened a dissecting room on Geary street, with a side entrance running into Brooks alley, which extends from Geary to Market street. Through this entrance the medico gained all the refuse of his office to be removed, and in consequence Blythe, who owned the property across the alley, informed the Doctor that he would close it as a thoroughfare and prevent the disposal through that channel of any more refuse from the dissecting room. In view of the fact that this particular part of Dr. Sawyer's business was of great benefit to the younger medical students of the city he at once concluded to maintain it in connection with the California Academy of Medicine, of which he was the founder, and at the same time continue to keep open the little alley so necessary to the operation of his dissecting room in the heart of the city without having it looked upon as a nuisance.

Blythe, true to his threat to close the street, placed a row of porcelain pots containing palms, trees, etc., on both sides, while overhead he constructed a lattice-work trellis extending from one side to the other. By this method he imagined that Sawyer would bring the matter into the courts through some overt act and Blythe was quite sure of winning the case.

In the belief that the physician would take the matter in his own hands the silly Blythe was correct, but as regards the ultimate disposal of the property through the court he was somewhat at fault.

When the millionaire had completed his landscape gardening Dr. Sawyer employed a truckman to drive through the alley and smash everything in sight.

"It will cost you $50 to have me go through to Market street, Doctor, as it is very risky business. I think Blythe has a couple of armed men at each end, and I don't like to tackle the job for nothing."

"It's a bargain," said the physician.

"Now get right in there and let nothing stand."

The truckman whipped up his horses and started to enter from the Geary-street side. Before he had crossed the sidewalk a man standing suspiciously near the entrance drew his pistol and threatened to shoot if he didn't get out in short order.

The truckman got down from his seat, walked over to where the Doctor stood on the opposite side and remarked there wasn't enough cash in town to induce him to go in.

"All right," replied the Doctor, now pretty well excited and chagrined, "I'll go myself, and I'll make a good job of it, too."

In an instant he was in the driver's seat and had gathered the lines. Drawing the whip from its socket he touched up the lead horse and started full tilt into the semi-tropical alley.

The gun-fighters rushed up with cocked revolvers and ordered him to desist from the further prosecution of the property of a State that by their fortitude they builded from the ground.

On he went, driving from one side to the other, crushing everything beneath the wheels and tearing everything above him with the long side-sticks of the heavy truck. When he had finished the work he glanced back at the wreck, and, turning to some policemen standing near, requested them to arrest him and let the law take its course.

The crowd cheered the Doctor, but the officers only laughed, turned on their heels and walked away.

When Blythe wanted witnesses to the destruction of his green goods no one appeared to know anything about it, so he speedily came to a realizing sense of the condition of things and fell naturally into an acceptance of what seemed to be public approval of the Doctor's act.

Since then the alley has always been open to the public, and people who enjoy the short cut from Market to Geary street can thank Dr. Sawyer for it.

There was not a man, woman or child who did not know him, and his skill as a physician and surgeon is widespread to-day.

In fact from his arrival in San Francisco he has been foremost in the ranks of progressive physicians. The zeal he showed in bringing the County Hospital to a higher standard, and the success of his scheme to place it under the charge of the Sisters of Mercy of this city, strengthened his connection with the institution and endeared him to the people as one of the first appointees on the medical staff. His achievements there caused the German and French Hospital directors to tender him the office of Chief Surgeon, but the Doctor very graciously declined, owing to the large private practice he was constantly called upon to attend. These phases in his life were constantly occurring, but he never lost his head with repeated honors to which fast is due the real secret of his success.

On one occasion a burglar from the gang of bandits who infested Bernal Heights was shot through the arm and needed immediate medical skill to save the member. His associates drove to town, entered Dr. Sawyer's house by force, took him from his bed and carried him to the bedside of the wounded man, where he operated upon him and saved the arm.

Although the Doctor is an old man today his always responds to the call for aid from the suffering, no matter what the hour may be or how far he has to go. His entire life has been marked with a liberality among younger men in the profession, for whom he has a feeling akin to love. As a member of the Volunteer Firemen of this city he signalized his membership by many acts of bravery, although he can never be induced to talk about them.

Were it not for the tireless efforts of an APPEAL reporter, who gleaned the above facts from his friends, they would never have been chronicled in this journal of '49.

Like most of the builders of the West the Doctor is married and has reared a family, so that the name of Sawyer will be handed down to posterity. His name need not be ashamed of the record of their father, whose whole life has been devoted to mankind for the good that he might do.

He was a member of the famous Vigilance Committee that disposed of Casey and Cora May 22, 1856, although no one would dream that the hale and quiet old gentleman who has his office in the Palace Hotel was at one time in the midst of so much turmoil and strife.

He has been an extensive traveler of late years, but his big heart is all for California, where his declining years are filled with joy to see the growth of his early handiwork.

During all his travels his amiable wife has accompanied him, and she has been tireless in her desire to collect antiquities from all quarters of the globe. Her rooms are tastefully filled with rare gems from the Orient and wonderful works of art from other quarters.


## THE '49 MINING CAMP CO.

(INCORPORATED.)

Major Frank McLaughlin, a dead hard game from Bidwell's Bar.

James H. Love, who is out for everything in sight and knows a thing or two about a mining camp. Jim hails from Wood's Creek, over in Tuolumne

Eugene Hahn, the assistant manager and a right cool from away back.

Sam Davis, the proprietor and editor-in-chief of the MIDWINTER FAIR APPEAL. Cough up a nickel, read the paper and get the latest news of camp doings.

A. F. Carmody (Archie), one of Wells, Fargo & Co's clever coin shovelers, treasurer of the Camp.

Pierre Duryee, secretary, a late arrival from Hangtown.

ROSTER.

Gaston Hahn, French; George K. Coates, Yeaty; Duncan McDonald, Scottie; Captain Jennings; Harry Isleg, Sooty; Andrew McCarthy, Irish; Plain James Whitson; Sweda Bob; Doc Hallett; Old Man Tompkins; George Clifford, Quiet George; Joe Cumminsky, Good-natured Joe; Bob Smith, from Oroville; Mr. Pressley, in charge of Marshall's cabin; Old Jim Armstrong, Postmaster and Painter; Hornbuckle, the Cook; the Bunkeye cabin; Old Tulley, mule man from Carson; C. T. Van Arnam, the pioneer stage driver; Papa Peakes and his son Bob; Charles Turner, in charge of Smith's merchandise store; Old Man Halstead from Plumas county; Uncle Jones and Hustler Barnes of the El Dorado saloon.

GAMBLING HOUSE.

Joe Harvey, Billy Kennedy, Alex Caruthers, Jake Wallace and Bill Poole.

DANCE HOUSE.

Professor Love, caller, Justice of the Peace and the best shot in the Camp. No take warning and don't try to win his girls.

GIRLS.

Carmel Martinez, The Bird; May Creeling, Blonde May; Annie Fuller, Comical Ann; Lena Cohn, Fighting Lena; Minnie Roan, Bean-pole Minn; Alice Murphy; Spuds; May Devallion, Shorty; Senorita Santa Cruz; Birdie Bennett, The Sparrow; Amelia Mourey; Irene Hibbard, Puss; Lillie Beuson, Irene Loveland, May Mills, Agnes Burtis, Louise Beuson, Sweetie Thornhill, Sarah Lewis, Mamie James, Nell Suit, Pauline Bowes, Grace Allen and Carrie Anderson.

GENTLEMEN.

Francis G Valenzulla, Noisy Frank; Fernando O Galvez, Frisky Fred; Jose Vincent, Fondango Fred; Edward Abrams, Sheeny Ike; T. H. Hernandes, James S Phillips; C. M. Santa Cruz, Mexican Bill; J. T. Barton, A. W. J. Bingham, Bill the kid; Chris Larsber, The Tough; Charles Nounnan, M. E. Robles, J. A. Robles, R. Diaz, J. D. Mendoza. Charles Wiesel, Ebbe Berg, Slim Jim the Gamb';

A grand real old time Mexican Fandango will be given in the '49 Dance House, every Stturday and Sunday afternoon, from 2 to 5 o'clock, and every night including Sunday. On special days new features will be added, and from time to time, as the Camp continues to grow and prosper. Keep your good right eye on the MIDWINTER APPEAL if you are in search of lively times.

ORO FINO CONCERT HALL.

Barras & Begg Proprietors—Four horse wagon filled with Original Mexican, and Spanish dancing girls, guarded by the Proprietors on horseback.

Hula Hula, Armenia Trixey De Adlo, Mamluc Servenia St Clair, Inez Adrien, Malbino Moxta, Bosgoth La Compt, and Weldon and Coots.

People who see this parade will of course follow the entire convalcade to the '49 Mining Camp, notwithstading the great expense of this turnout there will be no raise in the price of admission.

CALLERS.

The following professionals called at the APPEAL office during the week to paw over our exchanges: Miss E. Garrity, Denver News; Miss Mable Craft, Chicago Record; W. R. Hearst, Artist Noble and Charles Ulrich, Examiner; Mark M. Pomeroy, nephew of old Brick Pomeroy, Denver, Col.; Charles Fuller Gates, Buffalo Express; Paul Cowles, Associated Press, and Cecil Romer the artist.

The following outside barbarians also favored the sanctum with a visit or left their cards: J. Will Dilton, Captive Balloon; George W. Emerson, W. Storey, Bernard Conway, Jacob Schram, St. Helena; Colonel Hafford, Arizona; Hale midst of so much turmoil and strife.

## RUSS HOUSE,

MONTGOMERY ST., EXTENDING FROM PINE TO BUSH,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Business center of the city, convenient to all banks, insurance offices and places of amusement during the Midwinter Fair.

Containing 300 Rooms.

J. S. YOUNG . . . . PROPRIETOR

TERMS:

$1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 Per Day.

Still lower terms for excursion and other large parties. Superior accommodations for families at very moderate rates.

Hotel coach in waiting at all boats and trains to convey guests to and from the house free of Charge.

For further particulars apply at '49 Camp.

## TABER

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.

Official Photographer

CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER

—INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION—

1894.

Studio on Central Court, Exposition Grounds, between the Administration and Mechanical Arts Buildings.

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ROBT. JONES. W. J. BARNES.

## THE PALM

GARDEN CAFE,

On South Drive, Under the Scenic Railway Tunnel.

Refreshments of All Kinds, Solid and Liquid, at Reasonable Prices.

The Finest Brands of California Wines and Beer.

Private Dining Rooms.

JONES & BARNES.

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—EMPLOYMENT BUREAU,—

424 SUTTER STREET,

Between Stockton and Powell, San Francisco, Cal.

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The most reliable male and female help furnished on short notice.

Special attention paid to country orders.

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The latest and Best Styles. Superior Metal and Finish. Colt's Armory, Chandler & Price and Golding Jobbers; Babcock & Cranston Cylinders.

Complete outfits on short notice. Headquarters for country publishers.

## St. Mary's Hospital,

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

Luke Robinson, M. D., Senior Physician and Gynecologist.

Alexander Leonard, M. D., Senior Surgeon.

Walter S. Thorne, M. D., Michael Fatrell, M. D., Physicians.

T. E. Bailley, M. D., Resident Physician.

George H. Powers and William Hopkins, Oculists and Aurists.

JAS. P. DUNNE & CO.,

NO. 1 STOCKTON STREET

And Junction of Market and Eddy Streets,

San Francisco. 4


## THE HOWITZER OF GOD.

### The Time When Senator Fair Was a Pioneer Evangelist.

Time brings about some odd changes in the personelle of men.

Many people have imagined that our allusions to ex Senator Fair's early christianity were facetiously made.

Such is not the case, however, as the following by the Grass Valley Tidings of January 24, 1859, and written by Rufus Shoemaker, bears us out in our statement that at one period of his life the Senator was a student of divinity, and a active and earnest worker in the vineyard interests of the Lord.

Here is the story from Shoemaker's own pen:

"I tell yer, fellers," said old Gurney, squaring himself for a big talk, once he found he was going to have things his own way; "I tell yer, fellers, I us'ter know a preacher what us'ter ride on a circle, over in Caleforny, in '52, as was named Jimmey Fair, an' he was a roarer, you jist bet!

"He wasn't one of yer stuck-up, kid-gloved kind, as would be afraid they'd dirty their hands by givin' the flipper of a miner a grip! No; he'd take hold of yer paw like a wolf trap.

"He wasn't of them kind as goes a prospectin' about, with noses in the air, a-smellin' roast chicken an' hot biskits a-far off! Not at all! He was a God-feraln' man, an' pork an' beans was the highest ambition of his meek an' lowly bowels.

"He wasn't one of yer kyoters in sheep's clothin' what goes a-sneakin' about among the ewes of his flock, makin' more Beecher scandals in one week than yer could wash out in six months by pipin' inter em' with the biggest hydraylic in the mountains! No! that wasn't his style. He walked uprightly before the Lord, an' was happy as the day was long.

"He wasn't one of yer high eddicated rose-water, butter-mouthed, sort—Fair wasn't. He had the gift unteral—right from the Lords—and when he unbuttoned his shirt collar an' began to talk in dead ernest, it made a feller think of a string of boulders thunderin' down a ground sluice under a big head of water.

"Fair wasn't one of these new-fangled sort of preachers what stands up before yer Sunday after Sunday, never showin' up the color of the word o' God nor givin' you a single mouthfull of the bread of life. Not a bit of it! He'd drifted and creviced all through the Bible, panin' out bushels of chispas and scores and scores of great nuggets of gold. With these he was loaded to the muzzle, an' when turned loose an' began to fire scripture into an aujence, he might'er been called the mountain howitzer of God.

"Fair was full of the spirit, an' when he went forth to labor in the Lord's diggin's he allurs went bustness. He wasn't one of them kind o' prayers whose prayin's jist a little sneakin' drizzle that only wets the earth here an' there, washin' away none of the dust of iniquity, never causin' a single seed of good to sprout or raisin' up the droopin' head of a single wilted plant! No. The prayer of the man was like a cloud-bust on a mountain; it swept down through the dark canyons of sin and sent all the miners therein end over end down the tail-flumes of the devil, till they was glad to grab the first branch of the live life that hung in reach and haul theirselves ashore, high an' dry on the rock of ages.

"Fair wasn't one of yer stuck up kind of laborers in the vineyard, as could'nt preach without a morocco-bound, gold-clasp Scriptur' and a pulpit as grand as the gates of the New Jerusalem. Not a bit of it! why fellers, he'd jist haul his little old greasy pack of loose leaves of his Bible out of his pocket, shuffle it up, give it a cut, deal out a text, and then jist hammer it—it's bells out'n all the sinners on Sucker Flat!

"That was a preacher for yer, an' we shall never look on his like again! Fill up yer glasses, fellers; lets all drink to him, with the hope that some day he will be plunkin a harp with the angels on the other side of Jordan.

HERE YOU ARE.

One of the striking pieces of work in the exposition is the fact that an official catalogue is to be published on the opening day. It has been the experience of most expositions, that the official catalogue was not published until some time after the opening. The Catalogue of the Midwinter Exposition is ready and will be on sale on the opening day. This reflects credit on the hustlers who have charge of the publication. The price is 25 cents, and in consideration of the large amount of descriptive matter contained therein it might be well said that 25 you dont buy the catalogue, you dont see the Fair.'"

George Spaulding & Co. are out with their Official Guide of the Fair. It contains over 200 pages and 250 illustrations. No visitor at the Fair can afford to be without it.

## FRUE ORE CONCENTRATOR

Over 4000 in actual use.

Manufactured under Patents of April 27, 1880, July 24, 1888, and March 31, 1891.

SAN JACINTO ESTATE, LIMITED, Office of the General Manager.
P. O. Address, South Riverside, San Bernardina county, Cal.
CAJALCO, December 18, 1891.

FRUE VANNING MACHINE CO., 132 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.—GENTLEMEN: After a continuous trial of different Concentrators (comprising the Frue Vanner, the "Holland," "Paradox," "Triumph" and the "Woodbury" Concentrators), extending over several months, we find that we prefer the Frue Vanner, as it is easier of adjustment, runs smoother, has less wear and tear, and—having a positive travel—gives less trouble than the other more complicated and ever-changing machines now in use here. The Frue Vanner not only saves a cleaner concentrate, but has less loss in the tailings, and is in several ways preferable to the other Concentrators here. I am, my Dear Sirs, yours faithfully,

S. HARRIS, Manager.

Price of 4-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner.....$550, f. o. b.
" " Improved Belt Frue Vanner.....
" 6-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner.....800, f. o. b.
800, f. o. b.

For any information, or for pamphlets, or for circulars or testimonials, call on or address us at our office.

H. J. SUMMERHAYES, Successor to ADAMS & CARTER. Agent Frue Vanning Machine Company,
NO. 132 MARKET STREET.....SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE STRIKE IN GOLD CULCH.

FIRST CHILD IN CAMP.

On Sunday last there was quite a number of celebrities at the camp. Among others was Mr. Hearst, the proprietor of the Examiner. He brought along Mr. Noble, one of his artists. Mr. Noble is as small in stature as he is large in artistic ability. He is a little smooth-faced fellow not nearly as big as Willie Polk. When he got into the Dance Hall he thought it would be a fine thing to show what he knew of '49 methods. So he hopped up onto the bar and said he was going to clean out the place. His appearance caused a shout of laughter, and one of the dancing girls called out:

"First kid in camp! Let's all kiss him." Noble saw that he was in for it and made for the door, followed by a bevy of Mexican beauties. Some of the miners took up the joke, and, picking up the Examiner artist, carried him around on their shoulders and had a very jolly time with him.

He was finally deposited in old Marshall's "Rocker," but he refused to be rocked asleep. He now swears that Hearst, who likes to play practical jokes, is the man who put the job up on him.

THE CALAVERAS BAT.

One of the arrivals at the Camp is a Calaverna bat that was sent down by Colonel Dolittle. It is the first one taken alive in this State. It is a very rare number of the bat tribe, and by some naturalists is often confounded with the Irish bat, although Dr. Harkins and Professor Davideon both agree that it is a distinct member of the bat family.

The Calaveras bat can hang motionless for weeks, and can go without food or drink as long, according to some authorities, as two months. The one at the Camp has been hanging in his cage for three weeks and not tasted a drop of water. It is claimed that they can absorb moisture from the air, which is all the nutriment that is necessary.

From frequenting dark places their eyes shun the sunlight, and it is necessary to hang a canvas before the cage to keep the interior as dark as possible.

The bat when coiled up is no larger than one's fist and its color is a reddish brown.

NOTICE.

Persons receiving this issue of the APPEAL are expected to forward their subscriptions to the office, or their names will be dropped from the subscription list.


1. PROFESSOR GILBERT will introduce his Performing Siberian Wolves.
2. PROFESSOR MATTHEWS and his flock of Trained Goats.
3. PROFESSOR BOGARD and his Performing Bears.
4. PROFESSOR WORMWOOD with a School of Dogs and Monkeys.
5. PROFESSOR GIOVANNI will introduce his Marvelous Flock of Australian Cockatoos.
6. MONS. COOS and his Wrestling Bear—A contest of Man vs. Beast.
7. MONS. NATALIE and his Wonderful Troupe of Performing Hogs.

Performance Daily at 2 and 4 P. M.

EXTRA PERFORMANCES SATURDAYS, SUNDAYS AND SPECIAL DAYS.

8. COLONEL BOONE and MLLE. CARLOTTA,

WITH THEIR MARVELOUS CAGE OF LIONS.

1. Introducing Colonel Boone and Lion Parnell riding Tricycle, assisted by Boar Hounds.
2. Pyramid of Lions and Boar Hounds.
3. Lions Holding Banner for Leaping Dogs.
4. Lion Sultan Firing Off Pistol.
5. Feeding Lions from Naked Hand with Raw Meat.
6. Lions and Dog Playing See-Saw.
7. Grand Rally to Cage Amidst the Firing of Pistols.

COLONEL E. DANIEL BOONE, Proprietor.

H. F. McGARVIE, Manager.

## Grand Exhibition

OF

## Buffaloes and Cattlelos.

—ALSO—

ONE MULY BUFFALO,

In this exhibition the owner proposes to show his success in crossing the Buffalo with the Poldagus cattle for the purpose of getting a skin for wraps and cloaks which is equally as good as seal fur.

This herd is composed of cattle in all ages, from calves three months and up to six years old.

Exhibition open Afternoon and Evening.

1440 MARKET STREET, BETWEEN HAYES STREET AND CITY HALL AVENUE.

## Mining Exhibit.

Don't Fail to Visit the Exhibit

—OF THE—

Western Mining Exchange

In the Mechanical Arts Building.

If you wish to invest in mining property, or if you have mining property to sell, you will find it to your advantage to deal with us.

Office, 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4

## LOUIS SUTTER,

Formerly of Virginia City, Bodie, Auroraand Pickhandle Gulch, has pitched his tent on the northwest corner of Polk and Sutter streets, where he runs a regular old-time saloon for old-time friends.

If you want to get real good liquor call up with your buckskin sack and gold dust.

BUY

The Official Guide

—FROM THE—

Boys in Blue.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

'93-4-THIRD COAST TOUR-'93-4

THE CALIFORNIA TRAGEDIAN

FOOTE

Accompanied by the Charming Comedienne

Miss Annie Plunkett

In a Brilliant Legitimate Repertoire.

RICHARD III
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CLAUDE MELNOTTE
HAMLET
ARMAND DUVAL
RICHELIEU
DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN
FABIEN and LOUIS DEI FRANCHI
OTHELLO
OLD GUARD
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE
EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT
DAMON AND PYTHIAS,
FOOLS REVENGE or
KING LEAR.

"Meet Me at the Cafe Royal."

One hears this a thousand times daily because it is a

Sporting Center.

It is hardly necessary to say that the CAFE ROYAL is on the corner of Fourth and Market, and that JIM ORNDORFF is the proprietor.

We merely make the remark to fill this space.

## A. COHN.

SAN FRANCISCO PEOPLE

Who cannot get suited in the price and quality of San Francisco clothing will find

Abe Cohn's

In CARSON CITY the place to buy to advantage.

## WHEELAND & COLLINS,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Old French and London Dock Brandies,

Port Wines, Sherries and all the Choicest Brands of Champagne, Apple Jack, Pisco, Arrack, Cordials, Liquors, etc.

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BARBER SHOP AND BATHS.

Fresh and Salt Water, 25 Cents.

217 Montgomery street, between Bush and Pine.

Shaving, 15c. Hair Cutting, 25c. Baths, 25c. First class in all particulars.

SEFFICH & KLEINHANS, Proprietors.

Ladies' entrance next to Russ House elevator. 4

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Depot for the Celebrated SCHMIDT SARSAPARILLA AND IRON.

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DRUGGISTS & CHEMISTS,

236 SUTTER STREET,

Between Kearny and Dupont, Opposite the Market, San Francisco.

## CAMP JOTS.

Whig convention next Monday. Oil up your six-shooters.

Bob Mitchell paid the office a visit Sunday, along with some other members of the executive committee. They were all well loaded and their breaths would pi a form.

Fred Darvis of the Palace Hotel was at the Camp Sunday, but he did not stay long. Some one started the story that he was "Black Bart," the stage robber, and the crowd got so numerous about him that he finally left.

Old Judge Moses, wants another nomination from the Whig convention next Monday. In order to get in he must agree to stand pat with the hogging faro games, and only fine Deputy Sheriff Spreckels $2 for "a roaring drunk."

Captain E. N. Jennings, the famous swordsman, is the Marshal of the Mining Camp and commands the police squad. Jenaings was formerly fencing master of the Olympic Club, and is the finest swordsman in the United States.

It was a great day for the miners of this camp when the first centrifugal roller quartz mill arrived. F. A. Huntington is the sole manufacturer at 213-219 Front street, and his mill means good luck and prosperity to the mining industry.

Old Moses, who owns at least two thieving chuck-a-luck games in the north end of town, has made his terms with the Harvey-Spreckels combine, and will get the Whig nomination for Justice of the Peace next Monday, but it will take a big sack to cram such an old imbecile down the throats of the voters of this section.

One of Tulley's mules got loose last Sunday, and trying to get out of the park, attempted to go through the turnstyle the wrong way. It got mixed up in the thing and in ten minutes kicked over 1400 entrances out of the machine. After he was extricated the gate keeper figured up what he owed the Fair and skipped the town.

W. E. Duncan Jr., a legal shark of Oroville, recently, as the administrator of a drowned man's estate, cited the dead man's sweetheart to come into court and turn over the engagement ring and other love tokens he had given her. The judge threw the case out of court, but we think he neglected his duty in not throwing the shyster out also. Such a wretch as this lawyer ought to have a quart of vitriol injected into his onshed heart to warm it up. There is a general desire among the miners of the camp that he visit the place. He would come in handy at one of our lynching rehearsals.

Joe Harvey called at the APPEAL office yesterday and notified us that no APPEAL reporter would be allowed in the hall while the Whig convention is in progress. The warning was unnecessary. Some years ago, when we were reporting a similar gathering, the lights were put out while the Last Chance delegation was hammering the Frog Hollow representatives over the head with chairs. In the confusion our pocket was picked of $16 and the gold watch presented us for defending the miners at Bidwell's Bar. One experience with such a layout is quite enough for us.

Mrs. E. Garrity of the Denver News visited the Camp Sunday, and was the first lady to take potluck with the miners. They gave her the seat of honor at the table, and she ate heartily of boiled beef and lresh stew, washed down with black coffee in a tin cup. She enjoyed it immensely, and insisted on the men at the table keeping their hats on. She was the first lady correspondent outside of the State to visit the Camp. Miss Mable Craft of the Chicago Record drifted in on Tuesday and took a spin through the gambling dens with manager Love. Both the ladies think the Camp is "just splendid."

There has been a lively rush of reporters during the past week to visit Anita Fallon, the handsome actress, who had aktor Armstrong arrested on the charge of stealing her diamond pin while the two were indulging in stage embraces in "The Lady of Lyons." It was reported that the first reporter who interviewed the lovely Anita was treated to a realistic rehearsal of all the tender embracery of the scene, to show just how the pin was taken. Hence the rush of interviewers. When it transpired that the lady only gave these realistic rehearsals of the pin episode to the feminine interviewers, the door bell has enjoyed a needed rest.

A few days ago, when "Papa Peaker," proprietor of the "Rest for the Weary," was sitting in front of the APPEAL office enjoying a sun bath and dosing in the balmy afternoon, some one came softly along and quietly abstracted from his shirt front a $300 diamond pin. Had Mr. Peaker been in our office at the time paying his yearly subscription in advance, this sad circumstance would not have happened. He has since received another and larger pin, and fastened to the screw is a leather cinch strap which goes around his body and rings a burglar alarm when pulled. Since the occurence the editor of the APPEAL has had the gold fillings of his back teeth re-tamped, as he means to hold onto what amalgam he has left another year.

'49 MINING CAMP, MIDWINTER FAIR.


**VIAVI.**
Which translated means
THE ROAD TO HEALTH.

Very necessary to womankind
Is a thousand and one ways
And by our cures we quickly
Verify the claim that VIAVA is
Indispensible to yon all.

TO ALL WANDERERS on the rocky road of sickness, we will furnish a Guide to the City of Health and happiness in life, where woman with her ever increasing burden can throw off and lay aside the weight of destroying disease and lift up her head in

**Perfect Health.**

Upon the pages of feminine history appear a thousand testimonials from thankful hearts of wives, mothers and daughters whose ills have been banished by VIAVI. All disease falls before its potent influence and slow destroyers give way to vigorous health, happiness and physical comfort, not for a day, bnt always.

Nothing bnt competent and patient ladies in attendance to consult and comfort those who need our aid.

**No Charge For Consultation.**

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2301 VAN NESS AVENUE,
CORNER VALLEJO.

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**THE ORO FINO**

CONCERT HALL,

'49 MINING CAMP.

Songs, Ballads, Skirt and Serpentine Dancing.

And Every Other Terpsichorean Novelty Known.

Old-time Jigs and Reels.

BONANZA BEN and NUGGET NED,
Proprietors.

Centrifugal Roller Quartz Mill.
This mill can be seen in operation in the MECHANICAL ARTS BUILDING.
F. A. Huntington,
Manufacturer, 213 and 219 Front street, San Francisco.
Illustrated Pamphlet on application.

THE
MIDWINTER APPEAL
.....AND.....
Journal of '49.

Devoted to the Interests of the Midwinter Fair and the '49 Mining Camp.

This journal will be published daily, weekly or three times a day, as the editor may see fit. The daily edition will not contain any advertising, as a faithful record of the rush and riot of the great Fair and '49 Camp will not give the editor any time to rustle for business.

If you want to advertise go to the Weekly, as the Weekly is ont for the stuff and will take all the advertising it can lay its hands on.

All the writers of any note on the Pacific Coast have been secured to ladle out English in the columns of this newspaper. Our list of contribntors will embrace such people as Joaquin Miller, Rollen M. Daggett, Judge C. C. Goodwin, Dan De Quille, Ambrose Bierce, W. H. Mille, S. E. Moffitt, Charles Michelson, Nel Hamilton, Colonel Irish, W. C. Morrow, Joe Goodman, "Lying Jim" Townsend, Arthur McEwen, Major Frank McLaughlin, Ed Colnon, Allen Kelly, Eugene Hahn, Colonel Shaw, Albert May, Colonel Ayer, Sam Chamberlain, Ed. Morphy, Jim Barry, Frank Moffitt, Colonel Young, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Hugh Hume, Ross Jackson, and others.

Contributions from commercial silnriana, millionaires, and political statnary who can send, write a line on earth, will be pitched in the waste basket.

Editors visiting the Fair are invited to come into the sanctum, make free use of our corn-cob pipe, spit on the floor, and utilize the copy hook as they see fit. If the gate-keeper gives you any plaver, knock him down and walk in.

Dick Foote will write the criticisms of all the theaters except his own.

Willie Fok will run the architecture column.

Hal Highels will be the sporting reporter.

Sam Davis will edit the paper.

Bob Davis will tangle up telegraph news.

Each contributor is expected to sign his name and do his own scrapping.

The sheet will come out in the afternoon when it comes ont all.

Contributors' articles will go as they are written, and not be edited by some ass who thinks he knows better what the contributor wants to say than the man who writes it.

AFTER LEAVING CAMP
CALL AT THE
**Colorado Gold Mine**
— AND TAKE A —
**Ride Through the Mine.**

See a Gold Mine in full operation in all its details.

The finest edncator of the day.

Indorsed by the Denver Mining Exchange, Colorado School of Mines and thonsands of others.

After yon enter the tunnel yon can easily imagine yonrself 1000 feet underground.

PRICE OF ADMISSION . . . 25 CENTS
CHILDREN . . . . . 10 CENTS

REST FOR THE WEARY.

Food and Feed for Man and Beast.

Baked Beans Cooked in the Ground, None Better.

OLD PAPA PEAKES, the Well-Known Caterer, Will Personally Superintend the Management.

J. K. DALMAS,
CBARPENTER and BUILDER
FOR THE
'49 CAMP '49
Particular attention paid to Fitting up and placing exhibits at the Midwinter Fair.
TERMS MODERATE.
GOOD AND QUICK WORK.
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'49 CAMP.
The Past and Future revealed and the Veil Lifted.
"I am located at the '49 Camp and will be pleased to see old friends during the Fair." 4

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MINING
CAMP.

A FAITHFUL REPRESENTATION OF THE OLD-TIME FEATURES OF A NEW DIGGINGS IN '49.

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The Original Downie Cabin, Reproduced From a Cabin built by Major William Downie, the founder of Downieville.
The Oro Fino Concert Hall. Old-time Ballads and All Kinds of Terpsichorean Novelties.
Typical '49 FANDANGO with forty sweet-faced Senioritas dancing to the strains of the famous Mexican Orchestra.

A REGULAR NEWSPAPER OFFICE ON THE GROUND.

Every building a museum of interesting relics. More to be seen there than is possible to describe.

ADMISSION - 25 Cts.



# THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
## AND JOURNAL OF FORTY-NINE.

VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1894. NUMBER 5.

THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
AND JOURNAL OF '49.
Published Weekly at 629 Montgomery street
BY
SAM DAVIS.
$5 Per Annum. $2.50 for Six Months.


BY PONY EXPRESS.

### NEWS BROUGHT IN BY OUR CAYUSE.

GROVER TAKES A HAND.

Washington, Feb. 1—It is announced that last night President Cleveland sent a letter to Mr. Corbett by Secretary Gresham tendering him the use of the White House grounds for his coming mill with Jackson. He argues the constitutional aspect of the case to the effect that the District of Columbia is neutral ground under the enabling act of '54, and that the District is certainly under the rule of the President. Secretary Gresham, however, thinks it would be better to select the Senate chamber in case of bad weather, and that the mill under the quiet Marquis of Queensberry regulations would be a pleasant relief from the turbulent scenes enacted during the silver debate. Stewart will oppose the mill until the silver question is definitely settled, and was closeted with some of the Southern Senators last evening. Corbett and Jackson are busy of the offer, as they fear the President intends to job the fight.

COLNON ROARS.

Stockton, Feb. 2—Editor Colnon of the Mail is addressing a large mass meeting here this evening on the subject of photographic passes at the Midwinter Fair. He says that when he went to San Francisco a few days ago he was seized by Chief Crowley and four policemen and dragged to Talbot's photographic gallery, where he was bound hand and foot and a board tied across his stomach, on which was chalked the number of the cage he was expected to occupy when on exhibition at the Fair in the San Joaquin county building. Over $46,000 was subscribed on the spot, to defray the expenses of a committee to go down to the Fair and protest against the outrage, and $1.50 was cash, Mr. Colnon paying it out of his own pocket.

NEVADA NEWS.

Reno, Jan. 28—Last evening a delegation of straight-out Republicans, headed by M. D. Foley, Bob Fulton and Allan Bragg, met Senator Jones at the depot and said they were ready to let loose the necessary funds with them) to reorganize the Republican party of Nevada and put it on a paying basis. After glaring a few moments at the crowd, he sent the porter back with instructions to place his sack in his drawing-room and lock the door. He then rechecked his baggage and proceeded to San Francisco under a guard of Wells-Fargo shotgun messengers, who boarded the train at Palisade. His family were wired at Washington that he passed through all right.

EXCITEMENT IN BOSTON.

Boston, Feb. 2—Last evening a convention of clergymen from all parts of the State of Massachusetts assembled in the City Hall and voted that the Spanish fandango dances at the '49 Camp were demoralizing and not conducive to the faith in the Lord. A petition was then signed asking Manager Love to close the dance house until a delegation of clergymen could arrive and witness the dances personally before making a report. The Board of Brokers in New York indorsed the proceedings.

CALL FOR EVANS.

Fresno, Feb. 1—A proposition was made before the City Council here last evening to give a grand ball for the benefit of Chris Evans to pay his expenses in getting out of the Fresno jail. When it was proposed to send the proceeds to Mr. Evans by Peter Bigelow of the Examiner the project was abandoned in some haste.

SLUICING IN GOLD GULCH.

### THE WHIG CONVENTION.

**A Slate Ticket Jammed Through in High Style.**

A GENERAL ROW AT THE EL DORADO—A NEW TICKET NOMINATED.

The so-called Whig convention, which met last Monday to name a county ticket, resulted just as the APPEAL predicted. The convention was called to order by old Judge Moses, who was promised the nomination of Justice of the Peace if he would stand pat, and it took three men a couple of days to solder him up in order that he would be able to preside.

The first incident was the refusal of the Committee on Credentials to recognize the Bowlder Creek delegation, on the grounds that their credentials were not properly signed, but really because they were known to be dead against the Harvey-Spreckels combine.

When the kick was made the Bowlder Creek men went for their six-shooters and said they had come to stay.

There was an ominous "click-click" in the hall, and the chair said he guessed the Bowlder Creek people were all right.

It made no difference, anyhow. The little band was snowed under when the balloting came. The name of Deputy Sheriff Spreckels was placed before the convention for Sheriff, and the vote showed the strength of the slate on the first ballot. Poor old John Boggse, who had worn out his life and fortune in the service of the Whigs, was shelved, and Spreckels, who hasn't drawn a sober breath for two years, was nominated by a vote of 24 to 8. The balloting on all the candidates was the same, showing the whole affair to be cut and dried.

John D. Spreckels was there with plenty of sugar to help his brother, and the boys made his money pack the whole slate.

Jim Love lent Eugene Hahn for Treasurer, William Bunker was named for City Recorder, George Bromley for County Clerk, James Fair for Poundmaster, F. S. Chadbourne School Trustee. Constables, W. R. Hearst; County Commissioners, Alex Ballam, Ned Foster and Jerry Lynch; Justice of the Peace, John Moses. When the ticket was announced the Bowlder Creek people made a special charge. Harvey and John Spreckels with indecent haste left the convention, and Major Doolittle, who was one of the delegation, smashed a chair. In an instant the contending factions were in a rough and tumble fight and a dozen pistols where whipped out just as the lights were extinguished. The result was only a few broken heads and night mule hideous in the various barrooms about town. When the public learned of the convention's labors there was general indignation manifested all over the county, and several old-time Whigs expressed their determination to quit the party forever.

THE OPPOSITION TICKET.

On Friday the better element joined in a public meeting in the Oro Fino Concert Hall. The editor of the APPEAL called the vast assembly to order and addressed it on the political issues, being frequently interrupted by applause, and after his remarks two new subscribers came to the fore.

The following ticket was named and will go before the people as the "State Rights ticket," its object being to purify and reform politics in Gold Gulch county.

Sheriff, Frank McLaughlin; Treasurer, Eugene Hahn; Recorder, Hugh Hume; County Clerk, James Orndorff; Poundmaster, E. J. Baldwin; School Trustee, Peter Dunn, Johnny Farley, Harry Corbett; Justice of the Peace, Judge Joachim; Constable, Theo. Donnet.

The convention then adjourned, and every where conceded, but the friends of reform are cautioned not to go to sleep, as the other side will spend money like water to carry their point. Meanwhile every move of the nefarious combine will be plastered all over the county in the columns of this journal, the people's friend.

### WASN'T SO VERY HUNGRY.

Last Sunday a man went into Papa Peake's restaurant, and taking a chair alongside a friend who was eating dinner, remarked:

"Bill, lend me a half. I'm busted and want to get a meal. Ain't tasted a mouthful since yesterday noon."

The half was loaned, and the following dialogue passed between the borrower and the waiter:

"Say, what have ye got?"

"Soup! Oxtail and barley."

"Oh, pshaw! Give us some meat. What kind have ye got?"

"Roast beef, mutton, lamb with green corned beef, pigs' feet, boiled ham, fricasseed lamb, potpie, roast chicken, beans baked in the ground——"

"Oh, let up! I never did like those kinds of meat. Got any dessert?"

"Cobbert pudding, peach pie, plum tart, apricot, grape——"

"Oh, give us a rest! Does give me dyspepsia. What kind of coffee have ye got?"

"Java!"

"Oh, pshaw! This Java coffee makes me nervous. Give us tea and take a drink," and grabbing the four-bit piece he had been spinning on the table sauntered out of the restaurant into the El Dorado saloon, leaving the astonished money-lender bowled in his own rapid reflections.

### Election Saturday.

Remember that next Saturday is election day in the Camp. Every honest voter should turn out to down the so-called Whig combine. The APPEAL is for clean politics and State Rights.

### THE VISITING JOURNALISTS.

**They Have a High Time at the Fandango.**

On Monday last the squad of Chicago journalists who were sent out here to write up the Fair were specially entertained by the Mining Camp Company.

At two oclock the doors of the Fandango were closed to the outside world and the Chicago quill drivers were invited to take partners for the quadrille.

Two sets were formed, and they paired off as follows, C. G. Seymour, Herald, Spanish Lis; George Ade, Record, Fighting Lena; Maxwell of the Mail, Carmen Martinez, and Dan Green of the Post danced with the Calaveras Sparrow. The next set was composed of Irving Lewis' who selected Birdie Bennett; Billing of the Inter-Ocean, who had Bean-Pole Ann on his arm and was as proud as a peacock. McCutcheon of the Record selected Kate the Kid; E. E. Bates of the Cleveland Plaindealer hood it down with Little Trixie.

When the music started and the girls began to kick the Eastern thoughtmoulders entered fully into the spirit of the fnn, and such a wild dance was never seen in the county since '49.

The caller would shont: "Alamand left! Put a little more ginger into the dance, girls! "Forward and back! Shake it up lively now!"

Occasionally the bang bang of the six-shooter would enter the scene, and the way the boys went through the Virginia reel, waltzes and quadrilles was, as they said, the experience of their lives.

The opinion was that such a dance at the World's Fair would have cleared $100,000 a month.

One of the Chicago newspaper men threw a $5 piece on the stage at the Oro Fino Concert Hall on Monday as May Dearlo was dancing, thinking it was a nickel. She started for the coin, but the journalist discovered his mistake, and, picking over the footlights, recelled the hard-to-get ahead of three Chicago reporters. "Money on the board goes in" was the girl's remark, and the audience howled.


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To the Cultivated
Tastes of this
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ARIZONA
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Of all the Birds, Animals and Reptiles of the Territory.

The most Complete Private Collection in the World.

The Colonel has taken twenty-five years to Amass this Collection.

South Drive, in rear of the Administration Building.

ADMISSION . . . . . 25 CENTS.

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—EMPLOYMENT BUREAU,—
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Between Stockton and Powell, San Francisco, Cal.
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The most reliable male and female help furnished on short notice.
Special attention paid to country orders.
Sutter and Powell street cars pass the door. 4

BOYS!
DRINK THE GOOD OLD
**DAYS OF '49**
WHISKY.
For Sale
All Over the
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Meyerfeld, Mitchell & Co.,
SOLE AGENTS.
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A MARVEL.
THE
**CALIFORNIA AMALGAMATOR.**
The California Amalgamator is a thoroughly practical machine, possessing simplicity, durability and effectiveness.
It not only has no superior, but no equal.
It is the cheapest and best in existence.
It will save all finest mercury from Stamp and Hanchinson mills.
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It will save all fine gold from beach or black sands.
It will save every particle of gold that floats in water, no matter how fine. It will save flake gold or fine that it will not settle in still water in ten seconds.
Call and examine it at the Mechanic Arts building, Midwinter Exposition. It has no equal.
California Amalgamating Co.,
602 MARKET STREET,
(State Board of Trade) San Francisco, Cal.

## ORIGIN OF THE MINING CAMP.

As many of the coast papers have given the editor of the APPEAL the credit of originating the '49 Mining Camp, it is but fair to say that the credit of the undertaking and the various suggestions leading to its establishment deserve to be divided among quite a number of people.

Some months ago Billy Armstrong, a prize-fighter, came to the office of the APPEAL in Carson City to get some job work done and advertise a mill he was arranging in Reno. The office of the APPEAL is a very dilapidated brick building, one of the oldest in the State. It looks, indeed, like an old '49 ruin. Mr. Armstrong, after completing his business, left the building, and, retreating to the middle of the street, gazed at the structure for several minutes and said:

"Why in hell don't you take that old ruin down to the Midwinter Fair and exhibit it as an old '49 newspaper office?"

The remark set the writer to thinking a little, and that day he wrote to Alex Badlam of the executive committee asking what he thought of the idea. In a few days we received word that the committee had granted a concession to the editor of the APPEAL to run an old typical '49 paper at the Fair. The APPEAL then published a series of articles relative to the proposition, and letters began to pour in from all directions suggesting additional features. The press of the coast took it up and boomed it for weeks until the idea became very popular. Meanwhile Mr. James Love, the theatrical manager, wrote to the editor of the APPEAL that he was working on the same idea and had an exhibit in the shape of John Mackay's cabin and other features of a mining camp. Subsequently Mr. Love and Mr. Eugene Hahn scoured the State for old mining cabins and relics and collected a vast quantity of them. They met with nothing but good treatment and encouragement from all sides, and thus the scheme grew daily as it was better understood.

But with all the generous treatment accorded them no one could be found who would back the scheme with capital. Men who were talked with said that as everybody on the coast had seen mining camps it would be no novelty, etc.

The idea was broached to people in Nevada to have the State back the exhibit and make it a typical Nevada display, but as everybody who was talked with said such a thing would never pay, the idea was abandoned as far as Nevada capital was concerned. Finally Major Frank McLaughlin, who always has an eye peeled for a good investment, gave the matter a careful consideration and reached the conclusion by cold figuring that there was a big profit in it. He advanced the first money necessary to secure the concession, and the Midwinter Fair committee gave the writer a concession of 150,000 square feet of ground in an out-of-the-way corner at a very cheap rate, as no one else would accept it because of its rough appearance.

Now it happened that the ground covered with trees, underbrush and bowlders was just the place for a '49 Camp. No location on the ground, in fact, could be better.

The '49 Camp Company was then formed, with Major Frank McLaughlin, James Love, Eugene Hahn and S. P. Davis as the principal shareholders, and was duly incorporated. Major McLaughlin advancing the necessary money to place the camp on its feet. An attempt was made to sell some stock, but no one would buy, as everybody argued that the charge of 25 cents admission would keep every one away from such a common everyday attraction.

Well, the rest of the story is already known to the public. On the opening day of the Fair 4000 people paid admission to the camp, 700 to the fandango dance and 500 to the Oro Fino Concert Hall, and it was voted by everybody to be the greatest attraction at the Fair.

On that day the road to the camp was not macadamized and the visitors trudged through the sand to the spot. Old Californians passed with wonder when they saw the realistic production of the camp and the scenic view of Mount Shasta in the background. They saw the old gray-bearded miners working at the flumes, the windlass and bucket in operation, the dance halls and gambling houses in mimic show, heard the old songs of other days, the music of the banjoe and fiddles of '49 and the tears stood in their eyes as the rush of memories recalled the scenes which they had laid away in the buried past.

The scenic effects, the buildings and the whole arrangement of the camp was produced under the supervision of Mr. Love, the general manager, and to him are due the realistic and striking effects which have gone so far to make the camp the favorite resort of the Fair and the best-paying concession on the grounds.

The result is best summed up in the words of the Director-General, who in the camp last Tuesday said:

"We thought for a little time you were joking, but I'm satisfied that this concession will pay the Fair more money on percentage than any other one. It's simply 'out of sight,' if you will allow me to use the expression."

The banquet on Thursday at the Palace was a high tribute to personal worth by the leading citizens of the State and a splendid object lesson in showing to what extent newspaper abuse affects a man in San Francisco when the man himself is known to be on the square.

The fish essay read by David Starr Jordan of the Stanford University at the press benefit was the most pointless, dreary and senseless thing ever inflicted on a San Francisco audience. It would have been a bore even at the commencement exercises of a High School.

There was plenty of champagne at the Irish banquet, but the grub layout was very slim considering the cost per plate.

The rate of admission to the Fair should be lowered to 25 cents, and that as soon as possible.

### FROM A VOTER.

JACKASS RAVINE, February 1.

Mister Editor: I want to say just now that I do not like the way you are talking about Deputy Sheriff Spreckels and my old friend Joe Harvey. You say:

"Last Thursday Deputy Spreckels, a ward-striker and ballot-stuffer in San Francisco, came down here and had a confab with Joe Harvey, the faro man, in the rear room of the El Dorado saloon. The job was to call a convention for next Monday and pack it with leeches from the race course and gambling dens along the river."

Now I want to say to you, sir, right now, that Joe Harvey never stood in with Deputy Sheriff Spreckels, but on the contrary he is a henchman of John D. Spreckels, who tries to throw all blame on his brother.

However, Joe has always stood for clean politics and does not care to be mixed up in any dirty work. It is a well-known fact that he has always been for law and order, having "disposed" of two dealers who tried to "do" innocent players, and there is not a man in the camp who thinks that Joe would take advantage of the voters. He is looking for play from the better class and he cannot afford to stand in with the Deputy, who has told several friends that his brother is looking for backing from the stage office, he having sent down to the bay for a number of heelers. Joe and Dolph are all right, but look out for John, who will try and do the honest miners.

GAM.

### THE PRESS PASSES.

The press passes haven't all been distributed yet. The best system to adopt is the one used by the '49 Camp. All the editors in the State had their passes six weeks ago, and all red tape and photo business was obviated.

The '49 Camp don't think an editor in California would abuse the privilege extended him, or let an outsider use his pass. The best way to deal with the press of California is to have as little red tape as possible, and see that the newspaper men get a quick and wholesale recognition for the columns of free advertising they give a new enterprise.

Don't ever ask a newspaper man to wear out shoe leather hunting up passes which are intended as a meager recognition of work already performed. Let the passes reach his office at least as soon as the request for free advertising.

### THE PRESS ENTERTAINMENT.

The Press Club benefit at the Grand was a great success. One of the most notable features of it from an artistic standpoint was Mrs. Bowers' delightful recital of "The Raggerty Man."

No one living could have done it better. The rousing encore resulted in her artistic rendition of the "Seven Ages."

Mrs. Bowers' work was warmly appreciated by the Press Club. She was also the first lady to be elected an honorary member of the Bohemian Club, and if these clubs united in giving her a testimonial it would be a very graceful thing and afford her many admirers in this city an opportunity of again witnessing her rendition of the scenes which in the past made her fame so lustrous.

## COLONEL A ANDREWS.

### The Man Who Saved the Midwinter Fair.

### AN OLD FORTY-NINER, IN WHOSE VEINS COURSES THE BLOOD OF EARLY DAYS.

Among the distinguished pioneers of '49 none is more favorably or widely known than Colonel A. Andrews, proprietor of the Diamond Palace on Montgomery street, the man who on the memorable day of June 13, 1893, at the Chamber of Commerce meeting, rose and roasted the author of a letter from the Chamber which attempted to cast the wet blanket of silurianism on the great fair project. The fate of the Fair was trembling in the balance at the time when a few cranks of the "old fogy" element were preparing to set a public frost against the scheme. But Colonel Andrews, with his military instinct, grasped the importance of quick action at that time, leaped to his feet and gave the lie to the assertion that the blood of the men who braved the dangers of '49 was too slow for this great enterprise. As he trod the stage like a man of 30 the clear-cut denunciation of the opposition which fell from his lips roused the old pioneers with the rest of the audience, and the tide of temporary opposition was stemmed in an instant, while the audience broke into a roar of applause as they saw the silurians routed single-handed in their own stronghold.

When Richelieu, apparently sinking in his chair with old age and sickness, rose like a giant before King Charles in a great crisis of the empire, he offered as an explanation of his sudden recovery that "through his veins coursed the might of France."

It was the hot spirit of the Argonauts that made the old California blood course in its might through the audience in the Chamber of Commerce and saved the State at the critical moment, and to Colonel Andrews is due the credit of arousing it. A brief history of the life of Colonel Andrews is worth repeating here:

Colonel Andrews was born in London, England. When a child his family emigrated to New Orleans, where he was educated and received his first lessons in business. At the outbreaking of the Mexican war young Andrews, then only 20 years old, was appointed to a lieutenancy in the Second Ohio Regiment, shortly to be promoted to captain. After the close of the war, with a Government land warrant and a little money, he went to St. Louis and opened a jewelry store, in which undertaking he was very successful. On hearing of the discovery of gold in California he started for the coast, arriving in San Francisco September 5, 1849.

Soon afterward he engaged in the jewelry business in Sacramento, doing a large and successful trade. On November 2, 1852, he was burned out, sustaining a loss of over $250,000. He had established an excellent credit, however, and emerging from the charred ruins of his business he was soon on his feet again, only asking his creditors to give him time. Twenty months afterward he gave a grand banquet in New York to the men who had stood by him in his troubles, and had established an excellent credit, covering the principal and interest of every dollar due. It is needless to say that "Mine Host" was well and frequently toasted that evening.

Colonel Andrews stayed in Sacramento until 1856. From 1852 to 1869 he spent the time in traveling around the world, interesting himself in various speculations. In 1869 he returned to San Francisco, and in 1872 opened on Montgomery street the now world-renowned Diamond Palace.

It is almost impossible to describe the beauty and elegance of this establishment. It must be seen to be appreciated. The whole place is a perfect blaze of diamonds and flashing gems. A more complete stock of all kinds of jewelry, precious stones and curios it is impossible to find anywhere.

Colonel Andrews is a Mason of forty-six years' standing and has been connected with various civil and military organizations of this city, belonging, in fact, to over thirty different organized bodies.

On May 8, 1890, he was elected president of the Associated Veterans of the Mexican War.

Colonel Andrews was appointed by President Arthur Commissioner to represent California at the New Orleans Exposition of 1885. The splendid work he did there for California will never be forgotten by the people of this State.

## THE ORO FINO.

### The New Concert Hall a Decided Success.

The New Concert Hall, Barns and Flagg, managers, is a new attraction of the Mining Camp and a great drawing card. Just before the show opens one of the managers gets on a platform in front of the building and calls out the programme and exhorts the crowd to go in.

The show is red hot and very amusing. On Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. De Young visited the place. The manager mounted the stage and said:

"Gentlemen will please take off their hats!" Immediately Director-General De Young took off his silk tile and the speaker said, "If you want to take cold." A howl of laughter went up at his expense, in which Mrs. De Young joined heartily.

"Dont spit on the the floor!" contined the manager. "If you want to spit, spit on the seats!" No smoking allowed. If you want to smoke do it on the quiet."

When the laughter had subsided the performance began, and the fun was fast and furious for nearly an hour.

The talent consists of Miss Clara Campbell, Miss Ayis, Trixie Dearlo, May Ward, Annie Fenton, Jennie De Forrest, the Yum Yum dancer, La Bell Fatema and Gertie Lewis, with Professor Weeks as leader of the orchestra.

Miss Campbell is the prima and a huge favorite, very beautiful and catchy and limber and graceful as a fawn. Her dancing is a marvel and her contortions very extraordinary.

The negro comedian is very funny, and Miss Dearlo, Fannie Orsano and the Yum Yum dancer catch on all the while with the big crowds that pack the place.

### THE TRUE CONCENTRATOR.

There is a good deal of excitement among the miners all over the country now relative to a new invention in treating called the Frisbie Concentrator. Old Sam Slug, who has a long head and is a miner from way back, says he has fully investigated the machine and considers it great. "I wasn't much stuck with the darned new-fangled machine until I tackled it, and I'll be goldarned and hope the grizzlies 'll eat me raw if it ain't the boss! It saves a miner more work than a mule, an' I've got my eye on one at Summerhayes', 192 Market street, at the first clean-up I make goes into a concentrator, no matter what it costs."

### MISTAKEN FOR A BURGLAR.

Last Sunday morning about five o'clock the editor of the APPEAL was awakened by a man crawling through his transom at the hotel.

When the man reached the floor we rose boldly and grappled with him. Beating him insensible, and calling for the nearest chambermaid to come with a light, we found we were holding down the great Midwinter Fair edition of our esteemed contemporary the Examiner.

A real burglar who slept in the next room was so frightened when he saw the way we treated the intrusion that he hunted another hotel before breakfast.

### HEADS THE LIST.

On the opening day the Camp headed the procession with the biggest score of visitors. The leading concessions stood:

| | |
|---|---|
| Mining Camp | 7,000 |
| Midway Arena | 6,400 |
| Firth Wheel | 6,326 |
| Hawaiian Village | 4,143 |
| The Volcano | 3,442 |

So far the APPEAL has not received the figures of the other concessions.

### THE HAUNTED SWING.

This most wonderful illusion must be seen to be appreciated. Words fail to express the curious and realistic results obtained. Every one paying the Haunted Swing a visit will be more than satisfied. This is certainly one of the best shows in the Fair grounds. The admission is but 10 cents.

The chewing gum girls in their charming Zulu dresses do a great business in the Mining Camp, and are welcomed by everybody.


RUSS HOUSE,

MONTGOMERY ST., EXTENDING FROM PINE TO BUSH,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Business center of the city, convenient to all banks, insurance offices and places of amusement during the Midwinter Fair.

Containing 300 Rooms.

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Still lower terms for excursion and other large parties. Superior accommodations for families at very moderate rates.

Hotel coach in waiting at all boats and trains to convey guests to and from the house free of Charge.

For further particulars apply at '49 Camp.

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Insulated Wire for Electrical Purposes.

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Type The latest and Best Styles. Superior Metal and Finish.

Presses Colt's Armory, Chandler & Price and Golding Jobbers; Babcock & Cranston Cylinders.

Complete outfits on short notice. Headquarters for country publishers.

St. Mary's Hospital,

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

Locke Robinson, M. D., Senior Physician and Gynecologist.
Alexander Leonard, M. D., Senior Surgeon.
Walter S. Thorne, M. D., Michael Fatrell, M. D., Physicians.
T. E. Bailey, M. D., Resident Physician.
George H. Powers and William Hopkins, Occulists and Aurists.

JAS. P. DUNNE & CO.,

NO. 1 STOCKTON STREET

And junction of Market and Eddy Streets,

San Francisco, 4


## BOB HAMILL'S JOKE.

### A Measure That Upset Politics in Nevada.

### TRUE HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS ANTI-TREAT BILL.

BY GENERAL OLIVER ROBERTS.

Hon. Bob Hamill, who died in Elko, Nevada, the other day, was the Bill Nye of the Sagebrush State. He laughed his way through life and his perennial good nature proved of substantial benefit to himself as well as a pleasure to his friends.

Bob was a member of the State Legislature and won fame by his many jokes and quizzical doings. Probably no one thing made him so much fame as the introduction of the anti-treating bill, which provides that any person who "sets up the drinks" for the boys, should be punished by fine or imprisonment.

This interesting bit of legislation originated with the members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, but its true origin was not known at the time. Mrs. Fisher, the Deputy State Librarian, and Hannah Clapp, a prominent University teacher, employed General R. M. Clarke and Bob Lindsay to draw up a bill that would put a stop to the custom of social treating. When the bill was proposed the ladies did not like it, because it was too long, so they appealed to Wells Drury, who was then Deputy Secretary of State, to help them. He drew a bill of about two dozen lines, and a number of attorneys said it would "hold water."

The next thing to do was to get it introduced. Several weighty members of the Legislature were applied to, but they were afraid to touch it, lest it should prove their political death. At last it was decided to offer it to Bob Hamill, with the idea that he might joke it through. A motion to adjourn was pending when the document was handed to Bob. He glanced at the title and without reading it said.

"Mr. Speaker, I ask leave to introduce a bill out of order."

Unanimous permission was instantly granted, for Bob was always in order and could get the floor for a "third house" motion at any time of the day or night.

The bill was read amid a storm of applause, and text day was passed without a dissenting vote in the Assembly. Everybody laughed at Bob's joke.

In the Senate it was treated more seriously, but was finally adopted by a majority of one on the last day of the session.

Then came the most interesting proceedings of the whole affair. The saloon men arose in their might and printed an ominous black-list of all who had voted for the bill, threatening them with political retribution. The church members and temperance advocates organized an opposing force and the battle waxed hot.

Jewett Adams, the Democratic governor, was afraid to veto the bill for fear of offending the cold-water array, and he dreaded the liquor dealers too much to sign it. Thus Bob Hamill's joke suddenly became an important factor in politics.

A solemn conclave of the Governor's friends met and it was decided that the Governor should leave the State temporarily, which would throw the responsibility on Lieutenant-Governor Charley Laughton, a Republican.

The wily Laughton attempted to extricate himself by a bit of sophistry. He said: "Governor Adams ought to have stood by his guns. I decline to have his duties saddled on to me. As he declined to either sign or veto this bill, so will I."

Nevada's constitution provides that any bill remaining in the Governor's hands ten days after the adjournment of the legislature without being vetoed shall be deemed to have been approved, and shall be in full force and effect, the same as if signed by the Governor. So Jack Dormer the Secretary of State, published a proclamation that the anti-treating bill was a law. This proved the political death of both Adams and Laughton. Neither could be elected road overseer or even dog-killer in Nevada after that.

Fun began when an attempt to enforce the law was made. Bob Hamill was the first man arrested for infraction of its provisions. He paid his $20 fine like a man, and became more popular than ever.

The statute ran against a snag in the form of Justice of the Peace Mygatt, who presides over the court at Plum Switch, Mason Valley. Judge Mygatt, in addition to his judicial position, has the distinction of being State Senator Billy Sharon's father-in-law.

A Plum Switch poker player was arraigned on a charge of violating the law against treating, and Judge Mygatt promptly decigned the law unconstitutional, an act that caused much sport, as no Justice of the Peace had ever before assumed the power to pass on constitutional questions, except when Justice Moses in Virginia City decided Senator Frank Stewart's whipping-post law unconstitutional.

The temperance people showed the white feather, and the law not being enforced fell into desuetude. At the succeeding session of the Legislature it was repealed.

## ANOTHER BIG STRIKE.

### Rich Placer Diggings in the Oregon District.

Yesterday news reached the Camp that there had been some rich gold discoveries in the Arizona Exhibit just opposite the north main entrance.

An APPEAL expert was sent over and interviewed Messrs. Ayer, Spencer and Miller, the discoverers and locaters of the claim. The observations of the reporter confirm all that he had heard.

It was indeed a dandy strike, and they were hitting out 25 cents a pan and the riffles were lousy with free gold.

They have a hydraulic rocket in full operation and are sluicing out rich dirt day and night. A man who has never seen this new-fangled hydraulic mining had better drop over and take a look at this mine. It is an eye-opener and no mistake. It's about the richest dirt ever located in California, and the locaters feel that they have got a fortune in their grant. All visitors to the present rush ought to see the Oregon Mining Exhibit, as they get the clearest possible idea of the new hydraulic methods just introduced in this county.

### LIT ON HIS FEET.

Miss Green of the Examiner, was the first and only woman to reach the top of the electric light tower. A few days before she asked Colonel Boone to letter go into the lions' den. She begged and implored, saying: "Colonel, I'll assume all responsibility."

The Colonel knew that she would not last one minute in the cage, and told her so, but she still pleaded.

"Impossible, madam, I never feed my lions on anything sweet. You are too sweet, and that settles it."

### THE OFFICIAL GUIDE

Of the Midwinter Fair is out, and a very complete and compact thing it is. It contains everything of importance connected with the Fair, and inside the gate an investment of 25 cents will save you a lot of long, weary tramps and the asking of strings of questions of people who don't know any more of the grounds than you do yourself.

### THE SANTA BARBARA AMPHIBIA.

The exhibition of sea lions and sea tigers and thousand and one mysterious things of the sea in the Santa Barbara exhibit will be a source of wonder and delight to all who attend the Fair. The place is always crowded, and it is one of the greatest marine museums ever brought together.

### GUESTS OF THE CAMP.

Miss Lottie Collins and the California Theater Company will be the guests of the '49 Camp on Sunday. They will leave the Occidental on the old '49 coach and be held up on the road by masked highwaymen.

### GOLDBERG, BOWEN & CO.

A firm that dates back to the early days is the old reliable grocery company of Goldberg, Bowen & Lebenbaum, whose gilt-edged groceries are on the tables of all who want the very best the market affords.

### NEWS NOTES.

The strike of the Turks and Moslems in the Cairo district is over.

The Examiner's articles on Lottie Collins are yeaching the California nightly.

"Man Friday" with his wheelbarrow attracts considerable curiosity at the camp.

Last evening was a gala night at the Fair, and the banquet at the Prater was a corker in all respects.

The Oregon Hydraulic Mining Exhibit is one of the exhibits that no one should fail to see. It conveys a perfect idea of hydraulic mining in all its phases.

"What are your cash receipts to day?" asked an agent of the committee of a concessionaire. "Cash receipts not stated," was the quiet reply.


BUY

The Official Guide

FROM THE

Boys in Blue.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

J. T. MURPHY. J. E. DELEHANTY.

The Gilroy.

NEVADANS TAKE NOTICE.

Hot Lunch constantly on hand. 43 EDDY STREET, southeast corner of Mason. 4

G. LEIPNITZ & CO.,

DRUGGISTS & CHEMISTS,

236 SUTTER STREET,

Between Kearny and Dupont, Opposite the Market, San Francisco.

Tamales.

2 For 25 Cents,

—OR—

1 For 25 Cents,

Including a Bottle of National Prize Beer, with a napkin, plate and fork.

The groceries are from Goldberg, Bowen & Lebenbaum.

The peppers and corn from John J. English.

The chickens are from Roberts & O'Brien.

No seagull business here. Genuine chickens and turkeys, and don't you forget it.

NED FOSTER,

TAMALE COTTAGE.

1. PROFESSOR GILBERT will introduce his Performing Siberian Wolves.
2. PROFESSOR MATTHEWS and his flock of Trained Goats.
3. PROFESSOR BOGARD and his Performing Bears.
4. PROFESSOR WORMWOOD with a School of Dogs and Monkeys.
5. PROFESSOR GIOVANNI will introduce his Marvelous Flock of Australian Cockatoos.
6. MONS. COOS and his Wrestling Bear—A contest of Man vs. Beast.
7. MONS. NATALIE and his Wonderful Troupe of Performing Hogs.

Performance Daily at 2 and 4 P. M.

EXTRA PERFORMANCES SATURDAYS, SUNDAYS AND SPECIAL DAYS.

8. COLONEL BOONE and MLLE. CARLOTTA, WITH THEIR MARVELOUS CAGE OF LIONS.
1. Introducing Colonel Boone and Lion Parnell riding Tricycle, assisted by Boar Hounds.
2. Pyramid of Lions and Boar Hounds.
3. Lions Holding Banner for Leaping Dogs.
4. Lion Sultan Firing Off Pistol.
5. Feeding Lions from Naked Hand with Raw Meat.
6. Lions and Dog Playing See-Saw.
7. Grand Rally to Cage Amidst the Firing of Pistols.

COLONEL E. DANIEL BOONE, Proprietor.

H. F. McGARVIE, Manager.

Grand Exhibition

—OF—

Buffaloes and Cattlelos.

—ALSO—

ONE MULY BUFFALO,

Direct from North Dakota. In this exhibition the owner proposes to show his success in crossing the Buffalo with the Foldangus cattle for the purpose of getting a skin for wraps and cloaks which is equally as good as seal fur.

This herd is composed of cattle in all ages, from calves three months and up to six years old.

Exhibition open Afternoon and Evening.

1440 MARKET STREET, BETWEEN HAYES STREET AND CITY HALL AVENUE.

MRS. BOWERS,

"THE WASHOE SEERESS,"

—AT THE—

'49 CAMP.

The Past and Future revealed and the Veil Lifted.

"I am located at the '49 Camp and will be pleased to see old friends during the Fair." 4

LOUIS SUTTER,

Formerly of Virginia City, Bodie, Aurora and Pickhandle Gulch, has pitched his tent on the northwest corner of Polk and Sutter streets, where he runs a regular old-time saloon for old-time friends.

If you want to get real good liquor call up with your buckskin sack and gold dust.

If You Don't Buy

THE

Official Catalogue

You Don't See

THE FAIR.

DR. LUELLA GOOL,

DENTIST,

112 Kearny street, near Post,

Rooms 2 and 3.

Fridays—Stanford University. 5

J. K. DALMAS,

CARPENTER and BUILDER

FOR THE

'49 CAMP '49

Particular attention paid to Fitting up and placing exhibits at the Midwinter Fair.

TERMS MODERATE.

GOOD AND QUICK WORK.

Orders left at

1201 Market St., Corner Eighth,

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

REST FOR THE WEARY

Food and Feed for Man and Beast.

Baked Beans Cooked in the Ground, None Better.

OLD PAPA PEAKES, the Well-Known Caterer, Will Personally Superintend the Management.

'93-4-THIRD COAST TOUR-'93-4

THE CALIFORNIA TRAGEDIAN

FOOTE

Accompanied by the Charming Comedienne

Miss Annie Plunkett

In a Brilliant Legitimate Repertoire.

RICHARD III
INGOMAR
CLAUDE MELNOTTE
HAMLET
ARMAND DUVAL
RICHELIEU
DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN
FABIEN and LOUIS DEI FRANCHI
OTHELLO
OLD GUARD
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE
EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT
DAMON AND PYTHIAS,
FOOLS REVENGE or
KING LEAR.

"Meet Me at the Cafe Roval."

One hears this a thousand times daily because it is a

Sporting Center.

It is hardly necessary to say that the CAFE ROYAL is on the corner of Fourth and Market, and that JIM ORNDORFF and AL HALL will steer the destinies of the place.

We merely make the remark to fill this space.

A. COHN.

SAN FRANCISCO PEOPLE

Who cannot get suited in the price and quality of San Francisco clothing will find

Abe Cohn's

In CARSON CITY the place to buy to advantage.

RUSS HOUSE

BARBER SHOP AND BATHS.

—Fresh and Salt Water, 25 Cents.—

217 Montgomery street, between Bush and Pine.

Shaving, 15c. Hair Cutting, 25c. Baths, 25c. First class in all particulars.

SEPTICH & KLEINHANS, Proprietors.

Ladies' entrance next to Russ House elevator. 4

Cross, Hall, Ford & Kelly.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS,

NO. 101 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.

TELEPHONE NO 1510.

LEVY & CO.,

WHOLESALE WINE AND LIQUOR MERCHANTS,

219 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

Depot for the Celebrated SCHMIDT SARSAPARILLA AND IRON.

## CAMP JOTS.

Captain Jennings caught four little colored boys climbing over the Camp fence on Sunday and set them sawing wood.

The Lonestown delegation attempted to run the Oro Fino Concert Hall after the convention and were thrown in the cooler.

News comes here from Slippery Gulch that the whole precinct is a unit against the bogus Whig ticket nominated last Monday.

Boston Dick, who fell down the Last Chance shaft, was buried on Monday. The Coroner is wearing his six-shooter and undershirt.

There was great joy in the Camp last week because it was known that Ned Foster's pretty Mexican girls were coming in to sell tamales.

Charley Meadows (Arizona Charley), paid the Camp a visit last Tuesday, and said it was out of sight. He reports rich diggings on the north fork of the Feather.

Yesterday there was another scene of excitement in Camp, as several boxes of Viavi arrived by the stage from San Francisco. Next to '49 whisky this seems to be the most indispensable commodity in the Camp.

A lot of the camp boys visited White Cloud's show last Monday, and they say his Indians and enclosure are very attractive and entertaining. His shooting beats anything ever known in this neck of the woods. Several of the best shots in the Camp are trying some of his tricks, but they dont seem to be able to coax any of them.

The miserable son of a bachelor who runs the Gold Gulch Banner is out for the Harvey-Spreckels ticket. A gallon of whisky and the return of an old outlawed note was probably the consideration that closed the sale of the paper's influence to the ring. They will have to sober this idiot up two days before election, in order to handle his vote.

Another one of F. A. Huntington's Centrifugal Roller Quarz Mills arrived in camp Wednesday. It will be set up at Ruddy Gore's mine near Bloodville. Ruddy has also ordered a California Amalgamator, which is expected to arrive in a few days. He deserves lots of credit for the way in which he is making things howl around his Camp.

Spanish Liz came to the AVPZAL office on Sunday and wanted a retraction of the statement that her father was hanged at Calaveras Bend last summer. We declined to make the retraction as we were there at the time and helped hang the old rascal. Since the above was in type her brother called with a gun, and we are convinced that the man hung was another man, possibly some distant relation of on'own.

Miss Aggie McLaughlin visited the Camp for the first time last Monday. When she rounded the corner past the dance house she saw the painted representation of Mt. Shasta, and, feeling a cold breeze, supposed it came from the snow and went back to Peake's Hotel to get her furs before going any further. The mistake was natural enough, as the mountain is the most realistic piece of painting at the Fair.

AN EARLY MINING CAMP.


**VIAVI.**
Which translated means
THE ROAD TO HEALTH.

Very necessary to womankind
In a thousand and one ways
And by our cures we quickly
Verify the claim that VIAVA is
Indispensible to yon all.

TO ALL WANDERERS on the rocky road of sickness, we will furnish a Guide to the City of Health and happiness in life, where woman with her ever increasing burden can throw off and lay aside the weight of destroying disease and lift up her head in

**Perfect Health.**

Upon the pages of feminine history appear a thousand testimonials from thankful hearts of wives, mothers and daughters whose ills have been banished by VIAVI. All disease falls before its potent influence and slow destroyers give way to vigorous health, happiness and physical comfort, not for a day, but always.

Nothing but competent and patient ladies in attendance to consult and comfort those who need our aid.

**No Charge For Consultation.**

Call on or Address
2301 VAN NESS AVENUE,
CORNER VALLEJO.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.

**Centrifugal Roller Quartz MILL.**

This mill can be seen in operation in the MECHANICAL ARTS BUILDING.

**F. A. Huntington,**
Manufacturer, 213 and 219 Front street, San Francisco.
Illustrated Pamphlet on application.



**Mining Exhibit.**

Don't Fail to Visit the Exhibit
—OF THE—
Western Mining Exchange
In the Mechanical Arts Building.

If you wish to invest in mining property, or if you have mining property to sell, you will find it to your advantage to deal with us.

Office, 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4



**WHEELAND & COLLINS,**
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
Old French and London Dock Brandies,
Port Wines, Sherries and all the Choicest Brands of Champagne, Apple Jack, Pisco, Arrack, Cordials, Liquors, etc.
329 MONTGOMERY and 511 CALIFORNIA Streets, San Francisco.



**WANTED.**

A GOOD QUARTZ OR GRAVEL MINE.

Address C. H. FORD, Crocker Building, room 5, with full particulars, price, etc. 5



AFTER LEAVING CAMP
CALL AT THE
**Colorado Gold Mine**
—AND TAKE A—
**Ride Through the Mine.**

See a Gold Mine in full operation in all its details.

The finest educator of the day.

Indorsed by the Denver Mining Exchange, Colorado School of Mines and thousands of others.

After you enter the tunnel you can easily imagine yourself 1000 feet underground.

PRICE OF ADMISSION - - - 25 CENTS
CHILDREN - - - - - - - - 10 CENTS
4



**THE ORO FINO**
—CONCERT HALL—
'49 MINING CAMP.

Songs, Ballads, Skirt and Serpentine Dancing,

And Every Other Terpsichorean Novelty Known.

Old-time Jigs and Reels.

BONANZA BEN and NUGGET NED, Proprietors.



**'49 MINING CAMP.**

A FAITHFUL REPRESENTATION OF THE OLD-TIME FEATURES OF A NEW DIGGINGS IN '49.

Mining Strikes, Hydraulic, Sluice and Quartz Mining Faithfully Represented.

Mining Riots, Pistol Arbitration, Lynching Bees and Claim Jumping Riots Realistically Enacted.

The Postoffice, Justice's Office and Mayor's Office, All in the same Saloon. Open Night and Day.

The Tiger With His Teeth Pulled Will be There in Mimic Representation of Old Times.

STAGES RUNNING BETWEEN THE CAMP AND FRISCO DAILY.

Good Tavern Accommodations and Mule Corrals.

Mrs. Woods' Souvenir Paintings of Camp Cabins.

Halstead's Horses on Snow Shoes.

PRECIPITOUS FLUMES AT THE FOOT OF MT. SHASTA.

GRAND PANORAMIC EXHIBIT, SHOWING MT. SHASTA FIFTY MILES AWAY.

The Millionaire Cabins of Early Days. John Mackay's Cabin, Built by Him, and in Which He Lived When He Made His First Big Strike in Alleghany, Sierra County.

U. S. Senator Perkins' Cabin, Built by Him 38 Years Ago at Thompson's Flat, Butte County.

The Original Dayville Cabin, Reproduced Frog a Cabin built by Major William Dowale, the founder of Downieville.

The Oro Fino Concert Hall. Old-time Ballads and All Kinds of Terpsichorean Novelties.

Typical '49 FANDANGO with forty sweet-faced Senioritas dancing to the strains of the famous Mexican Orchestra.

A REGULAR NEWSPAPER OFFICE ON THE GROUND.

ADMISSION - 25 Cts.

**FRUE ORE CONCENTRATOR**

Over 4000 in actual use.

Manufactured under Patents of April 27, 1880, July 24, 1888, and March 31, 1891.

SAN JACINTO ESTATE, LIMITED, Office of the General Manager,
P. O. Address, South Riverside San Bernardina county, Cal.
CAJALCO, November 18, 1891.

FRUE VANNING MACHINE CO., 132 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.—GENTLEMEN: After a continuous trial of different Concentrators (comprising One from Vanner, the "Holland," "Parador," "Triumph" and the "Woodbine" Concentrators), extending over several months, we find that we prefer the Frue Vanner, as it is easier of adjustment, runs smoother, has less wear and tear, and having a positive travel—gives less trouble than the other more complicated and ever-changing machines now in use here. The Frue Vanner not only saves a cleaner concentrate, but has less loss in the tailings, and is in several ways preferable to the other Concentrators here. I am, my Dear Sirs, yours faithfully,
S. HARRIS, Manager. 4

Price of 4-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner ..... $550, f. o. b.
" " Improved Belt Frue Vanner ..... 800, f. o. b.
" 6-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner ..... 800, f. o. b.

For any information, or for pamphlets, or for circulars or testimonials, call on or address us at our office.

H. J. SUMMERHAYES, Successor to ADAMS & CARTER, Agent Frue Vanning Machine Company
NO. 132 MARKET STREET ..... SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



**Oregon Hydraulic Mining Exhibit.**

This exhibit gives a thorough and practical demonstration of

HYDRAULIC MINING,

—As carried on in Oregon and California.—

In Operation All the Time.

Washing Gold from Genuine Pay Dirt brought Direct from the mines.

That this exhibition is well worth seeing is proved by the fact that

A Gold Medal Was Awarded at the World's Columbian Exposition.

C. W. Ayers,
J. S. Spencer, Proprietors.
J. W. Miller,

ADMISSION - - - - 25c. CHILDREN - - - 10c.


# THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
## AND JOURNAL OF FORTY-NINE.


VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1894. NUMBER 6



THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
AND JOURNAL OF '49.
Published Weekly at 49 Montgomery street
—BY—
SAM DAVIS.
$1 Per Annum. $0.50 for Six Months.


## BY PONY EXPRESS.

### NEWS BROUGHT IN BY OUR CAYUSE.

IT HIT NEVADA

Virginia City, Nev. Feb. 5—There is great excitement here over the report of a bright light in the heavens in the direction of Candelaria, and a trembling of the earth as if somthing heavy had struck it. It is thought by the leading Republicans here to be John P. Jones' Senatorial sack. Dispatches to the Republican Club at Reno in regard to the matter so far fail to elicit any response. Already a searching party has been sent out to hunt up the locality where it fell. The report that the shock was caused by a meteor is discredited. Local political astronomers from all parts of Nevada are sitting up nights to see if the heavens will be illuminated by the Newland's meteor.

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

Palo Alto, Feb. 9—Several old women here to-day at a tea party made the announcement that Ben Harrison, a man who recently arrived from Indiana, was visiting the widow Stanford and remaining as late as 9:30 in the evening.

A committee of the old women of the Dorcas Sewing Society waited on Harrison to-day and asked him if he had any matrimonial designs. He referred them to the National Republican Committee for further information.

WANT CORBETT.

Boston, Feb. 8—The vestry of the United Presbyterian Church awaited on Jim Corbett to day and asked him if he would occupy the pulpit for a few Sundays in order to get a crowd. The Church is in debt and they are anxious to get some rattling good attraction to help out. Corbett has telegraphed his father for instructions, who insists on the deposit of a forfeit before he puts on the gloves with the devil.

BOLD ROBBERY.

Marysville, Feb. 8—Last evening Dick Rule, a subscription solicitor of the APPEAL was knocked down and robbed of $850, the result of two day's canvasing. He was badly beaten about the head and will be unable to be out for a week. Meanwhile he is receiving cash advertising at the County Hospital.

LIKE OUR WAY.

Antwerp, Feb. 8—At a special meeting of the Fair Commission to-day it was decided to adopt the San Francisco Fair method of having an official photographer to take the pictures of all animals placed on exhibition.

THE HAUNTED SWING.

This most wonderful illusion must be seen to be appreciated. Words fail to express the curious and realistic results obtained. Every one paying the Haunted Swing a visit will be more than satisfied. This is certainly one of the best shows in the Fair grounds. The admission is but 10 cents.

Many of the foreigners are selling souvenier spoons, standard "coin silver" for 25 cents. They are pewter, and the rascals who sell them should be arrested for obtaining money under false pretense.

The blowout at the Vienna Prater was a great ocasion, and the musicians covered themselves with honor. The banquet was excellent, the wines Al and President Stephany all right.

GOLD GULCH IN SIGHT.

### EXCITEMENT IN OROVILLE.

The Bible and Prayer Book Market Cornered.

FRANK McLAUGHLIN ENGINEERS THE JOB.

News reaches this office from Oroville that the city is in a turmoil of excitement over the formation of a company there to corner the Bible and prayer book market.

It appears that Major Frank McLaughlin, Senator Jones and Foxz of the bank have formed a company with the idea of purchasing the Prayer Book Cross, now on exhibition outside the Midwinter Fair grounds, and surrounding it with a high board fence, so that no one could gaze on it without the payment of $2 50.

Major McLaughlin conceived the idea, Jones furnished the capital and Foxz is manipulating the stock.

The proposition is that there is a large Christian element in California who will not spend a cent for amusement, but will shell out liberally for a religious principle. The plan is, after hilding the cross, to proclaim that there are not enough Christians in the State to patronize the cross sufficiently to make the scheme pay. This will put the religious element on their mettle, and it is argued that the tickets will reach an enormous sale. Already the stockholders of the company have begun to fight for an advantage, and Senator Jones charges that the stock has been watered. People who were not let in on the ground floor refuse to speak to the promoters on the street.

It also transpires that Colonel Fred Davis, who has charge of the colored help at the Palace, has still further carried out the idea by buying up all the Bibles and prayer books south of Market street, with a view of cornering the market. He pays the help at the Palace 25 cents apiece for all the Moody and Sanky hymns they can bring in, and now there is a corner in sacred songs at the Palace.

The Stiles Sandstone Company, who manufactured the Prayer Book Cross, is also in the scheme, working for a big advertisement.

White-hat McCarthy agreed for a consideration to corral the sacred literature at the race track, and started out with Scoudin Mahony to clean the Bay District inclosure of every Bible and prayer book in sight. Yesterday they had stored in the cellar of Sprockets' sugar warehouse over 5000 books, which proved to be merely copies of the "American Turf Notes," "The California Horse," by Mark Borack, and "Schenk's Poker Rules."

Meanwhile the stock of the Oroville company is rapidly advancing in the market.

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Meanwhile the stock of the Oroville company is rapidly advancing in the market.

### SOCIETY COSSIP.

Palo Alto, Feb. 9—Several old women here to-day at a tea party made the announcement that Ben Harrison, a man who recently arrived from Indiana, was visiting the widow Stanford and remaining as late as 9:30 in the evening.

A committee of the old women of the Dorcas Sewing Society waited on Harrison to-day and asked him if he had any matrimonial designs. He referred them to the National Republican Committee for further information.

### WANT CORBETT.

Boston, Feb. 8—The vestry of the United Presbyterian Church awaited on Jim Corbett to day and asked him if he would occupy the pulpit for a few Sundays in order to get a crowd. The Church is in debt and they are anxious to get some rattling good attraction to help out. Corbett has telegraphed his father for instructions, who insists on the deposit of a forfeit before he puts on the gloves with the devil.

### BOLD ROBBERY.

Marysville, Feb. 8—Last evening Dick Rule, a subscription solicitor of the APPEAL was knocked down and robbed of $850, the result of two day's canvasing. He was badly beaten about the head and will be unable to be out for a week. Meanwhile he is receiving cash advertising at the County Hospital.

### LIKE OUR WAY.

Antwerp, Feb. 8—At a special meeting of the Fair Commission to-day it was decided to adopt the San Francisco Fair method of having an official photographer to take the pictures of all animals placed on exhibition.

### THE HAUNTED SWING.

This most wonderful illusion must be seen to be appreciated. Words fail to express the curious and realistic results obtained. Every one paying the Haunted Swing a visit will be more than satisfied. This is certainly one of the best shows in the Fair grounds. The admission is but 10 cents.

Many of the foreigners are selling souvenier spoons, standard "coin silver" for 25 cents. They are pewter, and the rascals who sell them should be arrested for obtaining money under false pretense.

The blowout at the Vienna Prater was a great ocasion, and the musicians covered themselves with honor. The banquet was excellent, the wines Al and President Stephany all right.

### HIGH-HANDED WORK.

The Combine Postpones the Election.

OLD MOSES THE TOOL FOR THE DIRTY JOB.

Last Saturday the APPEAL announced that there would be an election in Gold Gulch county to select county officers to-day, but we are compelled to say to the voters that the Harvey-Spreckels combine have postponed the election for a spell in order to mobilize their scattered forces and let the storm of indignation pass over their heads before daring to go to the polls.

The announcement was not made until Friday, and it fell like a thunderbolt upon the miners of the county, who were making all preparations to come into Camp '49 precinct and exercise the prerogatives of American citizenship.

It appears that on Monday last the combine began to realize that the exposures made by the APPEAL of ring methods so alarmed the conspirators that they decided that the only way to win was to get a postponement of the election until the storm blew over. They accordingly filled old Moses up with Spanish Flat whisky and got him to sign an order to the effect that the court had postponed the election until further notice. He quoted Section 4, Article 2 of the Code in support of his right, and so the ring will have a breathing spell for a while until they can "see" enough voters to keep them in power for another year. Already they are promising the voters everything in sight to quiet the feeling in the country, but it don't work worth a cent. The people will lay them out all the worse when the proper time comes, and the APPEAL will guarantee that the truth is known about the ring from this on.

They have already sent to San Francisco for the election tickets instead of having them printed at our office. When people send away for election tickets you can bet that some skullduggery is afoot.

A member of the Concessionaires' Club took a lady out to the Cliff a few evenings since in a hack. To avoid complications with the driver they conversed in French. When they were about to dismiss the John he demanded $100 for his services.

"What the devil do you make such an exorbitant charge for?"

"Je parle Francais."

He settled on the spot.

Several interesting communications have been left over owing to a press of advertisements.

### TOO SANGUINE.

How Steve Gillis Didn't Do Europe.

Steve Gillis, the brother of Jim Gillis who is known as Tenthful James, now mining at Jackass Hill, and visiting the Fair, was once telegraph editor of the Enterprise.

During the Sierra-Nevada deal, about fifteen years ago, he was in deep in stocks and made a proposition to the writer and Dan De Quille to take a trip to Europe and paint the old continent red.

Well, stocks began to boil, and Steve had about $75,000 in the broker's office. An intimation was dropped that there was enough in sight to start for the old world.

"What," said Steve scornfully, "do Europe on only $25,000 apiece? Do you fellows want a coffee and doughnut layout and ride on brake-beams. We'll spend that much in Paris alone. We do the whole of Europe, not a part of it."

We ventured the inquiry as to about how much Steve wanted to spend on us in Europe, and his idea was that one million was about the cheese.

Inside a week Steve was on the Enterprise sticking type for a living, and he owed his broker about $5,000.

During his days of prospective opulence he kicked his mangy, flea-infested dog out of the office and purchased a full-blooded dog deserted him in his poverty, and the faithful old cur of other days came back to find a welcome corner by the office stove.

HENDY WILL GET THERE.

Old miners here are worked up in a great excitement over the report that Sam Hendy, son of Joshua Hendy, is about to erect a five-stamp mill in the Mining Camp. Some of the old miners think that a five-stamp mill is impossible, but Hendy says he will land the goods.


A MARVEL.
THE
CALIFORNIA AMALGAMATOR.

The California Amalgamator is a thoroughly practical machine, possessing simplicity, durability and effectiveness.

It not only has no superior, but no equal.

It is the cheapest and best in existence.

It will save all floured mercury from Stamp and Huntington mills.

It will save all fine gold from Snake river sands and other similar deposits.

It will save all fine gold from beach or black sands.

It will save every particle of gold that floats in water, no matter how fine. It will save flake gold so fine that it will not settle in still water in ten seconds.

Call and examine it at the Mechanic Arts building, Midwinter Exposition. It has no equal.

California Amalgamating Co.,
602 MARKET STREET,
(State Board of Trade) San Francisco, Cal.



ESTABLISHED 1850.

For Almost
Half a Century
We Have Been
Catering
To the Cultivated
Tastes of this
City and the
Pacific Coast.

High-Grade Groceries
Medicinal Liquors
Havana Cigars

WE PUBLISH THE LARGEST GROCERY CATALOGUE IN THE WORLD. SEND POSTAL FOR COPY.

SPECIALTIES:
Sierra Madre California Olive Oil.
Finest California Wines.
Old Crow and McBrayer Whiskies.

WE SHIP EVERYWHERE.

GOLDBERG
BOWEN
—AND—
LEBENBAUM
426-428-430-432 Pine Street,
(Telephone No. 1.)
215-217 Sutter Street,
(Telephone No. 111.)
2805 California Street,
(Telephone No. 4101.)



COLONEL HAFFORD'S
ARIZONA
EXHIBIT
Of all the Birds, Animals and Reptiles of the Territory.

The most Complete Private Collection in the World.

The Colonel has taken twenty-five years to Amass this Collection.

South Drive, in rear of the Administration Building.

ADMISSION - - - - - - - 25 CENTS.



MISS PLUNKETT'S
—EMPLOYMENT BUREAU,—
424 SUTTER STREET,
Between Stockton and Powell, San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone No. 5472.

The most reliable male and female help furnished on short notice.

Special attention paid to country orders.

Sutter and Powell street cars pass the door. 4



BOYS!
DRINK THE GOOD OLD
DAYS OF '49
WHISKY.

For Sale
All Over the
Camp.

Meyerfeld, Mitchell & Co.,
SOLE AGENTS,
116 Front Street, San Francisco.

## MUZZLING THE "APPEAL."

In another column will be found an interesting letter from the Concession Bureau. It is nothing less than a notification to the APPEAL that if it must quit running advertisements. We have also been notified that we must remove our presses and machinery as soon as possible. We simply give the Bureau of Concessions and the Midwinter Fair Committee public notice that we will not move a single pound of machinery out of the old log cabin, and that we further defy the committee to move it.

We have a concession to publish a '49 newspaper in connection with the Fair and we propose to do so. If any one can show us a '49 newspaper that does not contain advertisements we will handle our printing outfit away from the Midwinter Fair at once.

As far as the Program are concerned we have no issue with them. They paid a liberal price for what was then considered the exclusive privilege of printing a paper on the Fair grounds and running advertisements. If the committee gave some one else the same privilege it is a matter to be legally adjusted between the committee and the aggrieved concessionaires. Now it happens that in all the contracts drawn up between the concessionaires and the committee the latter by a special clause relieves itself of all legal responsibility. If the committee proposes to shift its legal responsibilities on to us they will find themselves "up a stump," so to speak, and no way to get down.

As the APPEAL is everywhere regarded as a very excellent advertising medium and this attempt to muzzle it will materially augment its value in that direction, shy business done by us must necessarily be a detriment to the publication run by the Program Co., a very excellent firm of publishers, with whom the APPEAL has no quarrel. The editor of the APPEAL also received a concession to run a '49 Mining Camp, and this also carries the right to run a newspaper. At any rate our type and machinery will continue to remain in the Camp, and we are compelled to decline to move at the order of any committee. The old guns that defended Fort Sutter in early days are ranged alongside the office and loaded for bear.

If any company of Midwinter Fair Guards wait the fun of removing the MIDWINTER APPEAL AND JOURNAL OF '49 from the Fair grounds they can find the place at any hour of the day or night. Meanwhile advertisers will find a clerk ready to do business with them at our down-town office, No. 429 Montgomery street.

## SECTION 4, ARTICLE 2.

In his mendacious order granting the ring gang a postponement of the county election old Judge Moses quoted Section 4, Article 2 of the Code of California.

A reference to the law alluded to shows to what desperate straights the combine have been put.

The law quoted is one providing for the licensing of studhorse poker and chuck-a-luck games.

A man who has hunted up the official records of the county has made another interesting discovery, and that is that old Moses, who hardly ever draws a sober breath, has been out of the printed blanks for marriage licenses for the past four years, and whenever Spanish or Mexican people come to get married he fills out a studhorse poker or chuck-a-luck license and palms it off on them for a regular marriage license, pocketing his fee each time.

These are facts which we are prepared to prove, and we have seen several of these licenses in this section lately. Now it may be somewhat interesting for a number of our leading people to know that they have entered into matrimony and are rearing families under gambling licenses issued by this blundering old ass, who is now the tool of the ring. In fact we know of one man, a foreigner, who got married on a gambling license and is running a mean game under a marriage license at Snooke's Forks, near Bowrider Creek, and been in blissful ignorance of the fact that his marriage is as illegal as his gaming.

These are merely a few samples of the enormities we will make prior to election, and we present affidavits in another column substantiating these charges.

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The man who wears the uniform of a Midwinter Guard should be a Pacific coaster. Many, we are informed, were shipped out here from Chicago. Where are the Native Sons of the Golden West about this time?

## A "MIDWINTER APPEAL" DAY.

While almost everything of any importance is having a separate day at the Fair it seems to us not out of place to insist that the MIDWINTER APPEAL have order of its own.

Whenever the editor of the APPEAL passes along the street with half a dozen APPEALS in his pocket he is constantly "struck" by millionaires, politicians and leading business men, who want a copy of that paper.

These people will walk right up and demand a paper as if they were regular subscribers, and lone the publisher for the last copy, apparently oblivious of the fact that the little yellow-papered reproduction of '49 times is for sale at every well-regulated news stand in the city.

It is curious to see the poor of San Francisco throw down their nickels for the paper at the news stands, while the well-to-do lay for the publisher at the street corners in order to secure a copy free.

It indicates a sad state of impecuniosity among people of this city heretofore considered well-to-do. Our idea is to have a day set apart at the park and allow the children of the public schools to go out and distribute APPEALS to real estate owners, millionaires, stock brokers, insurance men and lawyers who have to stand round on street corners waiting to nail a copy from the publisher gratis in order to avoid the financial responsibility accruing from a visit to a news stand.

If the executive committee will set apart a day for this good work we will secure at our own expense the services of some eminent old banjo soloist of '49 to sit at the foot of the Keyes statue and play the familiar refrain of "Hard Times, You Know." Jake Wallace would about fill the bill. If the committee will name the day we will print 10,000 extra copies to appease the hunger for the literary pabulum of '49 now so rampant among our leading citizens.

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Jim Gillis of Jackass Hill, Tuolumne county, was in the city this week. He was given the freedom of the Press Club and visited the '49 Camp, where he had a great deal of hilarity and beans. Gillis was the early friend of Bret Harte and Mark Twain and is one of the best yarn-spinners on the coast. He bet $3 with a friend that he would not visit the camp, but after hearing so much about it he went in, and says that he will pay the bet cheerfully.

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The Eastern journalists have "done" the coast in good shape and returned. They got a taste of what is known in the East as "California hospitality," which means a continuous load of wine and roast turkey, coupled with free hotel accommodations and transportation, pretty women and good cheer. When the Pacific coast journalist, however, goes East he will have a very hard time finding this sort of hospitality.

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The eulogies pronounced by M. H. De Young, W. R. Hearst, Bill English and Billy Foote at the Irish banquet are unavoidably crowded out of this issue. Colonel Irish, however, will issue them in pamphlet form.

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John P. Young is now running the funny column of the Chronicle, and D. G. De Young has been cited to appear before the Press Club and explain some of his recent jokes.

### PRICES OF '49.

The difference in prices of the ordinary necessaries of life of to-day as compared with those of '49 are interesting:

| | '49 | '94 |
|---|---|---|
| Flour, per barrel | $ 64 00 | $ 3 50 |
| Overalls, per pair | 10 00 | 50 |
| Blankets, per pair | 25 00 | 4 00 |
| Bacon, per pound | 1 00 | 15 |
| Saleratus, per pound | 16 00 | 50 |
| Coffee, per pound | 3 00 | 25 |
| Goldfish, per pound | 80 | 25 |
| Eggs, per dozen | $ 00 | 30 |
| Ship bread (pilot crackers), per pound | 250 00 | 6 00 |
| Pickles (mixed) | 12 00 | 1 25 |
| Peaches (brandied) | 25 00 | |
| Peaches (canned) | | 15 |
| Tobacco, per plug | 50 | 15 |
| Molasses, per gallon | 7 00 | 70 |
| Totals | $418 00 | $17 00 |

The '94 price is taken from the present selling rates at Smith's Cash Store in the '49 Mining Camp.

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### THE PALACE GRILL ROOM.

Whenever you want to find any of the swells of the city, drop into the Grill Room of the Palace and there you are sure to find them paying attention to the cuisine of the place. The Grill Room of the Palace is becoming like Delmonico in New York. A man in good society must be seen there occasionly to be considered in the swim.

## JAMES HERON.

### He Raised the U. S. Flag in California in '49.

### HOW HE ESTABLISHED THE EXPRESS COMPANY IN NEVADA.

On Sunday last James Heron, Secretary of Wells-Fargo, died in this city at his residence at 3001 Jackson street.

He was a pioneer, and in 1846 helped raise the American flag at Monterey, then being with Commodore Slote's squadron.

In 1852 Mr. Heron became a messenger for Wells-Fargo, and was subsequently promoted to the position of traveling agent.

In 1855 Wells-Fargo was pretty well established in Nevada, but was threatened with a rival in the form of the Pacific Express. The "Pacific" opened a swell office on the corner of C and Taylor streets, Virginia City, Nevada, before the V. & T. R. R. was built, and putting on some fine horses and teams between Reno and Virginia City made a strong bid for public patronage.

Mr. Heron took in the situation there and said that the rival must be throttled in its infancy, and no matter what the expense. It was simply a question of who could furnish the quickest service, and the contest narrowed itself down to a question of which express rider could make the quickest time from Reno to Virginia City, carrying only a small packet of letters, mailed the day before in San Francisco. The mate of the rival couriers was southwest along the Washoe Valley as far as Huffakers, thence up the steep western slope of the Mount Davidson range by the Geiger grade into Virginia.

With the advantage of relays of fresh horses at the foot of the grade and at the summit, both riders made extraordinary time, covering the entire distance, twenty two miles, inside of an hour. Excitement ran high, and day after day the entire population turned out to witness the outcome of each race. C street being so densely thronged that the horses, covered with dust and foam, could scarcely make their way through the crowd.

Each day, a few minutes before the time for arrival of the mail, Wells-Fargo's men would come out onto the street flourishing a sack of twenty-dollar pieces and offering to wager any amount (with no takers) that their expressman would come in first. Sure enough, as long as the races lasted, their jockey managed invariably to come in one or two minutes ahead of the other horse.

The one-sidedness of the affair was rather aggravating to the sporting fraternity of the town, who were willing enough to bet their money on anything like an even proposition.

One enterprising sporting man, eager for a chance to win some money from Wells-Fargo's people, and reasoning from a law of chance that their horse could not always carry off the laurels, went to the trouble of stationing a line of scouts within communicating distance of each other all the way from Virginia to an eminence overlooking Washoe Valley, the man at the outpost being provided with powerful field-glasses so as to watch and report the progress of the rival messengers as they scurried over the road with the speed of the wind. Day after day, greatly to his chagrin, the same monotonous message was signaled from the outpost to Virginia, "Wells-Fargo's horse ahead," so after a week's disappointment the sport was compelled to draw in his scouts.

One day James W. Orndorff called on the manager of the Pacific Express Company, and in a friendly interview informed that gentleman as delicately as possible that a good deal of dissatisfaction was felt among the leading citizens owing to the lack of energy manifested by his company in allowing themselves to be beaten by their rival day after day, and intimated that it was absolutely necessary for them to win at least one race if they wished to obtain any share of the public patronage. The agent replied that he fully realized the situation, and that no one could be more jealous for the company to win than himself; whereupon Orndorff offered to assume the responsibility of lowering Wells-Fargo's record, if the opposition company would make it an object to do so. On being asked to name his price he named $500. The agent demurred, saying that his company had already been to great expenses, and that he did not feel authorized to offer so large a sum. So the project fell through. Orndorff, who had driven an ox-team across the plains when a mere lad, was a man to be relied on in an emergency. He had undertaken the task of eclipsing Wells-Fargo's Pony Express he would have undoubtedly accomplished it. His plan possessed the merit of originality as well as feasibility.

His intention was to have the mail carried from Reno to Huffakers on the fleetest race horse obtainable. At the foot of the grade a man would be waiting, holding on to a pair of greyhounds. The letters having been tied to their collars, the dogs—after having been thoroughly aroused—were to be turned loose, to go to their master waiting for them at the Summit, who in turn was to hand the letters to a mounted messenger, with instructions to loose no time in getting to Virginia City.

The sequel showed that the agent made a mistake in declining Orndorff's proposition, for six weeks later the Pacific people, owing to lack of patronage, were compelled to close their doors and retire from business, their powerful but magnanimous adversary taking their running and rolling stock off their hands.

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### FAIR JOTS.

$ $ $ $ $ $

We are all out for the stuff.

Dante's Inferno on the Midway isn't regarded as such a hell of a place after all.

The concessionaires say unless they can divy with less people they will have to add for a new deal.

Count New Hampshire plastered the streets of Cairo with attachments last Monday. He says he is going for the "Nutty Turks."

The Sunday closing cranks are trying to shut the Fair on Sunday, as they fear a shrinkage of the shower of nickels which generally hits the contribution box.

Concessionaires who are blue over the business outlook will do well to bear in mind that the Fair is better in proportion to the Chicago Exhibition in the opening months.

Most of the so-called Director-Generals from the various foreign countries have no credentials from the powers which they claim to represent, and are in many instances merely frauds, fakirs and adventurers.

A Fair Director who went into the Mystic Maze and saw himself reflected 9400 times, remained there all day admiring himself, as he softly said: "If I could only cast my vote in this place I believe I would become a candidate."

Many of the shows on the Midway are fakes of the first water, and will soon go to the wall, as the public realize the full extent of their petty swindles. The APPEAL will have it's reporter on the row soon and endeavor to separate the sheep from the goats.

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### BUFFALO BILL.

#### He is Anxious To Visit the '49 Camp.

The following letter has been received by Ben Cirkle, agent of Buffalo Bill in this city:

North Platte, Neb. Jan. 17.—Dear Cirkle: A cure received. It will be impossible for me to get there for the opening, but will be out some time in February. Give my regards to the boys, and tell them I am anxious to tackle the old '49 Camp. What limit does a fellow get? I have to go to New York. Write me at Hoffman House. I enjoyed reading the MIDWINTER APPEAL. It has the true plan of the old days and is a big advertisement for the Camp. I have so said my self. Yours truly,

Wm. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill).

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### A GRACEFUL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

The following letter from Reno, Nev., is self-explanatory:

RENO, Nev., January 23, 1894.

Messrs. Metzger & Franklin, San Francisco, Cal.—GENTLEMEN: We wish to thank you for your prompt-ness in cashing Little Louisiana ticket No. 49,350, which drew $7500 in the January drawing.

The ticket was held by Marcus Frederick and Fred L. Gould of this city. We received the money in full through the First National Bank of Reno this morning. Mr. Frederick receiving $2500 and Mr. Gould $2500.

With best wishes for the Little Louisiana Company of San Francisco, yours truly, MARCUS FREDERICK,
F. L. GOULD.

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The scientific administration of electricity for Nervous Prostration, Insanity, Hysteria, Insomnia, Catarrh, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Diabetes, Malaria, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Asthma, Fevers, Hemorrhoids and Uterine Diseases. Electricity not only cures disease, but it consumes, expels or burns up all drugs in the system. DR. AGNES WITZELL, Electric Physician, 106 Stockton street, parlors 5 and 6.


## RUSS HOUSE,

MONTGOMERY ST., EXTENDING FROM FINE TO BUSH,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Business center of the city, convenient to all banks, insurance offices and places of amusement during the Midwinter Fair.

Containing 300 Rooms.

J. S. YOUNG - - - - PROPRIETOR

TERMS:

$1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 Per Day.

Still lower terms for excursion and other large parties. Superior accommodations for families at very moderate rates.

Hotel coach in waiting at all boats and trains to convey guests to and from the house free of Charge.

For further particulars apply at '49 Camp.

## TABER

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.
Official Photographer
CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER
—INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION—
1894.

Studio on Central Court, Exposition Grounds, between the Administration and Mechanical Arts Buildings.

—ALSO—

121 Post Street,

Between Kearny and Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal. Jan1tf

ROBT. JONES. W. J. BARNES.

## THE PALM

GARDEN CAFE,

On South Drive, Under the Scenic Railway Tunnel.

Refreshments of All Kinds, Solid and Liquid, at Reasonable Prices.

The Finest Brands of California Wines and Beer.

Private Dining Rooms.

JONES & BARNES.

## St. Mary's Hospital,

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

Luke Robinson, M. D., Senior Physician and Gynecologist.
Alexander Leonard, M. D., Senior Surgeon.
Walter S. Thorne, M. D., Michael Fatrell, M. D., Physicians.
T. E. Bailey, M. D., Resident Physician.
George H. Powers and William Hopkins, Oculists and Aurists.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE MUSIC HALL.

CORNER EDDY AND MASON.

CLIFF PHILLIPS, Proprietor and Manager.

## Vaudeville Performances

Every Evening and Saturday and Sunday Matinees at 2 O'clock P. M.

Admission - - - Free.

## JOHN A. ROEBLING'S SONS CO.,

Manufacturers of

Wire Rope, Wire Cloth, Insulated Electric Wire, Telegraph Wire, Fence Wire, Galvanized Fruit Drying Cloth, Galvanized Wire Netting.

Works—Trenton, N. J.
WAREHOUSES.
117 Liberty street, New York.
171 Lake street, Chicago.
25 Fremont street, San Francisco. 5

## JAS. P. DUNNE & CO.,

NO. 1 STOCKTON STREET

And Junction of Market and Eddy Streets,

San Francisco. 4


## NOTICE TO QUIT.

### The "Appeal" Informed That it Must Not Print Advertisements.

### THE COOLEST PIECE OF ASSURANCE ON RECORD.

The following letter was received last Wednesday at the MIDWINTER APPEAL office. It was not sent through the regular mail or even the jackass mule string which runs between the Camp and the Administration building, but was brought in by a uniformed Janissary of the great Exposition and personally served on the editor. The letter reads as follows:

CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.
M. H. De Young,
President and Director-General.
PAUL BLACKMAN, Chief.
W. E. CASEL, Assistant Chief.
Office of Department of Concessions,
Festival Hall, Exposition Grounds, Golden Gate Park.
SAN FRANCISCO, February 6, 1894.

SAM DAVIS, Esq., '49 Mining Camp—
Dear Sir: I hereby notify you that you cannot print advertisements in your paper unless you shall receive the written consent of the S. F. Co-operative Printing Company, who has the exclusive right for printing advertisements within the grounds. Yours truly,
PAUL BLACKMAN,
Chief of Concessions.

This we regard as about the coolest piece of assurance on record. It means that while the Chronicle, Examiner, Call and other daily papers can be circulated on the grounds with their advertisements the MIDWINTER APPEAL AND JOURNAL of '49 must not be.

The man who brought the letter got out of the office at once after delivering it, just as our subscription yanker was reaching for a shotgun. The editor called at the Administration building had bumped themselves up against the Co-operative Printing Company had the sole concession to print a paper on the grounds, and they had demanded of the committee the ejectment of the APPEAL. We further learned that they had paid $2750 for the privilege of printing a daily paper on the grounds with an advertising monopoly. The APPEAL also has a concession from the same committee and the concessions clash.

The APPEAL was informed that it would have to remove its type, presses and machinery from the '49 Camp at once, and in addition cease printing any advertisements in its columns. The committee was notified that the APPEAL would not move a single pound of its machinery from the grounds and would continue to print advertisements as before.

A guard of armed men were at once placed in the office, with instructions to take good care of it. The APPEAL will pay any posse of Midwinter Fair guards $100 in cash if they will come into the old '49 log cabin and remove a single pound of type or attempt to stop the running of the press.

In the language of John Phoenix, "We are here to stay."

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### HORSES AND SNOWSHOES.

Truthful James Townsend of the Mono Lake Index gives this in a recent issue: "They propose to exhibit horses on snowshoes at the Midwinter Mining Camp, substituting a bed of quicksand for snow. The projectors of this show fancy that it will be a startling novelty. It's a common thing here. Our horses are so used to snowshoes that many will not travel without them, even in summer, when they are a great help in crossing the deep sand between here and Bodie. In rare instances this awkward-looking footgear, by some inexplicable process of nature, has become a part of the horse's anatomy; is proof of which, we may state, that the mare owned by Judge Maxtly gave birth to a colt with snowshoes on. With this for a starter, he proposes to propagate a breed of horses which will be peculiarly adapted to the snowy regions."

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### ON A LARK.

Grace Halsted, the popular little soubrette of the Tivoli, rolled into Camp last Thursday night about 11:30 o'clock with some of her theatrical friends by way of the '49 stage coach. She was holding the ribbons and came in by the side gate on the dead jump. The crowd turned loose in Peake's restaurant and the Dance House and painted things pretty red until about 3:30. Dancing and singing was fast and furious, and the Camp boys say that Gracie is by far the liveliest little piece of dramatic outfit that has visited the Camp yet. Manager Love received the party in grand shape and sent them home in the '49 coach. After dark the '49 Camp is by far the liveliest place in the Fair grounds.

THE MINER'S DREAM.

ROW AT THE MAZE.

### Manager Long Closes the Eye of a Guard.

On Monday Manager Long of the Mystic Maze refused to pay any more percentage to the Fair Commission, on the ground that the managers had not kept their contract in agreeing to furnish electric lights by a certain time.

He argued that he had been compelled to put in his own lights at an expense of several hundred dollars. The word reached General De Young that the Maze refused to pay tribute. He sent twelve armed Janissaries of the Guard, and four Captains of the Haste to bring Long in bound hand and foot. The first man that monkeyed with Long was banged in the eye and laid out. Long then retired inside the Maze and the soldiers after him. After the soldiers ing. Long was out of sight at last account.

The matter was peacefully adjusted and the Maze is still open, but the eye of the guard will be closed for at least a week.

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### JIM EAST'S BABY.

Bishop Whitaker, formerly of Nevada, relates a pathetic story of life in a California mining camp. A man named John East had struggled hard and prepared to bring his wife and child from the East. After she started on the trip he died of pneumonia. The miners quit work to bury him, according to their custom. The funeral services were hardly over when the stage arrived at the camp, the stage arrival being the incident of the day. The town was full of miners, the saloons were full, but even when the stage arrived the usual crowd gathered around. Two or three men got out of the stage; then they helped some one else out. There was a sudden movement of the crowd forward to see what those near the stage were looking at. A little woman stepped down and the word passed around the four hundred men encircling the stage: "It's Jim East's widow and child." They passed the child around from arm to arm and kissed her, and those who couldn't get near enough to kiss reached forward to touch the child's cheek or dress, and the whole crowd of hardy men set a-swaying and a-weeping. Some one cried out: "Let's make her a stake!" and the crowd soon raised $5,000 for Jim East's widow and child.

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### PHAROAH'S DAUGHTER.

Roltoir's exhibit of Pharoah's daughter is one of the most remarkable illusions ever exhibited. The audience when the curtains are drawn see a plaster cast of a draped woman holding a basket containing the infant Moses. It is cold and lifeless, but when a strain of music floats through the room the blood of life steals into the arms and the pallid features of the statue are suffused with color.

Then the eyes gleam with a look of intelligence, and the audience becomes gradually aware that a living, breathing woman is before them. Beautiful flow, ers begin to wave themselves about the basket, and the woman, a cold plaster cast but a few moments before, steps off the pedestal and advances to the audience, distributing flowers.

She then returns to the pedestal, sails with a beautiful death song upon her lips, gradually turns to stone again. A pallor spreads over her face and arms, the color fades from her robes and the song dies upon her lips as the features become transfixed in death. When the music has ceased the audience realizes that nothing is on the stage but a statue and the living woman has vanished.


BUY

## The Official Guide

—FROM THE—

Boys in Blue.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

J. T. MURPHY. J. E. DELEHANTY.

## The Gilroy.

NEVADANS TAKE NOTICE.

Hot Lunch constantly on hand, 43 EDDY STREET, southeast corner of Mason. 4

## G. LEIPNITZ & CO.,

DRUGGISTS & CHEMISTS,
236 SUTTER STREET,
Between Kearny and Dupont, Opposite the Market, San Francisco.

## Tamales.

2 For 25 Cents,

—OR—

1 For 25 Cents,

Including a Bottle of National Prize Beer, with a napkin, plate and fork.

The groceries are from Goldberg, Bowen & Lebenbaum.

The peppers and corn from John J. English.

The chickens are from Roberts & O'Brien.

No seagull business here. Genuine chickens and turkeys, and don't you forget it.

NED FOSTER,
TAMALE COTTAGE.

## Grand Exhibition

—OF—

## Buffaloes and Cattlelos.

—ALSO—

ONE MULY BUFFALO,

Direct from North Dakota. In this exhibition the owner proposes to show his success in crossing the Buffalo with the Poldango cattle for the purpose of getting a skin for wraps and cloaks which is equally as good as seal fur.

This herd is composed of cattle in all ages, from calves three months and up to six years old.

Exhibition open Afternoon and Evening.

1440 MARKET STREET, BETWEEN HAYES STREET AND CITY HALL AVENUE.

## McAfee Bros.

If you miners want to invest your money in a

SURE THING

Call around after your regular clean-up and see

McAfee Brothers,

Who have some of the BEST ORANGE LAND in Palermo for sale at terms that a miner can get off at. Don't gamble off your dust or blow it in at the hurdy joints, but stick it into a

Sure Thing

And have something to fall back on in your old age.

## McAfee Bros.,

108 Montgomery Street. 6

THE HEADQUARTERS

FOR THE

FORTY-NINERS

And all the '49 Mining Camp boys when they stray from the Camp is at the

LA ROSE,

213 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Mount & Storey, - - Proprietors. 6

## MRS. BOWERS,

"THE WASHOE SEERESS,"

—AT THE—

'49 CAMP.

The Past and Future revealed and the Veil Lifted.

"I am located at the '49 Camp and will be pleased to see old friends during the Fair." 4

## LOUIS SUTTER,

Formerly of Virginia City, Bodie, Auroras and Pilchhandle Gulch, has pitched his tent on the northwest corner of Polk and Sutter streets, where he runs a regular old-time saloon for old-time friends.

If you want to get real good liquor call up with your buckskin sack and gold dust.

## If You Don't Buy THE Official Catalogue You Don't See THE FAIR.

## DR. LUELLA COOL,

DENTIST,

—112 Kearny street, near Post.—

Rooms 2 and 3.

Fridays—Stanford University. 5

## Grand Exhibition

—OF—

## Buffaloes and Cattlelos.

—ALSO—

ONE MULY BUFFALO,

Direct from North Dakota. In this exhibition the owner proposes to show his success in crossing the Buffalo with the Poldango cattle for the purpose of getting a skin for wraps and cloaks which is equally as good as seal fur.

This herd is composed of cattle in all ages, from calves three months and up to six years old.

Exhibition open Afternoon and Evening.

1440 MARKET STREET, BETWEEN HAYES STREET AND CITY HALL AVENUE.

## HOWD'Y?

We have fitted up our best front room for the country editor. It is to be his city office. Pursuing creditors and libeled constituents will not get beyond the front door. Chris Evans has been engaged at an enormous salary as doorkeeper. A pepper-box and a razor with a white bone handle in the stationary drawer. Come in and put your feet on the mantelpiece and make yourselves at home.

## Pacific States Type Foundry,

409 Washington Street, San Francisco. 6

## J. T. MOORE,

Express Business,

Corner Seventh Avenue and D Street, (Opposite Midwinter Fair Grounds), At termini of Geary, McAllister and California-street cable lines, San Francisco, Cal.

Furniture and Articles of Every Description Moved at Lowest Possible Rates. All Orders Promptly Executed. 6

## Mining Exhibit.

Don't Fail to Visit the Exhibit

—OF THE—

Western Mining Exchange

In the Mechanical Arts Building.

If you wish to invest in mining property, or if you have mining property to sell, you will find it to your advantage to deal with us.

Office, 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4

REST FOR THE WEARY

Food and Feed for Man and Beast.

Baked Beans Cooked in the Ground, None Better.

OLD PAPA PEAKES, the Well-Known Caterer, Will Personally Superintend the Management.

'93-4-THIRD COAST TOUR-'93-4

THE CALIFORNIA TRAGEDIAN

FOOTE

Accompanied by the Charming Comedienne

Miss Annie Plunkett

In a Brilliant Legitimate Repertoire.

RICHARD III
INGOMAR
CLAUDE MELNOTTE
HAMLET
ARMAND DUVAL
RICHELIEU
DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN
FABIEN and LOUIS DEI FRANCHI
OTHELLO
OLD GUARD
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE
EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT
DAMON AND PYTHIAS,
FOOLS REVENGE or
KING LEAR.

J. K. DALMAS,

CARPENTER and BUILDER

FOR THE

'49 CAMP '49

Particular attention paid to Fitting up and placing exhibits at the Midwinter Fair.

TERMS MODERATE.

GOOD AND QUICK WORK.

Orders left at

1201 Market St., Corner Eighth,

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

"Meet Me at the Cafe Royal."

One hears this a thousand times daily because it is a

Sporting Center.

It is hardly necessary to say that the CAFE ROYAL is on the corner of Fourth and Market, and that JIM ORNDORFF and AL. HALL will steer the destinies of the place.

We merely make the remark to fill this space.

A. COHN.

SAN FRANCISCO PEOPLE

Who cannot get suited in the price and quality of San Francisco clothing will find

Abe Cohn's

In CARSON CITY the place to buy to advantage.

RUSS HOUSE

BARBER SHOP AND BATHS.

Fresh and Salt Water, 25 Cents.

217 Montgomery street, between Bush and Pine.

Shaving, 15c. Hair Cutting, 25c. Baths, 25c. First class in all particulars.

SEPPICH & KLEINHANS,
Proprietors.

Ladies' entrance next to Russ House elevator. 4

Cross, Hall, Ford & Kelly,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS,

NO. 101 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.

TELEPHONE NO 1519.

LEVY & CO.,

WHOLESALE WINE AND LIQUOR MERCHANTS,

219 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

Depot for the Celebrated SCHMIDT SARSAPARILLA AND IRON

## CAMP JOTS.

Several knock-downs in Camp last Sunday night. Things are livening up generally.

The editor of the Mountain Messenger takes our dispatch about Chris Evans treating Sheriff Scott seriously. The aforesaid editor must be of Scotch descent.

On dull evenings, when the Conconsaires find time hanging heavy on their hands, they come over to the '49 Camp and dance. The Camp is always open and full of life.

Marcus Frederick and F. S. Gould of Reno were at the Camp yesterday, painting it red in the dance house and theatre El Dorado. They had won $7,500 in the Little Louisiana and were celebrating in good shape.

Miners who have visited the Peoples Palace Music Hall at San Francisco come back (about 4 in the morning) and say it is the best amusement place in the city. It's running full blast at the corner of Eddy and Mason streets.

The Executive Committee has notified the APPEAL that it will be allowed to print it's edition down town, ran advertisements and circulate at the Fair, if we sell through the regular newsdealers. It strikes us that we don't need permission of any one to do this but the newsdealers.

Some kids ran a tunnel from Strawberry Hill a few days ago under the fence into the Mining Camp and charged 10 cents to those who crawled through the hole. The tunnel was bulkheaded by Captain Jennings and mining operations are at present suspended at that drift.

Papa Peakes gave a baked bean blowout to the Midwinter Fair Committee and the Press Monday at his beanery. During the meal the sheriff attempted to serve a warrant on Peakes, who drew a six-shooter and shot the officer in the ear. A pathetic picture of the scene will be found in another column.

Old Jack Wallace, who was the earliest banjo player of '49, is at the Camp playing for Joe Harvey. Old Kelly, the Fiddler, the crack musician of early days, has joined the unveilereos majority, and the music of his lyre is hushed forever. What a pair those two would have made had Kelly only lived.

General Boston of Reno, an old warrior, has charge of the shotgun squad that is holding the APPEAL office against the Midwinter Guards. He has cut holes through the logs, mounted the Sutter Fort cannons and oiled up all the firearms. He spends the night keeping guard in front of the office, and will open the ball whenever the enemy appears.

We understand that on Sunday about noon the Midwinter Guards will raid the APPEAL office and remove the type and printing machinery. They will find all hands and the cook on deck ready to receive them. We give the Fair administration due notice that we will recognize no one who comes without a warrant from the city or municipal authorities.


## VIAVI.

Which translated means
THE ROAD TO HEALTH.

Very necessary to womankind
In a thousand and one ways
And by our cures we quickly
Verify the claim that VIAVA is
Indispensible to you all.

TO ALL WANDERERS on the rocky road of sickness, we will furnish a Guide to the City of Health and happiness in life, where woman with her ever increasing burden can throw off and lay aside the weight of destroying disease and lift up her head in

## Perfect Health.

Upon the peace of feminine history appear a thousand testimonials from thankful hearts of wives, mothers and daughters whose ills have been banished by VIAVI. All diseases falls before its potent influence and slow destroyers give way to vigorous health, happiness and physical comfort, not for a day, but always.

Nothing but competent and patient ladies in attendance to consult and comfort those who need our aid.

## No Charge For Consultation.

Call on or Address
2301 VAN NESS AVENUE,
CORNER VALLEJO.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.



## THE ORO FINO

—CONCERT HALL,—

'49 MINING CAMP.

Songs, Ballads, Skirt and Serpentine Dancing,

And Every Other Terpsichorean Novelty Known.

Old-time Jigs and Reels.

BONANZA BEN and NUGGET NED,
Proprietors.



## OREGON HYDRAULIC MINING EXHIBIT.

This exhibit gives a thorough and practical demonstration of

### Hydraulic Mining,

—As carried on in Oregon and California.—

In Operation All the Time.

OPPOSITE THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE SCENIC RAILWAY.

Washing Gold from Genuine Pay Dirt brought Direct from the mines.

That this exhibition is well worth seeing is proved by the fact that

A Gold Medal Was Awarded at the World's Columbian Exposition.

C. W. Ayers,
J. S. Spencer, } Proprietors.
J. W. Miller,

ADMISSION - - - - 25c. | CHILDREN - - - - 10c.

PAPA PEAKES RESISTING ARREST.

Centrifugal Roller Quartz MILL.

This mill can be seen in operation in the MECHANICAL ARTS BUILDING.

F. A. Huntington,
Manufacturer, 213 and 219 Front street, San Francisco.

Illustrated Pamphlet on application.



## WHEELAND & COLLINS,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
Old French and London Dock Brandies,
Port Wines, Sherries and all the Choicest Brands of Champagne, Apple Jack, Pisco, Arrack, Cordials, Liquors, etc.
329 MONTGOMERY and 511 CALIFORNIA Streets, San Francisco.



## JOSHUA HENDY
MACHINE WORKS.
PROPRIETORS OF THE CITY IRON WORKS.

Works: Corner Bay, Kearny and Francisco Streets.
Principal Office: No. 51 Fremont Street.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Importers and Manufacturers of and Dealers in
Boilers, Engines, Pumps and Machinery
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Specialties of Hydraulic Mining, Quartz Mining and Milling Machinery, Hydraulic Gravel Elevators, Hydraulic Giants, Automatic Ore Feeders.

Shoes and Dies and All Castings furnished promptly upon order.



## AFTER LEAVING CAMP

CALL AT THE

## Colorado Gold Mine

—AND TAKE A—

Ride Through the Mine.

See a Gold Mine in full operation in all its details.

The finest educator of the day.

Indorsed by the Denver Mining Exchange, Colorado School of Mines and thousands of others.

After you enter the tunnel you can easily imagine yourself 1000 feet underground.

PRICE OF ADMISSION - - - 25 CENTS
CHILDREN - - - - - - - 10 CENTS

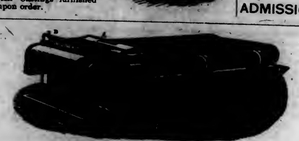


## WANTED.

A GOOD QUARTZ OR GRAVEL MINE.

Address C. H. Ford, Crocker Building, room 5, with full particulars, price, etc. 5





## FRUE ORE CONCENTRATOR

Over 4000 in actual use.

Manufactured under Patents of April 27, 1880, July 24, 1888, and March 31, 1891,

SAN JACINTO ESTATE, LIMITED, Office of the General Manager.
P. O. Address, South Riverside, San Bernardino county, Cal.
CAJALCO, December 18, 1891.

FRUE VANNING MACHINE CO., 132 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.—GENTLEMEN: After a continuous trial of different Concentrators (comprising the Frue Vanner, the "Holland," "Paradox," "Triumph" and the "Woodbury" Concentrators), extending over several months, we find that we prefer the Frue Vanner, as it is easier of adjustment, runs smoother, has less wear and tear, and—having a positive travel—gives less trouble than the other more complicated and ever-changing machines now in use here. The Frue Vanner not only saves a cleaner concentrate, but has less loss in the tailings, and is in several ways preferable to the other Concentrators here. I am, my Dear Sirs, yours faithfully,
S. HARRIS, Manager.

Price of 4-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner.....$550, f. o. b.
" " Improved Belt Frue Vanner.....800, f. o. b.
" 6-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner.....800, f. o. b.

For any information, or for pamphlets, or for circulars or testimonials, call on or address us at our office.

H. N. SUMMERHAYES, Successor to ADAMS & CARTER, Agent Frue Vanning Machine Company
NO. 132 MARKET STREET.....SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



## '49 MINING CAMP.

A FAITHFUL REPRESENTATION OF THE OLD-TIME FEATURES OF A NEW DIGGINGS IN '49.

Mining Strikes, Hydraulic, Sluice and Quartz Mining Faithfully Represented.

Mining Riots, Pistol Arbitration, Lynching Bees and Claim Jumping Riots Realistically Enacted.

The Postoffice, Justice's Office and Mayor's Office, All in the same Saloon. Open Night and Day.

The Tiger With His Teeth Pulled Will be There in Mimic Representation of Old Times.

STAGES RUNNING BETWEEN THE CAMP AND FRISCO DAILY.

Good Tavern Accommodations and Mule Corrals.

Mrs. Woods' Souvenir Paintings of Camp Cabins.

Halstead's Horses on Snow Shoes.

PRECIPITOUS FLUMES AT THE FOOT OF MT. SHASTA.

GRAND PANORAMIC EXHIBIT, SHOWING MT. SHASTA FIFTY MILES AWAY.

The Millionaire Cabins of Early Days, John Mackey's Cabin, Built by Him, and in Which He Lived When He Made His First Big Strike in Alleghany, Sierra County.

U. S. Senator Perkins' Cabin, Built by Him 38 Years Ago at Thompson's Flat, Butte County.

The Original Downie Cabin, Reproduced From a Cabin built by Major William Downie, the founder of Downieville.

The Oro Fino Concert Hall. Old-time Ballads and All Kinds of Terpsichorean Novelties.

Typical '49 FANDANGO with forty sweet-faced Senioritas dancing to the strains of the famous Mexican Orchestra.

A REGULAR NEWSPAPER OFFICE ON THE GROUND.

ADMISSION - 25 Cts.



# THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
## AND JOURNAL OF FORTY-NINE.

VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1894. NUMBER 7

THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
AND JOURNAL OF '49.
Published Weekly at 629 Montgomery street
BY
SAM. DAVIS.
$2.50 Per Annum. $1.50 Six Months.

BY PONY EXPRESS.

NEWS BROUGHT IN BY OUR CAYUSE.

BEFORE DENNIS KEARNY'S TIME.

### EVANS DISHEARTENED.

Fresno, Feb. 16—Chris Evans returned to his mountain home yesterday where he was entertained by several newspaper reporters. He says he is utterly worn out searching for Sheriff Scott and is thoroughly disheartened at not being able to find him. Evans and Morall say that they scoured every ravine hunting for Scott and his posse but could not find trace of them. He is very much humiliated that Scott was smart enough to slink into his cabin when he was away and steal his artificial arm and black cat. Despite his failure he says he will start out again in a few days as the Examiner has offered to cancel any reporter's I. O. U. bills who will find Scott within 80 miles of Chris. If the scribe can hold Scott until Evans arrives ten suits of fine clothing and $1,000 in cash will be added to the reward.

### POLITICS BOILING IN NEVADA:

Reno, Nev. Feb. 16—The forming of new Republican Clubs goes bravely on in Nevada. The refusal of Senator Jones to advance the coin necessary to place the party on a paying basis is considerable of a drawback. All who sign the roll of membership endorse the principle that Nevada is willing to pay a large tariff on all articles manufactured in the state, and not demand any reciprocity on the silver question. They also agree not to hold any real-estate in Nevada, and all bind themselves to move to California if they don't succeed in getting office next fall.

### WASHINGTON AROUSED.

Washington, Feb.16—There was great excitement here to day over a dispatch telegraphed from San Francisco to the effect that a new paper had made it's appearance, called Mr Ewens Letter, in which the President is charged with manling the stuffing out of his wife. The White House is closed to interviewers.

### MENTAL WRECKS.

Sacramento, Feb. 16—The printers who were arrested for stealing type from the News office turn out to be representing a syndicate of newspaper men who desire to start another daily newspaper in Carson City, Nevada. They have been handed over to the Lunacy Commission for treatment.

### FUN AT THE ISLANDS.

Honolulu,—(No date.) John P. Young's humorous book has just arrived here and is finding an immense sale. Queen Lil went into convultions and fell off the throne after reading the preface. A steamer load of the second edition has been ordered.

### THE CAMP THEATRE.

The Oro Fino theatre has been doing a better business dnring the past week. The programme has been enlarged and changed, and the proprietors are fast becoming public favorites. It is a genuine old '49 theatre, and the performance is fast, furious, and hilarious. The theatre is becoming one of the leading institutions of the Camp.


### THE PALACE GRILL ROOM.

If you want to eat your meals in good company where wealth, brains and epicurian tastes congregate, drop into the Palace Grill room and enjoy what can safely be termed good living and at very moderate prices.


### THE MAJOR'S DOG.

It Proves More Ornamental than Useful.

A few months ago some English swells whom Major McLaughlin met in New York, sold him a thoroughbred dog for $500 backed as a prize winner at all the kennel shows, and a pedigree as long as the flag pole of the Liberal Arts Building. The Major was the first man offered the option to buy the magnificent animal, and he didn't let the opportunity pass.

He brought it to this coast and offered several of his close friends a chance to utilize the dogs breeding qualities free gratis, as a test of the Major's regard. Dog owners were stumbling over each other to get a chance to take advantage of the Major's generosity, and those who were not invited to do so, got so mad that they would not speak to the Major on the street. Little by little the dog fell into distavor with breeders, and finally the contents of a letter from New York which was passed around town by Dolph Spreckels, and shown to little groups of men in various gilt-edged bar rooms, reached the ears of the Major. He had been made the victim of a huge joke by the English swells, and Tom Edison who dearly loves a joke, was the man who hatched the affair.

The animal had been partially electrocuted by a new electric process, which, while it does not detract from the value of the dog as a child's pet renders him unavailable for breeding purposes. The dog now occupies a lonely grave near the Golden Gate Mine at Oroville, and all the dog has to perpetuate his memory is a single stone on which is inscribed: "The last of his line."

### ASTONISHED THE MINERS.

"Well if that don't get me," said the cook of the miners mess at the '49 Camp. "If there isn't a woman with a diamond in her teeth. In '49 when my teeth needed justifying I just whittled out a pine plug and jamed it in, but this ere woman sticks diamonds in her teeth and every time she smiles it blams near blinded me. With these new fangled fads it begins to look as if '49 times was played out."

The lady alluded to was Mrs. Luella Cool the dentist who was doing the Camp with a party of friends.


The scientific administration of electricity for Nervous Prostration, Insanity, Hysteria, Insomnia, Catarrh, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Diabetes, Malaria, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Asthma, Fevers, Hemorrholds and Uterine Diseases. Electricity not only cures disease, but it consumes, expels or burns up all drugs in the system. DR. AGNES WINZELL, Electric Physician, 105 Stockton street, parlors 5 and 6.


### THE HAUNTED SWING.

This most wonderful illusion must be seen to be appreciated. Words fail to express the curious and realistic results obtained. Every one paying the Haunted Swing a visit will be more than satisfied. This is certainly one of the best shows in the Fair grounds. The admission is but 10 cents.

### FAIR JOTS.

It is rumored that Murphy Grant & Co. have applied for the concession to furnish red tape for the various bureaus at th Administration Building.

Hobson's wife reading daily paper—The total attendance at the Fair yesterday was 7,123.

Dobson is surprise—Must be a mistake; for I saw 8,123 gum girls.

The Vienna Prater proposes to have a grand ball in which the dances of all nations are to be turned loose. This will give all the dancing girls at the Fair a chance to show to the assembled thousands what they can do. We back the Camp Fandango girls against the earth. Birdie May, Carmen Trickser, and Spanish Liz can give all hands cards and spades.

E. A. Fargo & Co sent the APPEAL a case of rare old whiskey last week and in consequence the paper was a day later and the printers are still out celebrating. Four of our best comps are in the cooler yet having been fined by Judge Moses for being drunk and disorderly. We havn't the heart to blame the boys for no man in his senses could successfully resist the delicious brand of whiskey now being placed on the market by E. A. Fargo & Co., whose ad will appear in these columns next week.

### THE FAIR'S FIRST FUNERAL.

The Lion Tamer Buried With Honors Yesterday.

Yesterday the first funeral of the Fair took place from Col. Boone's arena. The casket which held the mangled form of the unfortunate Carlo Thieman was placed in the centre of the arena. Each concession of the Exposition sent a representative to the funeral. The arena was packed with people to witness the strange obsequies. While the funeral services were in progress there was frequent interruption from the roars of the beasts who a few feet away were lashing themselves in their cages.

The Iowa State Band furnished the music: the same band that played the funeral dirge at Chicago over the victims of the cold storage fire. The Pele tricity for Nervous Prostration, In- tarietic for the Hawaiian village sang. In the funeral procession were gathered representatives of all nations who were attending the Fair.

The remains were taken to the North gate where they were met by Boone's band and escorted to the Odd Fellow's cemetery.

### A BURGLAR FOILED.

Last Wednesday evening a burglar broke into Smith's Cash Store and was about to clean the place out when he happened to glance at a price list and remarked: "Why hang it the goods here are so cheap that I can save wear and tare on my burglar tools by coming here and buying for spot cash." He is now a regular customer of the place and says he never got his family groceries so cheap in his life.

### A PAPER WAR.

The Programme Fights With the Catalogue.

A LOT OF NEWSBOYS ARRESTED AT THE FAIR.

Sunday there was a lively battle on the fair grounds between the people who publish the official programme and the parties of the official catalogue. It appears that there was some understanding between the two that the programme should not encroach on the art gallery catalogue.

The other day the programme came out with a list of art gallery pictures and there was immediate war. Witcher & Allen decided that the art gallery business was a breech of contract and they at once started an opposition daily on the grounds. This was placed in the hands of the newsboys and they started out to lark the papers on the Midway when the Co-Operative Printing Company entered a complaint at the Administration Building and a lot of armed guards started out to hunt the newsboys. Several were brought in by the scuff of the neck and plinked into a dark cell under the Administration Building.

Witcher & Allen hearing of the arrests came to the scene and announced that the boys must be liberated or a suit would be commenced in the name of the commonwealth. They also threatened to arrest for peit larceny anyone who took a paper from the boys without paying.

### THE ETHNOLOGICAL EXHIBIT.

The Camp has secured another strong attraction. Captain Chitterden the noted Ethnologist, who has seen more of the wilds of the Pacific Coast and can give more information concerning its native tribes, than any other traveler. He has removed from the American Indian Village, and re-established his exhibit just within the entrance of the '49 Camp. The Captain's Worlds Fair Award Ethnological Collection is displayed free in the Gallery of Machinery Hall. Captain Richard H. Chitterden, his brother, a graduate of Yale and Heidleberg has arrived from Southern California and will have immediate charge of this exhibit.


### A MARVEL.
THE
### CALIFORNIA AMALGAMATOR.

The California Amalgamator is a thoroughly practical machine, possessing simplicity, durability and effectiveness.

It not only has no superior, but no equal.

It is the cheapest and best in existence.

It will save all floured mercury from Stamp and Huntington mills.

It will save all fine gold from Snake river sands and other similar deposits.

It will save all fine gold from beach or black sands.

It will save every particle of gold that floats in water, no matter how fine. It will save fake gold, so fine that it will not settle in still water in ten seconds.

Call and examine it at the Mechanic Arts building, Midwinter Exposition. It has no equal.

California Amalgamating Co.,
602 MARKET STREET,
(State Board of Trade) San Francisco, Cal.



ESTABLISHED 1850.

For Almost Half a Century We Have Been Catering To the Cultivated Tastes of this City and the Pacific Coast.

High-Grade Groceries
Medicinal Liquors
Havana Cigars

WE PUBLISH THE LARGEST GROCERY CATALOGUE IN THE WORLD. SEND POSTAL FOR COPY.

SPECIALTIES:
Sierra Madre California Olive Oil.
Finest California Wines.
Old Crow and McBrayer Whiskies.

WE SHIP EVERYWHERE.

## GOLDBERG + BOWEN —AND— LEBENBAUM

426-428-430-432 Pine Street,
(Telephone No. 1.)
215-217 Sutter Street,
(Telephone No. 111)
2805 California Street,
(Telephone No. 4101.)



## COLONEL HAFFORD'S ARIZONA EXHIBIT

Of all the Birds, Animals and Reptiles of the Territory.

The most Complete Private Collection in the World.

The Colonel has taken twenty-five years to Amass this Collection.

South Drive, in rear of the Administration Building.

ADMISSION - - - - - - - 25 CENTS.



## MISS PLUNKETT'S
—EMPLOYMENT BUREAU,—
424 SUTTER STREET,
Between Stockton and Powell, San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone No. 5472.

The most reliable male and female help furnished on short notice.

Special attention paid to country orders.

Sutter and Powell street cars pass the door.



## BOYS!

DRINK THE GOOD OLD

## DAYS OF '49

WHISKY.

For Sale
All Over the
Camp.

Meyerfeld, Mitchell & Co.,
SOLE AGENTS,
116 Front Street, San Francisco.

## BOONE'S BRAVERY.

The reading of the lion tamer at Boone's Menagerie on Tuesday was a horrible affair. Standing out strongly in this connection is the great personal courage of Col. Boone who—when the lions with their bloody manes buried in the body of a man, were rending their victim—dashed into the cage, beat the raving beasts to their corners and brought the mangled body out.

Hardly one man in a million would have dared to have entered such a place, but the man of iron nerve was equal to the emergency and demonstrated that his reputation for great personal courage honestly belonged to him. Many have held that the lions were drugged before they went into the arena, but after the affair of Tuesday the fact that a man takes his life in his hand whenever he deals with them, will not be seriously questioned.

## THIEVING RESTAURANTS.

Some of the restaurants on the Fair grounds are run by regularly licensed bandits and the price charged for refreshments is simply robbery. When a gentleman has a few ladies with him is the time selected to make the raid. Few gentlemen care to have a scene with a waiter in the presence of ladies and submit to the extortion rather than have any trouble.

The Commissioners should see that each restaurant has a bill of fare in large letters on the wall in several places and cancel the concessions of restaurant men who charge more than the schedule.

Four bits for a Frankfurter sausage is rather steep. Some restaurants however are very reasonable and are having a heavy public patronage. Responsible parties who have been robbed can find space free of charge in these columns to show up the places where the extortions are practiced.

## WE ARE STILL HERE.

The threatened attempt to throw the MIDWINTER APPEAL office over the fence by moving its type and machinery did not materialize on Sunday. A strong guard was in the office all day and the two Sutter Fort cannons were there ready for business, but there was no invasion.

The old miners of the camp were also all ready for an attack, and had their old-fashioned '49 guns oiled up for action.

The day passed off quietly, and there was no posse of Midwinter Guards in sight. The APPEAL came out with its regular advertising and a good deal of new business.

Any firms sending in advertisements will have them published until the regular courts settle the matter. As yet no injunction has been served and things are running smoothly.

A loud roar is going up on the Fair grounds over the charge of $1 for the transfer of concessionaires' passes. If a concessionaire quits one place of business and moves to another he has to go through all the formality, bother and red tape of getting another pass and is also compelled to pay $1 additional. The officials in the department of passes claim that the clerical force is not large enough to handle the business incidental to transferring passes unless the request is accompanied by cash.

This is the rankest nonsense in the world. All that would be necessary would be to have the Chief of the bureau simplify the matter by permitting the concessionaire to use his old pass but the main object seems to be to yank in an extra dollar.

One of the attractions of the Exposition to local people as well as to Eastern tourists, will be the Midwinter APPEAL and Journal of '49, published by San Davis at the mining camp in the Palm City. The paper made a decided impression on its first appearance, and the second number not only strikes an equally good lick, but promises to keep it up throughout the Fair. The contents of the APPEAL are bright, breezy and bracing and are suggestive of the vigorous life and snap shot words and deeds of the days of old.—San Jose Mercury.

The proprietors of the Daily Programme are making war on everything on the grounds in the shape of printed matter. The weaving machine in Machinery Hall, that weaves the Lord's Prayer in gold letters on a plush ground they claim is an infringement on their concession.

Notwithstanding the edict of the Concessions Bureau the advertising patronage of the APPEAL is steadily increasing and no one has yet attempted to pitch out our type and machinery.

## THE WASHOE SEERESS.

### She has a cabin in the Mining Camp.

### SOMETHING ABOUT HER MANSION IN NEVADA.

Mr. Sandy Bowers the famous Washoe Seeress who was once presented to Queen Victoria in a court dress that called forth columns of description in the London newspapers, now has a cabin in the Mining Camp and tells fortunes to visitors. Many of her old friends from all over the coast come to see her, for she is a pleasant old lady who seems to have no regrets for her past opulence, but cheerfully makes up her mind to present circumstances.

All residents of Nevada will recall what a famous resort Bowers' Mansion used to be in the flush times some fifteen years ago. Sandy Bowers made some lucky turns in Crown Point and Belcher, and, almost before he knew it, was worth a cool million, and some say more. He believed that money was made to use and so purchased some property near Washoe Lake and built his mansion. It was by far the most pretentious dwelling that had ever been thought of in Nevada; and when people saw the broad and solid masonary going up, they wondered if it would not bankrupt its builder. After the house was finished, the Bowers went to Europe for upholstery and furniture. The house cost about $100,000 to build and the furniture as much more. It was a simple proposition with Bowers to have everything in sight "and d—d the expense." He had about him some bad advisers in those days and they led him into all sorts of reckless extravagance.

He was openhearted and liberal as the day, and the Mansion became a favorite resort. He was never happier than when he had a big crowd dancing in his parlor and drinking his champagne. He gave grand suppers, balls and receptions, and the bigger the crowd the better he liked it. This sort of thing went on for years, and presently Bowers reached the bottom of his sack. Gradually the property passed out of his hands, it went little by little, but it went all the same, and finally Bowers died in poverty and left a widow known as the "Washoe Seeress," a good, kind-hearted, genial old lady who makes a living by revealing the future, and is looked upon as a wonderful medium by the spiritualists. After his death the glories of the Mansion departed, and at present it is uninhabited.

A few months ago an APPEAL reporter visited the place. The gate was tied up, and the unbroken road showed that no carriages had passed through it for many a day. A stroll over the grounds showed that they were really deserted by everything but the birds and jack-rabbits.

The dancing hall was empty and the old bath-house supplied with water from the hot springs had been turned into a sort of hostlerie for the wayfaring tramps, who at the approach of footsteps, crawled in and hooked themselves to the hills. The trees, no longer pruned or cared for, had begun to assume the form and look of the natural production. The fountain which in better days had sent its jet of silver high in air and showered its spray upon the grass when the wind was high, had evidently not been in a state of activity for years. The upper basin was as dry as a limekiln, and the lower one was in but little better condition. At the approach of the scribe a number of frogs croaked a lugubrious acknowledgment, which if the language of reptiles means anything, was a palpable hint to take a walk. A black snake lay coiled on the edge of the masonry. Unabashed by human presence, he continued basking in the sun, and wore the air of a party who knew his rights. Lizards darted in and out of the crevices of the stones; and mottled toads with bellies of aldermanic pattern, sweated and sweltered in the grass, the growth of which no lawn mower had ever worried.

The house had kept pace with the premises in the matter of decay. The doors were all nailed up, and any one stepping on the porch would wager any amount that the building was empty. Each tread was multiplied into a score of echoes to which only empty houses respond. A peep through the windows showed nothing but uncarpeted floors, bare walls and ghastly white ceilings.

In one corner, however, the reporter discovered a ragged plaid apron whose stains of yellow soap, etc., told of its brave service in the interests of cleanliness and its many deeperate encounters with the wash-board.

At the north end of the house evergreens, boxwood and laurels grew, each after its own fashion as if in their native forest, and the tall grass and weeds reared themselves so rankly that if they could only fold out through the long Winters and tackle the proposition afresh in the Spring, they would soon outstrip the trees. Masses of coarse ivy with leaves as large as one's hand hung from the walls. The presence of this plant, which seems to gloat over decay and foster dilapidation, completed the picture for a ruin; without ivy it is only a fraud of a ruin anyhow and will not pass muster as a genuine antiquity. Bowers had built a fish pond when he was flush, and, not forgetting that scenery was something, placed an island in the center. This was covered with a delightful growth of willows which swept the water with truly picturesque effect. The fish, snakes and turtles; held possession of the spot and seemed oblivious of intrusion. The water was perfectly clear and from the bottom a curious vegetable growth was discernable, which was in itself a sufficient attraction to repay a visit. The weed was fine and green, and arose in such heavy masses that the pond was filled with it. It seemed as dense as stone, but was so sensitive to disturbing influence that when a turtle crashed into the water, the mass became tremulous, and the festoons of green waved for several minutes like grass lighted by the wind. The growth took all manner of fantastic shapes, and the silver-sided trout darted in and out of the caverns which pervaded every portion of it. When the sun struck the pond at right angels this curiosity of the vegetable kingdom reflected a thousand anbolsed lights and shadows and glared with the colors of the rainbow as the fish agitated the water. A hook and line would have been mighty handy at the time, but having none, the scribe contented himself with the idea that a polo cue or rake would have been a sort of a profanation, and withdrew content.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals proposes to prevent the little Florida chameleon earning an honest living in San Francisco. The mortality among the chameleons seems to have aroused the sympathies of the Society.

The epidemic among these pretty little animals is probably caused by licking the green paint off their sides before breakfast.

The other night at the fandango, Bean-Pole Annie kicked a coal oil lamp out of place and covered her partner with kerosine. Love has since raised the lamp a foot so as to be out of the way of the dancers who kick high.


PALO ALTO STABLES, E. R. MILES, Proprietor.

320 O'FARRELL STREET,
Two Blocks From Baldwin Hotel, San Francisco.
FIRST-CLASS LIVERY AND BOARDING. SADDLE HORSES AND VEHICLES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
TELEPHONE, 2615.

FREE TREATMENT.

ARRIVAL EXTRAORDINARY OF THE world's most famous medium, Mme. De Canor, who can be consulted on all affairs of life; tell everything with as much ease as if she had known you always; give luck in love and business matters with perfect satisfaction. If you are sick or in trouble or any kind call and see her. Without asking a question she will tell you the object of your visit and the condition of every organ in your body and prescribe a cure. Her Egyptian remedy, Rondeletia has no equal. She has been tested by the nobility of Europe and patronized by the luminous men and women of the world.

Diseases treated successfully by mail. Consultation free. Madam De Canor is very successful in locating mines and hidden treasure. Diseases diagnosed free of charge. Hours from 10 A. M. to 8 P. M.

N. B.—If you cannot call send date of birth, look of hair, and one dollar, with stamped addressed envelope, by mail and have your fortune written.

Telephone No. 5495. Parlors 1, 2, 3, 4, 20 Ellis st.

When all others fail consult Mme. DeCosor Natural Clairvoyant and Specialist, late of Boston, who treats with wonderful success all diseases of men and women.

Nervous Debility and all its attending ailments of young and middle aged men. Blood, Skin Diseases, Sores, Eczema, Ulcers, Scrofula and Blood Poisoning of every nature entirely cleansed from the system.

Catarrh, all diseases of the throat, lungs, liver, stomach, bowels, kidney or bladder, also Rheumatism, Piles and Hernia effectually cured.

Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and is as harmless as water. The madam will treat the poor who call at her office free on Friday and Sunday afternoons.

Write your troubles, if living from the city. Thousands cured at home by correspondence. All professional business absolutely confidential. Medicines sent secure from observation.

Address MADAM DECAMOR, with B. & W. Medicine Co. Parlors 1, 2, 3 and 4, 20 Ellis street, San Francisco, Cal. 7—


# '49 MINING CAMP.

## A FAITHFUL REPRESENTATION OF THE OLD-TIME FEATURES OF A NEW DIGGINGS IN '49.

Mining Strikes, Hydraulic, Sluice and Quartz Mining Faithfully Represented.

Mining Riots, Pistol Arbitration, Lynching Bees and Claim Jumping Riots Realistically Enacted.

The Postoffice, Justice's Office and ayor's Office, A the same Saloon Open Night and Day.

The Tiger With His Teeth Pulled Will be There in Mimic Representation of Old Times.

STAGES RUNNING BETWEEN THE CAMP AND FRISCO DAILY.

Good Tavern Accommodations and Mule Corrals.

Mrs. Woods' Souvenir Paintings of Camp Cabins.

Halstead's Horses on Snow Shoes.

PRECIPITOUS PLUMES AT THE FOOT OF MT. SHASTA.

GRAND PANORAMIC EXHIBIT, SHOWING MT. SHASTA FIFTY MILES AWAY.

The Millionaire Cabins of Early Days, John Mackey's Cabin, Built by Him, and in Which He Lived When He Made His First Big Strike in Allegheny, Sierra County.

U. S. Senator Perkins' Cabin, Built by Him 38 Years Ago at Thompson's Flat, Butte County.

The Original Downie Cabin, Reproduced From a Cabin built by Major William Downie, the founder of Downieville.

The Oro Fino Concert Hall. Old-time Ballads and All Kinds of Terpsichorean Novelties.

Typical '49 FANDANGO with forty sweet-faced Senioritas dancing to the strains of the famous Mexican Orchestra.

A REGULAR NEWSPAPER OFFICE ON THE GROUND.

ADMISSION - 25 Cts.


THE HEADQUARTERS
FOR THE
FORTY-NINERS
And all the '49 Mining Camp boys when they stray from the Camp is at the
LA ROSE,
213 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Mount & Storey, - - Proprietors. 6

HOWD'Y?

We have fitted up our best front room for the country editor. It is to be his city office. Pursuing creditors and libeled constituents will not get beyond the front door. Chris Evans has been engaged at an enormous salary as doorkeeper. A pepper-box and a razor with a white bone handle in the stationary drawer. Come in and put your feet on the mantelpiece and make yourselves at home.

Pacific States Type Foundry,
409 Washington Street, San Francisco. 6

RUSS HOUSE,
MONTGOMERY ST., EXTENDING FROM PINE TO BUSH,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Business center of the city, convenient to all banks, insurance offices and places of amusement during the Midwinter Fair.
Containing 300 Rooms.
J. S. YOUNG . . . PROPRIETOR
TERMS:
$1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 Per Day.
Still lower terms for excursion and other large parties. Superior accommodations for families at very moderate rates.
Hotel coach in waiting at all boats and trains to convey guests to and from the house free of Charge.
For further particulars apply at '49 Camp.

TABER
PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.
Official Photographer
CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER
—INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION—
1894.
Studio on Central Court, Exposition Grounds, between the Administration and Mechanical Arts Buildings.
—ALSO—
121 Post Street,
Between Kearny and Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal. Jan1tf

ROBT. JONES. W. J. BARNES.
THE PALM
GARDEN CAFE,
On South Drive, Under the Scenic Railway Tunnel.
Refreshments of All Kinds, Solid and Liquid, at Reasonable Prices.
The Finest Brands of California Wines and Beer.
Private Dining Rooms.
JONES & BARNES.

St. Mary's Hospital,
CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF MERCY.
Luke Robinson, M. D., Senior Physician and Gynecologist.
Alexander Leonard, M. D., Senior Surgeon.
Walter S. Thorne, M. D., Michael Fatrell, M. D., Physicians.
T. E. Bailley, M. D., Resident Physician.
George H. Powers and William Hopkins, Oculists and Aurists.

PEOPLE'S PALACE MUSIC HALL.
CORNER EDDY AND MASON.
CLIFF PHILLIPS, Proprietor and Manager.
Vaudeville Performances
Every Evening and Saturday and Sunday Matinees at 2 O'clock P. M.
Admission - - - - - Free.

JOHN A. ROEBLING'S SONS CO.,
Manufacturers of
Wire Rope, Wire Cloth, Insulated Electric Wire, Telegraph Wire, Fence Wire, Galvanized Fruit Drying Cloth, Galvanized Wire Netting.
Works—Trenton, N. J.
WAREHOUSES.
117 Liberty street, New York.
171 Lake street, Chicago.
25 Fremont street, San Francisco. 5

JAS. P. DUNNE & CO.,
NO. 1 STOCKTON STREET
And junction of Market and Eddy Streets,
San Francisco. 4


## FROM JACKASS RAVINE.

### Those Who Are Coming to the Convention.

Jackass Ravine, Feb. 6.—Since my last letter there are several things of importance that you should know. Last Monday a gang of toughs came over from Rattlesnake and tried to start a poker game with some of our people, but we were onto their little "snap" and refused to play. In the party were Al Whitney, Bill Curtis, Uncle John Greer, and Bill Barnes; the latter saw the game was too hard and staked Jersey Jim to play, but after Jim had won a little more than a hundred ounces the game quit as Barnes refused to allow Jersey to put up a "pinch" for each drink.

We have had a whole lot of talk about the cinch combination alluded to in your last edition about the coming election and I have taken great pains to find out the names of the delegates from our neck of the woods. The following are the names of t gentlemen who will meet with you on convention day.

Ragtown — Levi Bradley, Captain White, A. J. Bailey and Hank Garfield.

Rattlesnake — Billy Dillon, Hank Moore, Billy Dormer and old Bob Woods.

Jackass Ravine—Hoosier Dan will lead the delegation, but look out for him, as it it is generally thought he will stand in with John Spreckels. His fellow members are Paddy Conners, Carriboo George and Zeke Wilson.

Shirt-tail Canyon will send a hard lot, their names being Tom Atchinson, Lon Whipple, Kangaroo Sam and Theo. Rose.

The Mountain House is well represented in Jim Orndorff, Bill Boone, Napa Dick and Wall-eyed Murphy.

Valley Ranch might have made a better selection, however, their representatives being Baldy Hamilton, the old stage man, Aleck Corouthers, Bill Kennedy (look out for him, he is Joe Harvey's friend), and Mulh-head Bill.

Table Rock has selected Tom Markham, Billy Arock, Lon Hamilton and Big-mouth Frency.

Chromo Pass will send down to the convention Si Rollins, Nibsey Levy of the Queen's Life Guards, George Anderson and Gus Somers.

Half-way House—Pete Boyce, Joe Gavin, Pat O'Neil and "Doc" Shaw.

As the stage is waiting I will simply say that Jim Hennessey and Andy Blessington have sat down in the "Last Chance" to play crib for two stage a side. Will let you know the result next week.

Zoo Johnson and Bud Marsh are going to start a faro game this evening, but if they allow the rounders from Frisco to play our boys will all go over to Joe Harvey's game at the '49 Camp.

Pi Trayner, Ross Trayner, George D. Lee and Alex Waugh will all be over to vote on election day. GRIM.

P. S. The news of the postponement of the election by the combine has just reached here and has caused a general snort all along the line. If old Moses shows up in this section he will be tarred and feathered if I have to furnish the tar myself, anyhow we are ready to get into the ring any time the balance of the gang are, and it's death and no quarters from this on. G.

## INDIGNANT COLORED MEN.

### They Demand an Apology From the "Appeal."

In our last issue the APPEAL connected the colored people of the Palace with Fred Davis, the detective.

The following letter has been received:

PALACE HOTEL, Feb. 15th.

Editor MIDWINTER APPEAL: In your last issue you alluded to Detective Fred Davis as having charge of the colored help of the Palace. This is an error, and your article is very obnoxious to the colored people of the city, who are God-fearing people and good citizens and do not care to be mixed up with the party alluded to. Unless an apology is made in your next issue steps will be taken by the colored people of the city to boycott the APPEAL. If Detective Davis was ever connected with us in any way by the management we would take steps at once to hunt some other place to work.

Yours,
THE COLORED HELP OF THE PALACE,
Per the Secretary of the Cooks and Waiters' Colored Union.

We have since learned that on Sunday night several of the colored societies of the city met to protest against the outrage and passed fitting resolutions.

The APPEAL publisher heartily sympathises with the colored people of the city because of the humiliating inference conveyed in the article. It was written by one of our assistant editors when we were away and intended as "facetia." The man has been discharged and the APPEAL presents its apologies to all the colored people in America and their descendants for the balance of the nineteenth century.

A NEW CLAIMANT TO THE BLYTHE ESTATE.

## WELL ENDORSED.

### The "Appeal" a Valuable Advertising Medium.

The following letter speaks for itself. Office of John A. Roebling's Sons Co.

San Francisco, Cal. Feb. 6—

Editor Midwinter Fair APPEAL.

Dear Sir: After being solicited at the point of a six-shooter by one of your gentlemanly canvassers, we were persuaded to give you our ad, to run during the Fair. We think we gave him a copy, but from the appearances of the ad in your issue of the 3rd inst., we imagine the matter was set up by your devil, as you spell the name of the concern wrong. An acquaintance of thirty years, enables the writer to know of your shortcomings, and would suggest that you pay more attention to the newspaper department, and keep out of the Oro Fino and keno room. You know it is difficult to ran two shifts and keep up with the procession. We enclose a copy of our ad, which we wish you would insert in place of that in your issue of the 3rd.

The value of your paper as an advertising medium we cheerfully acknowledge, as several large orders for Wire Rope and Battery Cloth have already been received from old 49'ers, who frankly tell us that they like your '49 idea, and propose to deal with your advertising patrons.

Yours truly
S. V. MOONEY.—Manager.

The APPEAL takes pleasure in publishing testimonials of this kind. The spelling of the advertisers name makes but little difference with the public. The spirit of '49 is now rampant in this community, and those who love the memory of other days are the class who are patronizing the MIDWINTER APPEAL.

## DAN'S REVENGE.

### A Slighted Correspondent Who Got Even.

Years ago, when the Union Pacific Railroad was first built, Dan O'Connell of the Bohemian Club was drifting west. When he reached Omaha he applied to the railroad office for a pass. He was contemptuously refused and had to pay his way to the Golden Gate. The journalist swore revenge and got it by writing the following poem, which went the rounds of the press and set the development of Omaha back about ten years and depreciated her real estate over a million. The doggerel verses struck home, and proved the greatest setback the place ever had:

Hast ever been to Omaha,
Where rolls the dark Missouri down,
And four strong horses scarce can draw
An empty wagon through the town?

Where every bubble, late or soon,
From frothy substance overflowing,
Is made a very large balloon
By constant and persistent blowing?

Where muddy waters rise and swell
With fearful and resistless might;
Where fish are caught by sense of smell,
Because they cannot see to bite?

Where sand is blown from every mound,
To fill your eyes and ears and throat;
Where all the steamers are aground,
And the houses are all afloat?

Where taverns have an anxious guest
From every corner, shelf and crack;
Where half the people are going West
And all the others coming back?

Where whisky shops, the livelong night,
Are sending out their poison juice,
Where men are often pretty tight,
And women are a trifle loose?

Where beats and blacklegs, thick as hail,
Are deep in faro, cards and vices;
Where real estate is still for sale,
And held at most outrageous prices?

Where theaters are all the run,
And bloody scalpers come to trade;
Where everything is overdone,
And everybody underpaid?

If not, take heed to what I say,
You'll find it just as I have found it;
And if it lies upon your way,
For God's sake, stranger, go around it!


BUY
The Official Guide
FROM THE
Boys In Blue.
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

J. T. MURPHY. J. E. DELEHANTY.
The Gilroy.
NEVADANS TAKE NOTICE.
Hot Lunch constantly on hand. 43 EDDY STREET, southeast corner of Mason. 4

G. LEIPNITZ & CO.,
DRUGGISTS & CHEMISTS,
236 SUTTER STREET,
Between Kearny and Dupont, Opposite the Market, San Francisco.

Tamales.
2 For 25 Cents,
—OR—
1 For 25 Cents,
Including a Bottle of National Prize Beer, with a napkin, plate and fork.
The groceries are from Goldberg, Bowen & Lobenbaum.
The peppers and corn from John J. English.
The chickens are from Roberts & O'Brien.
No seagull business here. Genuine chickens and turkeys, and don't you forget it.
NED FOSTER,
TAMALE COTTAGE.

GEORGE GOODMAN,
—Patentee and Manufacturer of—
ARTIFICIAL STONE
In all its branches. Schillinger's patent sidewalk. Garden walk a specialty.
Office—907 Montgomery street, Nevada block, San Francisco. 7 1m

MRS. BOWERS,
"THE WASHOE SEERESS,"
—AT THE—
'49 CAMP.
The Past and Future revealed and the Veil Lifted.
"I am located at the '49 Camp and will be pleased to see old friends during the Fair." 4

LOUIS SUTTER,
Formerly of Virginia City, Bodie, Aurora and Pickhandle Gulch, has pitched his tent on the northwest corner of Polk and Sutter streets, where he runs a regular old-time saloon for old-time friends.
If you want to get real good liquor call up with your buckskin sack and gold dust.

If You Don't Buy
THE
Official Catalogue
You Don't See
THE FAIR.

DR. LUELLA COOL,
DENTIST,
112 Kearny street, near Post,
Rooms 2 and 3.
Fridays—Stanford University. 5

J. T. MOORE,
Express Business,
Corner Seventh Avenue and D Street, (Opposite Midwinter Fair Grounds), At terminus of Geary, McAllister and California-street cable lines, San Francisco, Cal.
Furniture and Articles of Every Description Moved at Lowest Possible Rates.
All Orders Promptly Executed. 6

RESERVED FOR THE
WONDER
MILLINERY STORE.
1042 Market Street.

Grand Exhibition
—OF—
Buffaloes and Cattelos.
—ALSO—
ONE MULY BUFFALO,
Direct from North Dakota. In this exhibition the owner proposes to show his success in crossing the Buffalo with the Poldangus cattle for the purpose of getting a skin for wraps and cloaks which is equally as good as seal fur.
This herd is composed of cattle in all ages, from calves three months and up to six years old.
Exhibition open Afternoon and Evening.
1440 MARKET STREET, BETWEEN HAYES STREET AND CITY HALL AVENUE.

REST FOR THE WEARY
Food and Feed for Man and Beast.
Baked Beans Cooked in the Ground, None Better.
OLD PAPA PEAKES, the Well-Known Caterer, Will Personally Superintend the Management.

J. K. DALMAS,
CARPENTER and BUILDER
FOR THE
'49 CAMP '49
Particular attention paid to Fitting up and placing exhibits at the Midwinter Fair.
TERMS MODERATE.
GOOD AND QUICK WORK.
Orders left at
1201 Market St., Corner Eighth,
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

"Meet Me at the Cafe Royal,"
One hears this a thousand times daily because it is a
Sporting Center.
It is hardly necessary to say that the CAFE ROYAL is on the corner of Fourth and Market, and that JIM ORNDORFF and AL HALL will steer the destinies of the place.
We merely make the remark to fill this space.

A. COHN.
SAN FRANCISCO PEOPLE
Who cannot get suited in the price and quality of San Francisco clothing will find
Abe Cohn's
In CARSON CITY the place to buy to advantage.

RUSS HOUSE
BARBER SHOP AND BATHS.
Fresh and Salt Water, 25 Cents.
217 Montgomery street, between Bush and Pine.
Shaving, 15c. Hair Cutting, 25c. Baths, 25c. First class in all particulars.
SEPPICH & KLEINHANS,
Proprietors.
Ladies' entrance next to Ross House elevator. 4

Cross, Hall, Ford & Kelly,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS,
NO. 101 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.
TELEPHONE NO 1519.

Mining Exhibit.
Don't Fail to Visit the Exhibit
—OF THE—
Western Mining Exchange
In the Mechanical Arts Building.
If you wish to invest in mining property, or if you have mining property to sell, you will find it to your advantage to deal with us.
Office, 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4

McAfee Bros.
If you miners want to invest your money in a
SURE THING
Call around after your regular clean-up and see
McAfee Brothers,
Who have some of the BEST ORANGE LAND in Palermo for sale at terms that a miner can get off at. Don't gamble off your dust or blow it in at the hurdy joints, but stick it into a
Sure Thing
And have something to fall back on in your old age.
McAfee Bros.,
108 Montgomery Street. 5

## CAMP JOTS.

Some fine Short Horn bulls were brought into Camp last Wednesday and will be part of Halstead's exhibit.

The dance house is open every night, and the Camp is always filled with a gay crowd of visitors after dark.

Young Fox the fugitive newsboy who drifted into Camp last week, is now singing in the Oro Fino. His imitation of the stomach dance is loudly applauded.

The man who robbed the V. & T. R.R. Company in Carson a few days ago of $2,500, was in Camp yesterday having a general good time and blowing in his money.

Last Saturday the wife of Mayor Boggs eloped with a gin slinger at the El Dorado saloon. Mrs. Boggs will be sorely missed by society here. Old Boggs has been lost ever since.

Another injunction was served on the APPEAL yesterday by a man with gold braid on his uniform. He was invited to subscribe at once for the APPEAL or else get out. He got out.

Boston Charley the hinoo sharp, was badly beaten in the El Dorado saloon last evening. Some one took his old brass mounted quartz pin off his shirt front and caused the trouble.

The fellows who are running the election refuse to tell the voters when the polls will open, and as old Judge Moses is still of on a drunk up at Spanish Flat, no one can tell when the election takes place. Several of the victims of the combine have withdrawn from the ticket.

A loafer insulted one of the little girls in blue in the '49 Camp a few days ago. The girl appealed for protection to the Camp people and the loafer was promptly knocked down. The boys around the Camp have none of them forgotten the methods of dealing with a certain class in '49.

Some miners down at Red Dog had a blow out last Tuesday, and in sending out the invitations Fandango Fannie was overlooked. She came in about 11 o'clock and shot the fiddler dead as a door nail. After she found out that the invitation had been mislaid she apologized to the crowd and the dance went on. The fiddler was a single man.

The total absence of soap and towels in the toilet rooms of the Fair is causing considerable discomfort. After one has spent the day on the ground and accumulated a case of dirty hands it does not do much harm to wash up a little. If something is not done visitors are invited to step into our office and use the good old towel that has faced the music without leaving its post for the last three years.

The editor of our evening contemporary across the street was thrown into the cooler yesterday by the Constable for beating his mother with a stove poker. Old Mrs. Marlow seems to have been singularly unfortunate with her children. Her eldest boy was hanged last fall at Hog Eye and the other is studying law. The one running the weekly organ of the coniine she says is the worst shoat of the entire litter.

### HE GOT THERE.

On Wednesday evening Senator Jones visited the '49 Camp and took in the hurdy house, enjoying every minute of the time spent. He treated the boys, took a turn at the wheel and was simply entranced at the gyrations of the dancers. The appearance of the old silver Senator in camp drew a good many miners out of their holes, one of whom tells this story on Jones: Once in Placerville he was invited to a ball and his white shirt being in the wash he appropriated one belonging to J. Owens, a miner in an adjoining cabin. Owens traced up the matter and was very hot when he found his shirt on Jones. He charged him with stealing it and offered to bet Jones $20 that his name was on it.

Jones, who never takes a bluff, put up the money and on the show down sure enough there was the name J. Owens stamped on the shirt.

"Hold on, that's my name," said Jones and he slowly repeated the letters "J-o-w-e-n-s; that's the way I always spell it."

The crowd howled at the clever way the Senator lit on his feet and J. Owens set up the drinks.

### MC EWEN'S PAPER.

Arthur Mc Ewen will to-day begin the publication of his new paper. His idea is to tell the truth about the town and ignore the advertising column as having any influence on the editorial utterance.

He has worked in all the various newspaper baginos in the city, and has decided to leave the gilded palaces of success and journalistic pandering, for a small room in a garret and a virtuous cot where he can eat the unleavened bread of righteousness and truth. His maiden effort in this direction will be a biographical sketch of De Young. Other leading citizens will be put on the spit in turn.

Aside from the irridescent character of his Utopian dream of journalism—running a newspaper without advertisments—he will make telling impressions on the public, and it will not be many weeks before his little journal will be eagerly sought after. Mc Ewen is here requested when he is too concientious to deal with beguiling and designing advertisers, to send them to this office at once and be ready to hand down his 30 per cent commission. We will take all such sweepings from his office.

Yesterday McEwen's paper was placed in the hands of the San Francisco News Company, who after reading the sensational charges against President Cleveland and M. H. De Young refused to handle the publication and returned the papers to the office where they were printed.

### THE OREGON EXHIBIT.

The most realistic exhibit on the Fair Grounds is the Oregon Mining Exhibit in charge of C. W. Ayers. It represents placer mining, miniature monitors playtiny streams against a gravel bank and wash the pay dirt down in the sluice-boxes, and the whole operation of extracting gold from the hills by the hydraulic method is so realistically carried out that no one who has ever seen it need read up any more on this kind of mining. It is a splended object lesson, and not a single detail has been committed by Mr. Ayers, who designed and built the whole thing. The dirt worked out is not dummy dirt, but pay dirt, and miners who visit the place are allowed to pan out the gravel and work it for gold. In fact the gold in the exhibit is worth several thousand dollars. Ten minutes in the exhibit gives one more practical knowledge of the hydraulic system than reading twenty magazine articles.


## OREGON HYDRAULIC MINING EXHIBIT.

This exhibit gives a thorough and practical demonstration of

**Hydraulic Mining,**

——As carried on in Oregon and California.——

**In Operation All the Time.**

OPPOSITE THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE SCENIC RAILWAY.

Washing Gold from Genuine Pay Dirt brought Direct from the mines.

That this exhibition is well worth seeing is proved by the fact that

**A Gold Medal Was Awarded at the World's Columbian Exposition.**

C. W. Ayers,
J. S. Spencer,
J. W. Miller,
} Proprietors.

ADMISSION - - - - 25c. | CHILDREN - - - - 10c.



## VIAVI.

Which translated means THE ROAD TO HEALTH.

Very necessary to womankind
In a thousand and one ways
And by our cures we quickly
Verify the claim that VIAVA is
Indispensible to you all.

TO ALL WANDERERS on the rocky road of sickness, we will furnish a Guide to the City of Health and happiness in life, where woman with her ever increasing burden can throw off and lay aside the weight of destroying disease and lift up her head in

**Perfect Health.**

Upon the pages of feminine history appear a thousand testimonials from thankful hearts of wives, mothers and daughters whose ills have been banished by VIAVI. All disease falls before its potent influence and slow destroyers give way to vigorous health, happiness and physical comfort, not for a day, but always.

Nothing but competent and patient ladies in attendance to consult and comfort those who need our aid.

**No Charge For Consultation.**

Call on or Address
2301 VAN NESS AVENUE,
CORNER VALLEJO.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.



## THE ORO FINO

—CONCERT HALL,—

'49 MINING CAMP.

Songs, Ballads, Skirt and Serpentine Dancing,

And Every Other Terpsichorean Novelty Known.

Old-time Jigs and Reels.

BONANZA BEN and NUGGET NED,
Proprietors.

**Centrifugal Roller Quartz MILL.**

This mill can be seen in operation in the MECHANICAL ARTS BUILDING.

**F. A. Huntington,**
Manufacturer, 213 and 219 First street, San Francisco.
Illustrated Pamphlet on application.



**WHEELAND & COLLINS,**
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
Old French and London Dock Brandies,
Port Wines, Sherries and all the Choicest Brands of Champagne, Apple Jack, Pisco, Arrack, Cordials, Liquors, etc.
329 MONTGOMERY and 511 CALIFORNIA streets, San Francisco.



## THE VIENNA PRATER,

THE ONLY PLACE OF AMUSEMENT AT THE EXPOSITION.

THE IMPERIAL VIENNA PRATER ORCHESTRA,
COURT DIRECTOR, FRITZ SCHEEL.

STRING CONCERT AND MILITARY CONCERT DAILY
FROM 3 TO 11 P. M. AT THE
KAISER FRANZ JOSEPH HALL. - - - MIDWINTER FAIR.



## Joshua Hendy Machine Works.

PROPRIETORS OF THE CITY IRON WORKS.

Works: Corner Bay, Kearny and Francisco Streets.
Principal Office: No. 51 Fremont Street.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Boilers, Engines, Pumps and Machinery
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Specialties of Hydraulic Mining, Quartz Mining and Milling Machinery, Hydraulic Gravel Elevators, Hydraulic Giants, Automatic Ore Feeders.
Shoes and Dies and All Castings furnished promptly upon order.
6

## FRUE ORE CONCENTRATOR

Over 4000 in actual use.

Manufactured under Patents of April 27, 1880, July 24, 1888, and March 31, 1891.

SAN JACINTO ESTATE, LIMITED, Office of the General Manager.
P. O. Address, South Riverside, San Bernardino county, Cal.
CAJALCO, December 18, 1891.

FRUE VANNING MACHINE CO., 132 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.—GENTLEMEN: After a continuous trial o different Concentrators (comprising five Frue Vanner, the "Holland," "Paradox," "Trimmph" and the "Woodbury" Concentrators), extending over several months, we find that we prefer the Frue Vanner, as it is easier of adjustment, runs smoother, has less wear and tear, and—having a positive travel—gives less trouble than the other more complicated and ever-changing machines now in use here. The Frue Vanner not only saves a cleaner concentrate, but has less loss in the tailings, and is in several ways preferable to the other Concentrators here. I am, my Dear Sirs, yours faithfully,
S. HARRIS, Manager.

Price of 4-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner.....$550, f. o. b.
" Improved Belt Frue Vanner.....800, f. o. b.
" 6-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner.....800, f. o. b.

For any information, or for pamphlets, or for circulars or testimonials, call on or address us at our office.

H. U. SUMMERHAYES, Successor to ADAMS & CARTER, Agent Frue Vanning Machine Company
NO. 132 MARKET STREET.....SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



## AFTER LEAVING CAMP

CALL AT THE

**Colorado Gold Mine**

—AND TAKE A—

**Ride Through the Mine.**

See a Gold Mine in full operation in all its details.

The finest educator of the day.

Indorsed by the Denver Mining Exchange, Colorado School of Mines and thousands of others.

After you enter the tunnel you can easily imagine yourself 1000 feet underground.

PRICE OF ADMISSION - - - 25 CENTS
CHILDREN - - - - - - - - 10 CENTS
4



## WANTED.

A GOOD QUARTZ OR GRAVEL MINE.

Address C. H. FORD, Crocker Building, room 5, with full particulars, price, etc. 5



# THE MIDWINTER APPEAL

## AND JOURNAL OF FORTY-NINE.

VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1894. NUMBER 8.

THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
AND JOURNAL OF '49.
Published Weekly at 629 Montgomery street
BY
SAM DAVIS.
$2.50 Per Annum. $1.50 Six Months.


## BY PONY EXPRESS.

### NEWS BROUGHT IN 'BY OUR CAYUSE.

### GROVER ON HIS EAR.

Washington, Feb. 20—Mc Ewen's Letter has just reached here, charging the President with being a drunkard and wife beater. He says he hasn't had a row with anybody in his house since the time he was beaten in his second run. As for jags, he held that he can gin up when he likes. Copies of the paper are still selling rapidly at a dollar apiece.

### THE GRAVE OF CONFUCIUS.

Yuba City, Feb. 24—There is great excitement here to-day over the discovery of a tank which is supposed to contain the body of Confucius. The body is now mummified, in its right hand was a few grains of ancient wheat and a copy of the Alta California. The Chronicle and Examiner have sent reporters to the spot on a special engine.

### A COURIER BEATEN.

Frog Hollow, Feb. 21—A mounted courier arrived here to-day with the news that Corbett and Mitchell had fought in Florida, and that Mitchell was whipped in ten rounds. A party of English swells thought the story was a steamboat and beat the courier nearly to death. The facts are not expected to reach here for several weeks, as Indians are thick along the plains.

### SCONCHIN GETS IT.

Washington (D. C.), Feb. 25—The President this morning appointed Sconchin Malony agent for the American Bible Society to spread the Gospel in Africa. Mr. Malony, on receipt of the above dispatch, took rooms at the Palace and was serenaded by a brass band led by Steve Gage and W. A. Mills. Col. Irish made a speech, and the festivities were kept up until a late hour.

### LIL ON A BENDER.

Honolulu, Feb. 3—Queen Lil painted the town red last night and smashed things generally in the Royal Palace, where she called in the leading American citizens and danced the hula hula until the police closed the place. She complains on a sick headache this morning.

Last evening the great search light was thrown on Mount Shasta in the '49 Camp, and the blinding glare caused the jack rabbits in the ravines to come into Camp in droves. Two deer and one bear were also routed out of their biding places in the chapperel.

The Examiner has kindly donated its big grizzly to the '49 Camp, and a regular bear pit is being dug for the animal. After over two years confinement in a cage he will enjoy his new liberty.

WANTED—A small boy to carry a grizzly bear. None but an experienced lad of good moral character need apply.

### THE HAUNTED SWING.

This most wonderful illusion must be seen to be appreciated. Words fail to express the curious and realistic results obtained. Every one paying the Haunted Swing a visit will be more than satisfied. This is certainly one of the best shows in the Fair grounds. The admission is but 10 cents.

## A BIG SCARE FOR SPANISH PUSS.

### A CLOSE SHAVE.

Spanish Puss nearly made a meal of.

Last Wednesday night Spanish Puss who desirous of being in camp early, on the occasion of Washington's Birthday, secured a room at Papa Peaks and retired at 2.30, after indulging in 30 cents worth of beans and coffee.

About 4 o'clock she awoke with a warm breath on her face, and remarked. "Look here Peaks, you are in the wrong room," at the same time slapping the intruder in the face. To her horror she found that she was in the room with a big boar who had escaped from Boon's menagerie. She raised an outcry that roused the hotel, for a while there was great confusion, Papa Peakes came in with a light and seeing the bear telegraphed for one of the Park Police, and grabbing Puss by the hair dragged her out of bed and threw her through an open window. The bear got his head in a bean barrel and was soon captured.

The following letter was received from Colonel Boon.

Scenceritta Espanolin Pussy.

Dear Madam:

I very much regret the unavoidable intrusion of my bear into your apartments. It shall not occur again if I can get there in time to prevent it.

Inclosed find a complimentary season ticket to my show.

Very Respectfully,
COLONEL BOONE.
By McGarry.—Manager.

The following reply was mailed by pony express.

SPANISH FANDANGO HOTEL, '49 CAMP.
Colonel Boone,

My Dear Col. Your apology received. Had you been there I could have been properly protected. If you dont propose to be where you can be called on in a moments notice to save defenceless womens lives, you had better either cage your bears or let the business of protecting us girls to your Manager or Press agent.

Please let me know if you think it safe for me remain in the Camp the rest of the week.

Yours,
SPANISH PUSS.

P. S. I have placed a small ladder at my window, so that in case the animal again gets loose I can make my escape.

S. P.

The above is all the correspondence that has reached this office. An artist was rushed to the spot yesterday and made a hurried sketch. The boots in the corner are not yet identified, but probably belong to the landlord, or else were brought in from the dance hall to throw at the bear.

### LOST IN THE SNOW.

Yesterday some waiter girls in Papa Peakes' beanery took a trip up Mt. Shasta, leaving the camp about 3 o'clock, and have not since been heard from. Tully went up last night with some provisions and pack-mules, and his return is anxiously awaited.

At the last meeting of the Press Club M. H. de Young was unanimously exonerated from being the funny man of the Chronicle.

Buffalo Bill will be along in a few days.

### REJECTED PICTURES.

Miss Susan Srofen excellent picture entitled "An Arizona Kitchen" which was accepted at the Chicago Fair, has been rejected by the Midwinter people.

Her friends are indignant as the picture has great merit. Mr. Foote has agreed to exhibit the picture in his museum. Many other good pictures have been rejected and it might be a good idea to get them all together somewhere outside the art gallery and let the public see just how hard the artists have been thrown down by the hanging committee.

They have got hold of a report down south that there is fellow up in Minnesota who, whenever he goes on a spree insits on paying a year's subscription to his town paper. He has already paid for the paper until Jan. 1937, and the press association of Alabama is making frantic efforts to find out what brand of liquor he drinks.

Carmen, the boss premier dancer at the Fandango, now dresses in red, and her new dances are enthusastically applauded. Her dancing now is the regular Spanish Fandango, full of grace and delicious rhythmic movements, with just enough of the muscle dance thrown in to catch the Nob hillers.

The Scenic Railroad was the only concession in the Fair that refused to throw open its gates to the children. This is a case of unexampled hoggishness, and the road ought to be taught a lesson by the public for its petty meanness.

The Illusion at Foote's Museum is the greatest thing of the kind at the Fair.

With California wines selling on the Grounds at 15 cents a glass, there is no excuse for anybod to be sober. It is excellent wine, and has a fine flavor of the fruit not found in the imported wines.

The Stockton Mail is protesting against calling every green-horn who is bunkoed in San Francisco a resident of Stockton.

Our cayuse sprung a tenon Tuesday which accounts for our slim telegraphic news.

### THE GRILL ROOM.

Last Monday M. H. De Young dropped into the Palace Grill Room to mingle with the elite. The waiter said,

"Mr. De Young will you have a roast?"

The waiter was knocked down with a chair

The above picture represents Colonel Andrews, Alex Badlam and Alex Waugh, picking gold up on Montgomery street in '52. It was sketched by Jump the '49 cartoon artist.

### MINING INTELLIGENCE.

OFFICE CAL. AMALGAMATING CO.,
602 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 21, 1894.
EDITOR APPEAL, DEAR SIR:

A short time since a long, lean, lank individual entered our sanctum wearing a slouch hat, woolen overshirt, blue overalls, stuffed into his boots, a belt about his waiste, from which was hanging a Colt's revolver of the regulation pattern. From the top of his boot projected the handle of an Arkansaw toothpick. Without any preliminaries he informed us that he had been mining at Jump-off-Joe, and that the aforesaid camp was quite high up the creek. He also stated that the recent rains had broken his dam and damaged his long-tom, and not wishing to be idle he had secured the position of soliciting advertisements for the MIDWINTER APPEAL. He was so well healed with argument, and from the fact that we had in a reckless moment pawned our gun with the barkeeper in the saloon opposite an old tin can in the middle of the street, we yielded at once without any back talk. The result is that we have secured an order for a number of the California Amalgamators, which we ship to-day to be placed on the Keystone Mill in Amador county. When we see the solicitor again, if we have not overdrawn our account, we will ask him to "amalle" with us.

CAL. AMALGAMATING CO.

ANOTHER STRIKE IN CAMP.


RESERVED

FOR

FOOTE'S

MUSEUM.



A MARVEL.

THE
## CALIFORNIA AMALGAMATOR.

The California amalgamator is a thoroughly practical machine, possessing simplicity, durability and effectiveness.

It not only has no superior, but no equal.

It is the cheapest and best in existence.

It will save all floured mercury from stamp and Huntington mills.

It will save all fine gold from Snake river sands and other similar deposits.

It will save all fine gold from beach or black sands.

It will save every particle of gold that floats in water, no matter how fine. It will save flake gold so fine that it will not settle in still water in ten seconds.

Call and examine it at the Mechanic Arts building, Midwinter Exposition. It has no equal.

California Amalgamating Co.,
602 MARKET STREET,
(State Board of Trade) San Francisco, Cal.



ESTABLISHED 1850.

For Almost a Half a Century We Have Been Catering To the Cultivated Tastes of the City and the Pacific Coast.

High-Grade Groceries
Medicinal Liquors
Havana Cigars

WE PUBLISH THE LARGEST GROCERY CATALOGUE IN THE WORLD. SEND POSTAL FOR COPY.

SPECIALTIES:
Sierra Madre California Olive Oil.
Finest California Wines.
Old Crow and McBrayer Whiskies.

WE SHIP EVERYWHERE.

## GOLDBERG BOWEN AND LEBENBAUM

426-428-430-432 Pine Street,
(Telephone No. 1.)
215-217 Sutter Street,
(Telephone No. 111.)
2805 California Street,
(Telephone No. 4101.)



## COLONEL HAFFORD'S ARIZONA EXHIBIT

Of all the Birds, Animals and Reptiles of the Territory.

The most Complete Private Collection in the World.

The Colonel has taken twenty-five years to Amass this Collection.

South Drive, in rear of the Administration Building.

ADMISSION - - - - - - - 25 CENTS.



## MISS PLUNKETT'S

—EMPLOYMENT BUREAU,—

424 SUTTER STREET,

Between Stockton and Powell, San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone No. 5472.

The most reliable male and female help furnished on short notice.

Special attention paid to country orders.

☞ Sutter and Powell street cars pass the door. 4



BOYS!

DRINK THE GOOD OLD

## DAYS OF '49

WHISKY.

For Sale All Over the Camp.

Meyerfeld, Mitchell & Co.,
SOLE AGENTS,
116 Front Street, San Francisco.

### UTOPIAN JOURNALISM.

Last week the APPEAL took occasion to allude to Arthur Mc Ewen's new venture, that of running a newspaper without advertisements—as Utopian journalism.

No one realized that it would be a success from a cold financial standpoint, even Mc Ewen was not sanguine, but the result showed that the style of journalism adopted by Mc Ewen had a great deal of metallic ring of business about it.

The News Company refused to handle it, and at once the town wanted to see what there was in the Letter that the News Company would not sell.

That it roasted De Young and President Cleveland was sensationalism enough, and the newsboys neglected the other papers to sell that particular one.

Over 15,000 copies were sold, and on Sunday Mc Ewen was walking along Montgomery street with his pockets bulging with 120 pieces, and wearing a contented look on his face.

The change he makes in his letter that the daily newspapers are slaves to the business end of the office, is true.

Mc Ewen has two things in his favor which the public appreciates, he has the courage to say what he thinks, and his pen has never been silenced with money. This is a rare combination.

Some men who have never been taught, lack the courage to say what they think, and many who have the courage lack the power to resist a financial overture.

Mc Ewen's Letter will be published weekly, and he proposes to rip plenty of people up the back in the style of which he is alone the master.

### OUR JACKASS CORRESPONDENT.

Jackass Ravine, Feb. 21—Say, we want to know here what is the matter with Mosses; is it possible that he can run "The Gulch" to suit himself, or have the voters any voice in the matter? It is lucky for him that Old Nol of the same ilk is dead and in his grave, or there would be one less candidate at the next election.

In addition to the true and tried men that will meet with you on convention day, whose names were mentioned in your last edition, it will be as well to state that

Poker Flat will send Jack Barcley, Frank Rhodes, Jimmy Carroll and Old Gosdhue.

Buck's Ranch will be represented by Benecia Howe, Arad Howe, Jim Haynes and Harry Shadder.

Buckeye voters have held a mass meeting and selected the following: Little Bat, Sam Nevells, Harry Smith and Ace Hamilton.

Plumas county will have only one delegation, the favored ones being Bill Kellogg, Buck Whiting, Old Man Halstead (who will go on snow shoes) and Dave Hahn, who, by the way, is no relation of "Gene" Hahn, candidate for treasurer.

As there is some talk of a Local Option plank being put in the platform, a special committee of six will attend to look after their own interests. The half dozen are Ned Foster, J. S. Murphy, Louis Sutter, Al Hall, Old Wheeland and Sam Mount. They mean business and know what every vote is worth, so the delegates had better take what is offered at first or they may get left.

Gambling has been very quiet here of late, as Big Necked Smith held four aces one afternoon and cleaned out all the moneyed sports. Col. Bill Barnes wanted to bet any part of a thousand ounces that he could beat Papa Pokes cooking beans, but George Fox from Angels Camp happened to hear him shoot his mouth off and called the old bluffer, who refused to ante after George's money was up.

Mayor Boggs' wife and Cocktail George, who eloped from your camp, were in the Ravine a few days ago; however, the four hundred here refused to have anything to do with them, although Issy Townsend tried to get up a public ball for the benefit of the seemingly happy couple. There were only two tickets sold, and the affair fell through.

Blear Eyed Mag was found dead in bed yesterday morning, and strong suspicion was cast on Joe Stuart, who had been seen to treat the poor unfortunate twice, but on the inquest being held it was proven that Joe was perfectly innocent, he having only 40 whisky in his possession. The verdict of the jury was "died from unknown causes." After the jury were discharged two of them got into an infernal row over the date that Mag first came to this camp, and Bob Smith had the everlasting stuffing knocked out of him, whereupon George Anderson of Sacramento set up drinks for all hands. George is game, you bet!

GRIM.

## BURN THE TURNSTILES.

### A Correspondent who wants a Free Show for the Earth.

To the Editor MIDWINTER APPEAL:

The question of bringing large crowds to the Fair interests every one in the State.

The failure of the Fair means a black eye to California, and no one will dispute the fact that unless something is done pretty quick to bring crowds the Fair will be a drag.

The opposition to the 50 cent admission grows daily, and hardly a week passes but some organization does not fall into line and pass resolutions not to attend. The last was The Native Sons of the Golden West.

They wanted a 25 cent rate, and the management insisted on 50 cents. The little petty five cent caused the loss of the whole business, and the Native Sons will celebrate outside the Fair Grounds.

Various societies of workingmen have met and resolved not to attend, because, they feel that outsiders have secured most of the work.

The red tape of the Promotion and Publicity Bureau has incensed the editorial fraternity of both city and country, and each day brings some fresh grievance to the front.

There is one solution of the question. Throw the gates open free to everybody, and have the announcement flashed over the wires to the world that it is invited to the Fair free of charge.

Like magic the Palm city will be populated with teeming throngs of people, all affected with the contagion of having a good time, and a good time means money spending. At least fifty or sixty thousand people a day would be there, and the increased business of the concessionaires would soon pull the Fair on its feet financially.

Take the case of the Peoples Palace. The charge for entrance was for a long time 10 cents. The attendence hardly paid the gas bill. The management then threw the doors open to the public and depended on the inside sales. Results: He had to hire extra help to take in his money.

If the Fair management opened the gates free there would be an increase of travel to the state. The City would be filled with strangers, money would be plenty, and if all of the concessions were raised 30 per cent gross, they would be only glad of the chance to pay it under such circumstances.

An army of clerks, bookeepers and accountants would be dispensed with, this would afford a large saving.

It is understood that the people employed at the Fair Ground look to the Director General for their appointments, and are pledged to support him in his political aspertations.

Each week rolls up a fresh wave of public discontent against him. If he wants the support of the masses, and would still the raging bellows of this troubled sea, he has but to turn open the gates free to everybody.

If there is a shortage after that, the legislature would make it good, but if there is a shortage under the present order of things the legislature will not make it good.

It it is a business proposition to open the gates to the world.

The first result would be the biggest advertisment California ever had.

There is one thing that can save the Fair. Big displays of fire works with the Director Generals picture in the center will draw a crowd once a week, but a bon-fire of the turnstiles is what the public want.

A CALIFORNIAN.

[The Fair has opened as all big Fairs do, with a small attendance. Bad weather has effected it a good deal, and internal bickerings. A low admission would we believe materially increase the revenue, but free admission would bring in the tough and impecunious crowds, and is not desirable. ED APPEAL.]

### THE KIDS IN CAMP.

Thousands of children visited the camp yesterday and were better contented than anywhere on the grounds. They were filled up with oranges, candy and old miners tales. A picture of some of these old miners' legends appears in another column, representing leading citizens picking up gold on Montgomery street. There was also a Casconade party and a general cyclone of hilarity all along the line. The kids voted the '49 Camp by all odds the greatest show on the earth.

## "THE LOST CANNON."

### A Relic of Fremont's Journey Across the Plains in 1842.

### IT SHOULD BE EXHIBITED AT THE MIDWINTER FAIR.

Apropos of the proposition to make a collection of relics of General Fremont's trip across the plains in 1842 for exhibition at the Midwinter Fair, there is, or was up to a few years ago, at Glenbrook, on the shores of Lake Tahoe, an old cannon which was a part of "The Pathfinder's" armament in his memorable journey. The cannon is an eight pounder and may be properly designated as a brass howitzer. It is of a style used in early days in Indian warfare, and was designed to be transported on the back of a mule. It is the property of the heirs of the late Captain Pray, by whom during his life, it was held as a relic without price. It is called "The Lost Cannon," and may be described as about three feet long, black with the corrosion of storms which have spent their fury about it, and mounted on an old log from which it frowns in a sort of a lonely grimness, suggesive of something which has come down from the days of yore. From the rusty muzzle protrudes the grey and decaying ram-rod, doubtless the same used by Fremont, although the log carriage unquestionably belongs to a later epoch.

This cannon, for some reason, was left at the head of a canyon on the Carson river, where it was found in the 50's by prospectors who were searching for gold along that stream. Here, however, it remained until 1861, when an event occured in Virginia City that made it seem all at once to be a valuable acquisition.

It was just at the opening of the civil war and on the Comstock the loyal sentiment was at fever heat. One day the people awoke and found that a rebel flag floated over the store of a man whose avowed sympathy for the Confederacy had already rendered him an object of dislike and suspicion. Volnteers were called for and the flag, which had been roughly made by the shop-keeper from crude materials, was torn from its fastenings and trampled in the dust.

The very day news was received of the report at Sacramento that a great plot had been discovered, formed to gain control of the Confederacy. It was asserted that Judge Terry, then at Salt Lake City, had been secretly commissioned by Jeff Davis to be commander of a newly created "Division of the Pacific," and that his emmisaries were in every city making preperations for the simultaneous uprising of those who were in sympathy with the South.

This report, coupled with the raising of the Confederate flag, threw Virginia City into wildest excitement. It was determined to at once organize, equip and drill a company of soldiers, sworn to defend the city and surrounding country from invasion. The organizing of this company and the selection of the men to comprise it was left to Captain Pray.

Someone at this junctnre bethought himself of the old Fremont cannon on the Carson river, and a detatchment of soldiers was sent out in search of it, returning in due time with the old howitzer. It was probably now that the piece was mounted on the log carriage.

Time, however, showed ere long that the fears for the safety of the city from Southern conquest had been groundless. The company was disbanded, and years after, when Captain Pray removed to Glenbrook, he took the old cannon with him.

About three years ago, before his death, he had the relic photographed and sent a copy of the picture to Mrs. Fremont, who wrote a letter thanking him in kindly terms for the same. She declared she had often heard the General speak of the lost howitzer he had left on the Carson river.

"Who's the prosecntrix in this case?" asked Judge Joachimsen.

"She's a dive waitrix, your honor," was the lawyers reply.

Case dismissed.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We have fitted up our best front room for the country editor. It is to be his city office. Pursuing creditors and libeled constituents will not get beyond the front door. Chris Evans has been engaged at an enormous salary as doorkeeper. A pepper-box and a razor with a white bone handle in the stationary drawer. Come in and put your feet on the mantelpiece and make yourselves at home.

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## OUR TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT

### He Is Taken in by a Hebrew on the Pullman.

### THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF BEER SELLING IN THE WEST.

On the road

To the MIDWINTER APPEAL:

One generally learns something new in traveling. I was recently taught one of these severe object lessons. At Ogden yesterday I was grieved to discover that my old reliable silver timepiece was just 4p hour slow. I mosied the lands along to their proper destination and mentally sawed wood awhile. To-day at Grand Island I learned by the depot clock that my watch was again backing and had dropped another hour. I concluded that a watch that lost an hour a day as a regular thing was not a fit companion for a man of my methodical habits, and so communicated my troubles to a Hebrew gentleman in an adjoining section, who sympathized with my chronological afflictions and was kind enough to purchase the ticket at a 50 per cent reduction for cash.

An hour later I learned from a brilliant young college graduate just out of his "Alma Mater" that a man traveling eastward on a free pass lost (or gained, I am not positive which) an hour every twenty-four, and that a man in trotting around the globe would lose his grip on an entire day if he traveled far enough, and still retain his mental poise and sobriety.

I had been told these things years ago in Connecticut by a country schoolmaster, but I regarded his information merely as one of those "fills" with which country schoolmasters are wont to stuff bolo pupils in order to make an impression, and I therefore, being somewhat "fly" at the time, avoided taking stock in it.

This is probably why a lot of thoughtless and unfeeling commercial travelers grin at me when I enter the smoking department of the sleeper and passengers stop me in the aisle and inquire the time of day.

I like jokes and levity, but there are times when comparative strangers ought to avoid familiarities.

The little towns along the line of the road tell to the observant traveler their relations with the great corporation. Where the corporation stops the trains long enough to allow passengers to eat and purchase stale fruit at exorbitant prices the streets are surveyed at right angles with the road, and the saloons and hotels have some word on their signs that tells of their loyalty to the Union or Southern Pacific systems. Towns which have been commercially ignored by the roads have their streets laid out cati-cornered with the main track, name no saloons save either Stanford or Oakes Ames, and in various other silent but characteristic ways show their contempt for these great transportation factors of civilization.

The thrift and success of the foreign element is on all sides observable. In one town on the Union Pacific were two buildings which at a glance told a story of early poverty and subsequent opulence better than I could tell it four columns of the APPEAL!

At the left was the old shanty in which a man named Kohler when he first struck the country opened a 5 cent beer saloon, probably about twenty five years ago, more or less, and on the right across the street is $200,000 worth of pressed brick, cut stone, and plate glass, representing the Kohler surplus from selling beer and other beverages for a quarter of a centuary. He still runs the saloon contemplating no donbt the erection of another building block, or perhaps the purchasing of a United States Senatorship. It is easy to figure ont the secret of the mans success. He "sabled" beer. When other beer vendors were handling warm and sloppy beer from which the vim of life had faded, never to return, he was selling cool beer that had nip and vivacity. The thrifty inhabitants of the town soon fell onto the spot where the beer was cool and lively, instead of tepid and unemotional.

I have noticed more than once, the utter failure of many of my seemingly intelligent countrymen, who have entered the lists of competition with native born Dutchmen. In the first place they can't make beer, and can't draw it or keep it cool, and consequently can not sell it. They can only drink it.

No one ever saw an American start a saloon with $20 capitol and wind up by building a brick and stone building of six stories.

The line of demarcation between successes and failure is merely a question of temperture, and the American saloon keeper never weans himself from the idea that his beer should be the same temperture as his whisky.

Beyond Ogden a quiet young man who seemed to have trouble on his mind, came into my section and asked permission to sit there awhile.

He finally unbosomed himself to me and said he could'nt stand being in the other sleeper. His story was a pathetic one and I guess it was true.

"You see" he said "there are some people in that car I can't tolerate. There is a San Francisco stock broker occupying the drawing room with his family and they put on a good many airs. They act as if it was soothing of a consideration for them to have to walk down the isle occasionally and mingle with the common rabble, who merely occupy sections. The women are covered with diamonds and snub everybody. The broker came dawn the isle and I happened to be in the way and he told me to make room as if I was the porter. I was about to lift him one under the jaw, but didn't as there were ladies near us—I dpnt allude to his family but the other people in the sleeper— You see some years ago this rascal cleaned my father out of $60,000 and left the old man a pauper. My parents were rather old when they were robbed, and I came out from the States to help keep them from starving. So you see I don't like to be much in the sleeper where I am liable to see much of their airing their snobishness with my poor old fathers money. Hav'nt seen the rascal before in years, and I've made up my mind that wherever he goes after we get to Chicago I go to, and you can bet bigh that after I interview him, his face will not be presentable on Wabash Avenue."

There is no place on earth where one can hear so many good stories, or so so many broad ones as in the smoking compartment of a sleeping car. The one I traveled in was no exception to the rule. In the evening after dinner the air was thick with tobacco smoke, and anacdotal muck. The little place was crowded with men of the world, and when I state that, there were two commercial drummers in the lot, as well as a sprinkling of newspaper correspondents. One can imagine that there was a good deal of rough and tumble story telling, of course all of the stories had points, but some of them were long and broad enough to almost chemically precipitate the tobacco smoke in the compartment. There was one pleasant little man who was always in the smoker early to secure a seat, and while he never told any stories, he seemed to more thoroughly enjoy them than anybody. The broader the narration the longer he remained in convulsions of merriment. Just before we reached Chicago I asked him his occupation. He smiled and evaded my question, but finally said.

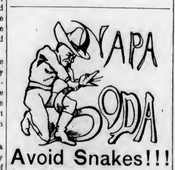
"I am a clergyman, I have a parish in Oregon and my flock has given me a little vacation. I have kept my cloth in the back ground so I could enjoy those stories and not make a frost in the smoker. I've had an awfully good time, and haven't laughed so much for years. Its fun to get away from the solmenty of religion and kick up ones heels, I wish I could do it oftener. I have taken some notes of some of those yarns, "Corkers" I think you called them, and I shall turn them loose on some of my clerical friends. We all enjoy them, at least most of us, even when we profess not to. I once knew a clergyman who frowned when I told him a story that was a trifle suggestive and not long after he ran away with another mans wife. Don't let those fellows know that I am a preacher, they might think they would have to modify their conduct and I'd miss a lot of fun."

Little did my companions of the smoker know how they had been entertaining a worldly angel unawares.

P. S. I collected six subscriptions to your paper on the way and have pocketed the money until I can find if your sheet will run another month.

I would send you the names of the subscribers but unfortunatly I have lost the list.

MAJOR.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If you want to get real good liquor call up with your buckskin sack and gold dust.

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One hears this a thousand times daily because it is a
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It is hardly necessary to say that the CAFE ROYAL is on the corner of Fourth and Market, and that JIM ORNDORFF and AL HALL will steer the destinies of the place.
We merely make the remark to fill this space.

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Abe Cohn's
In CARSON CITY the place to buy to advantage.

RUSS HOUSE
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Shaving, 15c. Hair Cutting, 25c. Baths, 25c. First class in all particulars.
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If you miners want to invest your money in a
SURE THING
Call around after your regular clean-up and see
McAfee Brothers,
Who have some of the BEST ORANGE LAND in Palermo for sale at terms that a miner can get off at. Don't ramble off your dust or blow it in at the hurdy joints, but stick it into a
Sure Thing
And have something to fall back on in your old age.
McAfee Bros.,
108 Montgomery Street. 8

## CAMP JOTS.

There is an Ostrich at Alex Badlam's Fish Exhibit.

Keast's Gold Mine continues to draw steadily.

There is a lot of new talent and a change of programme at the Oro Fino.

A few days ago Jean Hahn came riding into Camp in a jinrikisha and his hat was shot full of holes in no time.

Old Judge Moses fined the editor of the APPEAL $20 yesterday for killing a delinquent subscriber. Cheap enough.

A man who tried to scale the '49 Camp fence on Wednesday night fell and broke his leg. He could have reached the place for less money by the regular gate.

Tillys mules got on an otter wild bear on Tuesday and ran into Smith's Cash Store and ate up two sacks of beans. The animals were attracted there by the low prices and good beans.

Jones and Barnes are selling a brand of whisky in the Camp that is a great help to those who need to ride barley mules to Spanish Flat to get their tanglefoot.

Pete Dunn was here Wednesday loaded to the guards and tried to clean out the Dance Hall. Pete is a good fellow when sober, but very ugly when inspired with Jones corn juce. The damage was light.

The paper is a day late this week, because four of our fastest compositors got the gold fever and struck out for the new diggins in preference to playing poker with the proprietor in order to get their wages.

The Camp has lost two of its best members, Captain E. N. Jennings the champion swordsman, and W. F. Lockowits, late chief steward of the Rest For The Weary. They go to fill two prominent positions at the Heidleburgh Castle in the German Village. The Castle will have an opening in a few days, when both these gentlemen will appear in their new roles.

Red nose Billy was hung in front of our office yesterday, for abducting a horse that belonged to Old Harry. We are getting mighty tired of having stiffs hangin about in front of our shantie. If there are going be any more hanging "bees" let them be elsewhere. So look out for blizzards.

The above item was handed in by one of our carrier boys, who said that while there was no truth in the item he thought it would help sell the paper.

Parson Fair arrived here last night and will preach at the Oro Fino theatre on Sunday. There is a movement on foot to postpone the prize fight until after the morning service, but the general idea is that there would be no sense in it, the mill was advertised at 10 o'clock to enable the Spanish Flat miners to get home in time for the fandango. There is even talk of stopping the regular exercises as the singing of the choir will interfere with the calling of the rounds if the fight takes place in the mule corral opposite the theatre.

OUR TRAVELING AGENT.

OFF FOR THE MINES.

J. E. Witcher will start for the mining districts on Tuesday next to canvass for the official Catalogue of the Mining Exhibit. He will make a general clean up in the advertising knee boxes, and act as distributing agent for the MIDWINTER APPEAL. We send out no agents without pictures for identification, and the accompanying cut will serve the purpose. Barkeepers are requested not to let him in the door until he exhibits his credentials.

HELD UP.

Louis Fox the boy tragedian and all round impersonator, who sings at the Oro Fino theatre in the '49 Camp, was arrested recently by two officers who claimed that he lived in Louisville and was wanted there by his parents. They said he answered the description of the boy named Edmonds. He said that was not his name and he had full permission of his parents to leave home. The officers had a photograph of Edmonds, which they think bears some resemblence to Fox but they are a little doubtful. Fox says that he earns considerable money singing, dancing and selling papers in the '49 Camp and remits home regularly.

CONFEDERATE NOTES AT PAR.

Strange as it may seem, a confederate $50 bill was taken at par recently at Collins saloon. It appears that General Hammond had received the bill from Colonel Andrews as a souvenier and getting it mixed with some good money took lunch at Collins, and handed the waiter the bill receiving the change.

A few days after Hammond discovered the mistake and went back to redeem the bad note. When he asked the waiter if he remembered paying out $40 change for a confederate bill the waiter grabbed Hammond by the collar and began to yell; "Here's the man, police! police! The proprietors apologized to the General for the waiter's excitement, and after exchanging the bill for good money all hands had a drink at the expense of the house.

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This exhibit gives a thorough and practical demonstration of

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OPPOSITE THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE SCENIC RAILWAY.

Washing Gold from Genuine Pay Dirt brought Direct from the mines.

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Old-time Jigs and Reels.

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A GOOD QUARTZ OR GRAVEL MINE.
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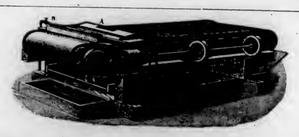


FRUE ORE CONCENTRATOR

Over 4000 in actual use.

Manufactured under Patents of April 27, 1880, July 24, 1888, and March 31, 1891

SAN JACINTO ESTATE, LIMITED, Office of the General Manager.
P. O. Address, South Riverside, San Bernardino county, Cal.
CAJALCO, December 18, 1891.

FRUE VANNING MACHINE CO., 132 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.—GENTLEMEN: After a continuous trial of different Concentrators (comprising the Frue Vanner, the "Holland," "Paradox," "Trimph" and the "Woolhiny" Concentrators), extending over several months, we find that we prefer the Frue Vanner, as it is easier of adjustment, runs smoother, has less wear and tear, and—having a positive travel—gives less trouble than the other more complicated and over-changing machines now in use here. The Frue Vanner not only saves a cleaner concentrate, but has less loss in the tailings, and is in several ways preferable to the other Concentrators here. I am, my Dear Sirs, yours faithfully,
S. HARRIS, Manager.

Price of 4-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner ..... $550, f. o. b.
" " " Improved Belt Frue Vanner ..... 800, f. o. b.
" 6-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner ..... 800, f. o. b.

For any information, or for pamphlets, or for circulars or testimonials, call on or address us at our office.

H. J. SUMMERHAYES, Successor to ADAMS & CARTER, Agent Frue Vanning Machine Company
NO. 132 MARKET STREET ..... SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



# THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
## AND JOURNAL OF FORTY-NINE.

VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1894. NUMBER 9.

THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
AND JOURNAL OF '49.
Published Weekly at 429 Montgomery street, by
SAM DAVIS.
$2.50 Per Annum. $1.50 Six Months.


## BY PONY EXPRESS.

NEWS BROUGHT IN BY OUR CAYUSE.

FOR THE POOR.

Paris, March 3—Patti announces that she will give a series of operatic performances for the poor of Paris. She will take 99½ per cent of the gross and give the poor what is left after expenses. The public journals think she has gone crazy in her old age, and in her generosity will squander her fortune.

GLADSTONE OUT.

London, March 2— Gladstone has actually resigned as Premier. It was not from old age however, as he is all right physically, and cut two cords of wood for Winsor Castle yesterday, and also took Victoria out to a candy pull in the evening. The Queen has wired M. H. De Young to come and take Gladstones place as soon as the Midwinter Fair is over.

THE SACK ARRIVES.

Reno Nev., March 1—The long expected sack of John P. Jones arrived. Tremmore Coffin was on hand to take charge of it, having come down on a special train from Carson City.- Foley and Allen Bragg were also there. It was rumored that the sack contained sufficient money to carry the fight for the Senate, but when opened it only contained a few silver specdes and some Populists documents. Coffin fainted on the spot and was carried home in a comatous condition.

FOUR HANDED DUEL.

New York, March 2— Arrangements are being made for a quadrilateral duel between Bill Cody, Fred May, John Mackay, and Prince Colona. The Madison Square Gardens are bidding for the fight, and tickets are $25 apiece The idea is for all hands to slide into the ring and begin operations at the drop of the hat. The electric lights will be turned out, and every two minutes they will be flashed up for ten seconds to enable betting men to make books. Mackay is to use giant powder and a diamond drill, Cody will select a bowie knife, May a Delmonico toasting fork, and the Prince a macaroni cutter. Mackay is selling highest in the pools. Dick Dye will handle the box office, and the proceeds will go toward settling Prince Colonas gambling debts, and May's bash bills.

UNEASY ABOUT CROVER.

Washington, March 1—Great uneasiness is felt here about the whereabouts of the President. He has not been heard of since he went hunting and fishing. A Cabinet meeting has been called to send a relief party after him. Several blood hounds have been engaged on the trail along with Bill Cody and some Indian Scouts. Senator Stewart has introduced a bill docking his salary for non-attendance at the White House when Stewart called

Later—J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture, reported that he had just received a brace of mallard ducks and a string of snckerp by express from the President. The game was exhibited to the populance by hanging in front of the Capitol, and the excitemen has partially subsided. The game is very rank and the Board of Health is now in session.

## A WILD NIGHT.

The '49 Camp and the Streets of Cairo.

Last Saturday night a Prince called at the Camp accompanied by Count Vermont and the Executive Committee.

The Prince and Count were treated just as well as American visitors, and no kick was make by the Misers to the Executive Committee for bringing them in. As a mark of special favor the regular audience was dismissed, the Committee the Prince, the Count, and a few Barons were then entertained by "La Pal ma," this dance has the suggestiveness of the Oriental dance with the grace and dreamy music of Spain. Carmen can dance it to perfection.—so Commissioner Lilianthal says—if she has assistance. The dance brings down the house of course. Count Vermont then escorted the party over to the Turkish Theatre and turned loose the Wiggle dance. The play opened with champaign for the audience, It made a great hit. Vermont footed the bill, it being his treat.

He said, when in the '49 Camp, that if anybody could show a livlier dance than these Oriental dancers could show he would treat, well—he treated to the extent of about three cases.

Then the curtain rose. A beautiful woman half clad reclined on a bed of roses, green excelsior or something of that kind. In came a bear. The animal saw the woman with great astonishment and began to sniff all over her. After meditating a while he concluded he had struck a good thing and put both arms around her. She awoke just as two men and a mule came on the stage fighting for the possesion of a gun to kill the bear. One of them got the gun and killed the bear, just as he was embracing the lady. Fired with rage she got up, got a sword, and killed the man who had interupted the bears attentions.

This is considered very funny in Turky and the audience loudly applauded. Then came the stomach dance with about ten Oriental beauties in it. Then the Count set up more wine and there was more dancing. Our sporting reporter says that he got to bed at 4:30 and has asked the mailing clerk not to send this issue to his family

The crowd filed out of the gate singing, Oh the Midway, the Midway, The Midway Pleasance, etc.

JOSHING JOHN.

A few days ago a Chinaman wandered into Camp, and struck Papa Peaks for the job of sawing his wood.

"Saw one cord, splitty, piley, how much?"

"One dollar hap."

"No piley, how much?"

"One dollar quarter."

"No piley, no splitty, how much?"

"One dollar."

"No splitty, no piley, no sawee, how much?"

"Six bittee."

Then the Chinaman paused a momen and began figuring, an expression of disgust passed over his face and he turned away. "See here, you makee me head damn foolee."

People will see a good deal of fun when the railway war lowers the passenger tariff.

CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY.

When the Camp first opened there was a lamentable scarcity of whisky here but the famine is about over. Dealers who wish to introduce new brands send them here for the purpose of having them tested and recommended. Recently the celebrated Canadian Club Whisky floated into Camp and the boys have sampled it heavily. It is a brand that grows dear to the palate and makes a man enjoy the good weather. Parties who want their whisky cheerfully tested will do well to send a case to this office.

It is claimed that Field's pull in Washington will re estate Marshall Franks. Field and Cleveland don't speak as they pass by.

The Coos Bay Coal Company is the solitary firm in this city that has responded to Mc Ewens $20 an inch rate for advertiseing. It is proper that a coal advertisement should go with his weekly roast.

OUR SOLICITOR IN GRASS VALLEY.

## SENSATIONAL JOURNALISM.

The News Boys Idea.

Ralph Clyde the news-boy who sells APPEALS at the Mining Camp recently remarked to the editor:

"Why in thunder dont you liven up your old sheet and give me a chance to make some stuff?"

"What would you suggest?"

"I want something lively to yell out."

"Would you be kind enough to write something embodying your idea of what sort of literature makes the paper sell."

"You bet, but you won't print it, you dont know any more about '49 ways than a pig under a gate, I'll write a piece that will ratch the town."

He contributed the following:

Last Sunday Cross Eyed Sal sent Red Mike to glory. Mike was getting too spoony on one of the hurdy girls, and so she had to put a hole through one of his lungs, which she did in good shape. He is now in Heaven singing "After the Ball is Over." Sal then licked the hurdy girl and clawed out some hair. The girl carried for Spanish Flat after more hair.

Three-fingered Jake, Sals old lover, has come back to her and the wedding comes off next Sunday eve. Guests to the happy event will leave their guns home, but can pack their tooth picks if they like.

Monte Pete and Three Card Charley had a little scrap in Camp the other night over a game of cards, there wasn't much damage done. Pete had his left ear shot off and Charley is about on crutches. The latest account is that they have made up and are drinking clam juice together. We are on the lookout for another squall soon, when it is to be hoped that both of them will pass in their checks, as they do nothing but squabble in Camp and never pay a legitimate saloon bill if they can help it.

WENT BEGGING.

The Haunted Swing was the invention of Captain Lake an inventor of Atlantic New Jersey. His neighbors thought him crazy, and his idea made him a laughing stock. J. R. Cathart finally became interested in it and paid him $70,000 for the right. A company has been formed to exhibit the swing all over the United States. It has been a financial success everywhere and the present owners are getting rich.

THE HAUNTED SWING.

This most wonderful illusion must be seen to be appreciated. Words fail to express the curious and realistic results obtained. Every one paying the Haunted Swing a visit will be more than satisfied. This is certainly one of the best shows in the Fair grounds. The admission is but 10 cents.

Some Spanish Flat toughs went into Smith's Cash Store yesterday and shot some holes in the clock, but didn't hit a vital spot. The boss opened fire and shot one of them in the leg, after which the crowd dispersed. The price of beans has been lowered to cost and a new supply of ammnition ordered.


RESERVED
FOR
FOOTE'S
MUSEUM.


## AN OUTRAGE.

Our Canvassing Agent Robbed in Nevada City.

Last Tuesday Mr. Witcher our lightning canvassing agent went up to Nevada City and rustled for subscribers. He collected about $100.00, and was then taken in hand by Messrs Kibbler and Dolittle of Grass Valley and filled up on the peculiar tonah brand of liquor in vogue in that section. In a few hours he was playing off his money at faro, riding into saloons on horse-back, and scattering wealth on every side.

The job was put up on him by these parties in the interest of a black mail sheet that hates to see the APPEAL get subscribers in that part of the country. We dont care a rap about the $1000 as that can be picked up in a day, where the paper is known, but the low down dogs who engineered the job are beneath contempt. If the trick is repeated we will take in the town some day with a couple of guns and keep the gang busy burying its dead. If undertakers want to realize handsomely on their stock of bass wood coffins they can do so by keeping on our trail during the next two weeks. An undertaker ran make enough to go back to the States in style if we ever decide to visit that town.

Meneshile our special artist Charles Natl has made a hurried sketch of the scene, when our agent was playing the role of a last man on horseback. When our agent starts out to paint a town red he does it in good shape.


A MARVEL.
THE
CALIFORNIA AMALGAMATOR.

The California Amalgamator is a thoroughly practical machine, possessing simplicity, durability and effectiveness.

It not only has no superior, but no equal.

It is the cheapest and best in existence.

It will save all fluored mercury from Stamp and Huntington mills.

It will save all fine gold from Snake river sands and other similar deposits.

It will save all fine gold from beach or black sands.

It will save every particle of gold that floats in water, no matter how fine. It will save flake gold so fine that it will not settle in still water in ten seconds.

Call and examine it at the Mechanic Arts building, Midwinter Exposition. It has no equal.

California Amalgamating Co.,
602 MARKET STREET,
(State Board of Trade) San Francisco, Cal.

ESTABLISHED 1850.

For Almost Half a Century We Have Been Catering To the Cultivated Tastes of this City and the Pacific Coast.

High-Grade Groceries
Medicinal Liquors
Havana Cigars

WE PUBLISH THE LARGEST GROCERY CATALOGUE IN THE WORLD. SEND POSTAL FOR COPY.

SPECIALTIES:
Sierra Madre California Olive Oil.
Finest California Wines.
Old Crow and McBrayer Whiskies.

WE SHIP EVERYWHERE.

GOLDBERG
BOWEN
AND
LEBENBAUM
426-428-430-432 Pine Street,
(Telephone No. 1.)
215-217 Sutter Street,
(Telephone No. 111.)
2805 California Street,
(Telephone No. 4101.)

COLONEL HAFFORD'S
ARIZONA
EXHIBIT
Of all the Birds, Animals and Reptiles of the Territory.

The most Complete Private Collection in the World

The Colonel has taken twenty-five years to Amass this Collection.

South Drive, in rear of the Administration Building.

ADMISSION - - - - - - - 25 CENTS.

MISS PLUNKETT'S
—EMPLOYMENT BUREAU,—
424 SUTTER STREET,
Between Stockton and Powell, San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone No. 5472.

The most reliable male and female help furnished on short notice.

Special attention paid to country orders.

Sutter and Powell street cars pass the door. 4

BOYS!
DRINK THE GOOD OLD
DAYS OF '49
WHISKY.

For Sale
All Over the
Camp.

Meyerfeld, Mitchell & Co.,
SOLE AGENTS,
116 Front Street, San Francisco.

## THE GOLD QUESTION IN 49.

Captain George W. Thomas, the deputy Auditor of this city, is a pioneer who likes anything that will recall the "days of '49." Recently he drifted out to the Mining Camp at the Fair and affectionately fondled March all's old rocker. He loitered about the old cabins, sat down on a three-legged stool, and to save his life he couldn't help kicking the bark log and spitting on the fire in the old fireplace.

"What an ignorant lot of duffers we were," said the Captain, as he leaned back and roared at some recollection of pioneer days. "Do you know that the gold question was as big a bugaboo to California then as the silver question is now? Gold was so plentiful that no one thought it would ever be exhausted. We confidently expected that the time would come, and soon, too, when silver would take the place of gold. No silver was being mined, and everybody had a hatfull of gold. Everybody was anxious to make his stake as quickly as possible, so that he could get out of the mines and change his gold for silver before it became valueless. That fear filled every miner's heart, and was the prime cause of the terrific energy in those days.

"It was the popular belief, too, among fairly well-educated men that the coarse gold we found had been fused in the center of the earth and belched up through some small hole. One day while picking away in the old Iowa mine, I found a round, soft boulder as big as a water bucket. Around it was a circle of coarse gold and beneath it shown great nuggets. I ran out of the little tunnel shouting at the top of my voice, 'I've found it! I've found it!'

"Found what?" asked my partners.

"The hole that the gold comes up through."

Two of them were physicians and men of education, but they believed just as firmly as I that I had really found the hole from which the gold of the coast was belched up. We took $6000 out of that pocket and were terribly disappointed when we found bedrock a few feet below."

## THE RAILROAD WAR.

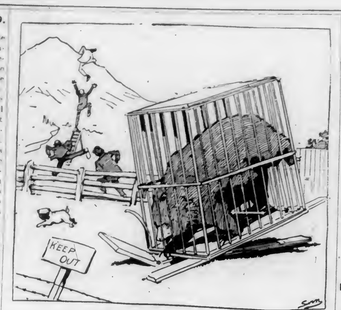
The fight between the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fee will be welcomed by the Commissioners of the Midwinter Fair. We trust that our friend the Southern Pacific, who's ad appears in another column, will not hesitate to whip out its bowie knife and cut the rival to the bone. We would suggest to C. P. Huntington that if he wants to establish a reputation for cold nerve such as was in favor in '49 days, he will lift the scalp of his adversary in such a way that will cause all other for all time to shun a rate war with him.

One dollar for a round trip from Chicago would be about the sort of a dose to deal out to the cheeky Santa Fee. Give it to 'em hard Collis, and sock it to the others. Remember, that we are behind you and will publically endorse every cut you make.

## OUR ART DEPARTMENT.

Although the APPEAL is regarded as a rough and tumble journal in some respects, its art department may justly be considered the best in the city. In order to better illustrate the immense superiority of this journal over our slow going contemporary the Examiner, we have borrowed some of Mr Hearst's best cuts to print in the same issue with our own. The reader will at once note the wide difference. The cuts run by the APPEAL were drawn by Charles Nahl, the best delinator of early Californian life who ever lived. They were engraved on wood over thirty years ago, and as a result our readers are treated to some very clever things in the art line, not to be found in the other papers in the city. Of course a daily paper cannot possibly expect such work in the hurry and bustle of getting out an issue every twenty four hours.

It is also now an impossibility to secure artists in California like Charles Nahl, principally because they are dead. A large number of Nahls' pictures have been secured through the Mining and Scientific Press, to which most of them belong, and some of them have also been loaned us by Perham W Nahl, a nephew of the great artist and publisher of the excellent souvenier of "Early Days of California" in which many of Nahls' best pictures are reproduced in half tones. The APPEAL during the Fair will be the best illustrated paper in the city. Our pages will not be sprinkled with cheap cuts like our contemporaries who's readers are not particular about the sort of art they get, but will be embellished with a few exceptionally good engravings of life in the early days with as accuracy to life that no pioneer will hesitate to recognize.




A GIFT TO THE CAMP FROM THE "EXAMINER."

### JACKASS RAVINE NEWS.

Jackass Ravine, Mch. 1.—The voters of San Francisco have at last declared themselves, and you can bet your boots that the combine will find themselves washed out when convention day arrives.

Last Monday night the boys met at the old Mantle and adopted a scorching set of resolutions, the tone of which set those present afire with enthusiasm. The battle cry from the bay will be "Down with the ring and get all the votes you can for Theo. Ross for the Judge's position." The gentlemen selected to represent the voters in convention were Con Mooney, Colored Shagg, Uncle Billy Woods and Paddy Hughes.

Con and Billy will take a few sacks along, but I have not heard how much the main will be for. However, Frank Hastings has sold his trotting horse and will back the Mooney chickens. Look out for fun at the convention.

On my arrival back at the Ravine your correspondent found that Soldier Mary had been beat most to death by Big Food Liz. It seems that Mary came on and shouted that Mary was wearing second-hand clothes, and further stated that the dress in question was once owned by Strangler Moll of Dry Town. Then the fur flew fast and furious. Finally they were separated and both arrested by officers Ben Fitch, Bill Burdett and John Sedgwick. The case will be held when Judge Tobin returns, he being away hunting up Hibernia stock.

There is a rumor current that Patsey Crowley will come before the convention seeking the nomination for Constable. How true this is I am not in a position to state.

Big Casino got on one of her fighting drunks a night or two ago and deposited five slugs with Jimmy Atkinson of the Hole-in-the-Wall Saloon as a standing wager that she was the best formed woman in the State. Can you send up a girl from the '49 Camp to collar this stuff?

Two low chaps, who say their names are Barnes and Kowalsky, have hung out their shingles, but the boys are a little shy of them. The one with the tough name told two or three pretty good stories last evening at the East Chance, but Tim McCarthy knocked him out with his latest No Fee production, called the "Silent Yarn." If you come this way have the Senator tell it to you.

GRIM.

The three leading papers of the city are now published at 429 Montgomery street. The Star, The MINWATZA ARGUS, and McEwen's Letter. We publish them in the rotation in which they were born. The APPEAL is six weeks older than McEwen's Letter, and, of course, treat it as a kid. The papers are all printed on the same press, and the literary dynamite of the town is concentrated here. By subscribing for all three in a bunch you get the truth and the news.

It was rumored yesterday that De Young had bought McEwen's Letter. It was finally ascertained that he paid 10 cents a copy for it.

The fumes of Papa Peakes baked beans continue to cause a rush of people to his place daily. You can pay to enter the Camp, get dinner, and still be served cheaper than at some of the extortionate concerns on the outside of the Camp.

### POOR ART.

"The Lost Arrow" is the title of a bronze statue in the Art Gallery. The archer is pulling the string of the bow with his right hand, and has his right knee elevated and resting on a rock. To get the proper "brace" his left knee should be elevated. The sculptor evidently never saw an archer shoot, or he would never have made such a lamentable blunder. The statue should be removed, as it is an abortion on both art and archery.

### DUST

Roltare the King of illusionests will place a number of new illusions on deck soon. His barker, who is the loudest at the Fair still holds out.

The biggest stomach dancer at the Turkish theatre weighs 250 pounds, and is called "Oh Mamma" by the audience, and will back the Mooney chickens. Look out for fun at the convention.

The mere fact that the Hawaiian Palace Cafe is a branch of the Sparta is all that is necessary to say to those who have enjoyed the excellent dinners at the Sparta.

A Carson man, a few nights ago tried to shoot the piano player at the Oro Fino The bullet did no further harm than go through the piano. The place is doing a splendid business.

The big storm of last Thursday filled up the ravines on Mount Shasta, back of the Mining Camp, and all of Tully's mules are reported lost there. It's possible that their bones will not be found until spring.

"A Song of Hope" written by Rollin M. Daggett, for the APPEAL, is a rare and delightfull piece of poetry. Daggett was one of the 49'ers, and the verses published in another column shows that he has lost none of his former poetic vim.

An observing pefson remarked the other day: "This bad weather is because the boys throw off on the preacher the last time he was here. The devil is always watching for a chance to get in his work." The next time Pulpit Pounder Fair shows up here he should be better entertained.

Alvinus Hayward, the ancient as well as successful miner, is negotiating for the purchase of the Williams mine at Forbestown. He is a mascot, and wherever he sticks his pick he generally finds something. When he quits it is time for the small fry to begin to roll up their blankets.

### THE PALACE GRILL.

John Mackay telegraphed to Dick Dye yesterday that he would not come back to the coast for some time, but that he would have to get a change of diet soon somehow, and longed for the good provender of the Palace Grill room once more.

### WELCOME.

We belong to '49, but we have just come to life again with a boom, and we are not selfish. An enterprising Company has put forth a neat and well written monthly magazine—"The Viava Journal." The new comer is welcomed by the APPEAL first on account of its literary merit; secondly, because it is for the ladies, and '49'ers were ever attentive to the fair sex. "The Viava Journal" has caught the feminine public taste, and is not only entertaining, but educational also. It claims to be published as an aid and help to women, and proves its intention by fixing its subscription at the exceedingly low price of 25 cents for a whole year.

The office is at the N. W. Corner of Van Ness Ave. & Vallejo street.


# '49 MINING CAMP.

A FAITHFUL REPRESENTATION OF THE OLD-TIME FEATURES OF A NEW DIGGINGS IN '49.

Mining Strikes, Hydraulic, Sluice and Quartz Mining Faithfully Represented.

Mining Riots, Pistol Arbitration, Lynching Bees and Claim Jumping Riots Realistically Enacted.

The Postoffice, Justice's Office and Mayor's Office, All in the same Saloon. Open Night and Day.

The Tiger With His Teeth Pulled Will be There in Mimic Representation of Old Times.

STAGES RUNNING BETWEEN THE CAMP AND FRISCO DAILY.

Good Tavern Accommodations and Mule Corrals.

Mrs. Woods' Souvenir Paintings of Camp Cabins.

Halstead's Horses on Snow Shoes.

PRECIPITOUS FLUMES AT THE FOOT OF MT. SHASTA.

GRAND PANORAMIC EXHIBIT, SHOWING MT. SHASTA FIFTY MILES AWAY.

The Millionaire Cabins of Early Days, John Mackay's Cabin, Built by Him, and in Which He Lived When He Made His First Big Strike in Alleghany, Sierra County.

U. S. Senator Perkins' Cabin, Built by Him 38 Years Ago at Thompson's Flat, Butte County.

The Original Downie Cabin, Reproduced From a Cabin built by Major William Downie, the founder of Downieville.

The Oro Fino Concert Hall. Old-time Ballads and All Kinds of Terpsichorean Novelties.

Typical '49 FANDANGO with forty sweet-faced Senioritas dancing to the strains of the famous Mexican Orchestra.

A REGULAR NEWSPAPER OFFICE ON THE GROUND.

ADMISSION - 25 Cts.

THE HEADQUARTERS FOR THE FORTY-NINERS

And all the '49 Mining Camp boys when they stray from the Camp is at the

LA ROSE,

213 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Mount & Storey, - - Proprietors. 6

HOWD'Y?

We have fitted up our best front room for the country editor. It is to be his city office. Pursuing creditors and libeled constituents will not get beyond the front door. Chris Evans has been engaged at an enormous salary as doorkeeper. A pepper-box and a razor with a white bone handle in the stationary draws. Come in and put your feet on the mantelpiece and make yourselves at home.

Pacific States Type Foundry,

409 Washington Street, San Francisco. 6

RUSS HOUSE,

MONTGOMERY ST., EXTENDING FROM PINE TO BUSH.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Business center of the city, convenient to all banks, insurance offices and places of amusement during the Midwinter Fair.

Containing 300 Rooms.

J. S. YOUNG . . . . PROPRIETOR

TERMS:

$1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 Per Day.

Still lower terms for excursion and other large parties. Superior accommodations for families at very moderate rates.

Hotel coach in waiting at all boats and trains to convey guests to and from the house free of Charge.

For further particulars apply at '49 Camp.

TABER

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.

Official Photographer

CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER —INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION— 1894.

Studio on Central Conrt, Exposition Grounds, between the Administration and Mechanical Arts Buildings.

—ALSO—

121 Post Street,

Between Kearny and Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

ROBT. JONES. W. J. BARNES.

THE PALM

GARDEN CAFE,

On South Drive, Under the Scenic Railway Tunnel.

Refreshments of All Kinds, Solid and Liquid, at Reasonable Prices.

The Finest Brands of California Wines and Beer.

Private Dining Rooms.

JONES & BARNES.

St. Mary's Hospital,

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

Luke Robinson, M. D., Senior Physician and Gynecologist.
Alexander Leonard, M. D., Senior Surgeon.
Walter S. Thorne, M. D., Michael Fatrell, M.D., Physicians.
T. E. Bailley, M. D., Resident Physician.
George H. Powers and William Hopkins, Oculists and Aurists.

PEOPLE'S PALACE MUSIC HALL.

CORNER EDDY AND MASON.

CLIFF PHILLIPS, Proprietor and Manager.

Vaudeville Performances

Every Evening and Saturday and Sunday Matinees at 2 O'clock P. M.

Admission - - - - Free.

JOHN A. ROEBLING'S SONS CO.,

Manufacturers of

Wire Rope, Wire Cloth, Insulated Electric Wire, Telegraph Wire, Fence Wire, Galvanized Fruit Drying Cloth, Galvanized Wire Netting.

Works—Trenton, N. J.
WAREHOUSES.
117 Liberty street, New York.
171 Lake street, Chicago.
25 Fremont street, San Francisco. 5

JAS. P. DUNNE & CO.,

NO. 1 STOCKTON STREET

And junction of Market and Eddy Streets,

San Francisco. 6


## A SONG OF HOPE.

There's nothing so bad as it seems, my friend,
There's nothing so bad as it seems;
The ills of to-day
Will soon pass away
To meet you again but in dreams, my friend,
To meet you again but in dreams.

There's nothing so bad as your told, my friend,
There's nothing so bad as your told;
Though empty your purse,
It still might be worse—
You've treasures worth silver and gold, my friend,
You've treasures worth silver and gold.

There's nothing so bad as believed, my friend,
There's nothing so bad as believed;
Though friendships grow cold
As hunger grows bold,
Less you than such friends are deceived, my friend,
Less you than such friends are deceived.

There's nothing so bad as you say, my friend,
There's nothing so bad as you say;
The light of the stars
May greet you through bars—
The sunshine will come with the day, my friend,
The sunshine will come with the day.

There's nothing so bad as you fear, my friend,
There's nothing so bad as you fear;
Though death sunder ties,
And hope even dies,
The sweet smile of comfort is near, my friend,
The sweet smile of comfort is near.

There's nothing so bad as 'tis said, my friend,
There's nothing so bad as 'tis said;
Though heart aches and strife
May last all your life,
Beyond there is peace for the dead, my friend,
Beyond there is peace for the dead.

R. M. DAGGETT.

### LOW ADMISSION.

The war of the people for a 25 cent admission still goes on. At night the Iowa Band plays to a few Piute Indians and some chewing gum girls. The crowd isn't there. During the day the average is not over 7000. A 25 cent admission for day and night would set the Fair humming, for thousands of citizens who consider this the people's Fair will not set foot inside the gates until the rate is 25 cents for all day.

The interior press is clamoring for it, and thousands of county people will not come until the rate is reduced. There are hundreds of concessionairs at the Fair who have a great deal of money invested, and their interests should be considered. They are not making expenses, and around getting the service the Management promised. They are now talking of moving their shows down town, starting a Midway at the Mechanics' Pavilion and getting where they can make money. They say if the Fair Management won't let the crowd find them, they will hunt the crowd themselves.

The Management on the other hand vow that those who show down town will have their concessions cancelled. The Concessionaires say that unless they can have the crowds the Sheriff will cancel their concessions.

Unless the Managers listen to the business demands of the popular call for cheap admission some of the concessions will go to the wall in thirty days.

The Commissioners in advocating their side say that the Fair has only just opened, and that it is doing better than Chicago; that the low railroad rates will result in a tromendous rush before long, and to reduce to 25 cents now would make it seem like a cheap Fair to the East.

Colonel Andrews, however, says that after the debts are cleared up he would favor opening the gates free, but now he will stand by the 50 cent rate.


DR. LUELLA COOL,

DENTIST,

—112 Kearny street, near Post,—

Rooms 2 and 3.

Fridays—Stanford University. 5

PALO ALTO STABLES, E. R. MILES, Proprietor.

320 O'FARRELL STREET,
Two Blocks From Baldwin Hotel, San Francisco.
FIRST-CLASS LIVERY AND BOARDING. SADDLE HORSES AND VEHICLES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
TELEPHONE, 2615.

AT THE MEXICAN CAFE.

### SERIOUS TRIFLING.

It was a common thing in Virginia City in the early days, for a number of people to get together and present some public man with a testimonial, in the shape of a gold watch or a silver service. As a rule, the testimonials were presented to people, who could well afford to buy such luxuries, by impecunious persons, who could ill afford to pay even a fractional part of the value. The poor giving to the rich!

Some years ago the Superintendent of——mine became very popular, and a number of his friends concluded that it would be the correct thing to present him with a gold watch and chain. They raised $350 among the miners who worked under him. The miners did not receive the idea of a testimonial with acclamation, but somehow thought it unwise to refuse to subscribe. The friends of the Superintendent thought it would be well to make the affair as much of a surprise as possible. It was to come off in the office of the mining company, and in order to make the surprise more complete, it was determined to make the presentation as much as possible like an investigation of official corruption up to the moment that the watch should be flashed in sight.

The following note was accordingly sent to the Superintendent by the jokers:

Mr. ——: Sir—You are ordered to appear in person this evening at the office of the —— Mining Company, at 7:30 o'clock, to answer to certain grave charges which have been made against your official conduct in connection with the superintendency of the mine. Promptness upon your part will greatly facilitate business.

Yours, etc.,

THE TRUSTEES.

At seven o'clock about a hundred of the Superintendent's friends were on hand to take part in the festivities. Several baskets of wine were in sight, and the party selected to make the presentation speech had a funny one learned by heart. At half-past seven, however, there was no superintendent. Eight o'clock came, and he was not there. Half an hour later some friends went to his room to see if he had received the note.

He had received it, and JUMPED THE TOWN.

### AN ATTRACTIVE CAFE.

The Nevada Cafe on the roof garden of the Nevada building is attracting a good many visitors. There are two things which catch the crowd, the Cafe and the lovely view which overlooks the north drive. There is a beautiful awning over it and the place is a great resort for flirtations in the evening. Mr. Flannery keeps nothing but the gilt edged stock behind his bar, and those who will have nothing but that sort of stock know where to find it. Nevada butter, which took first premium at Chicago, and Nevada cream is another attraction of the resort. The prices are so reasonable that diner's at the Cafe express astonishment at the smallness of the bill. After being robbed at some of the other restaurants try this one.

Ned Foster is having hard work making tamales enough to sell, and his employes are tagged out every night.

Avoid Snakes!!! By Drinking Napa Soda.

CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY

—:o:—

Age and Genuineness Guaranteed By the Canadian Government By Certificate With Each Bottle.

ASK PAPA PEAKES FOR IT

MRS. S. S. BOWERS

The Washo Seeress and Astrologer AT THE '49 CAMP

The Past and Future revealed and the veil lifted.

I am located at the '49 Camp on SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS ONLY

Would be pleased to have my friends call and see one of the most reliable seeresses on the Pacific Coast.

My parlors, 4 and 5, 105 Stockton St. Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. 9

Tamales.

2 For 25 Cents,

—OR—

1 For 25 Cents,

Including a Bottle of National Prize Beer, with a napkin, plate and fork.

The groceries are from Goldberg, Bowen & Lebenbaum.

The peppers and corn from John J. English.

The chickens are from Roberts & O'Brien.

No seagull business here. Genuine chickens and turkeys, and don't you forget it.

NED FOSTER!

TAMALE COTTAGE.

GEORGE GOODMAN,

—Patentee and Manufacturer of— ARTIFICIAL STONE

In all its branches. Schillinger's patent sidewalk. Garden walk a specialty.

Office—307 Montgomery street, Nevada block, San Francisco. 7 1m

THE NEVADA CAFE AND ROOF GARDEN IN THE NEVADA BUILDING (Next to '49 Camp)

Excellent Meals at all Hours at Reasonable Prices.

NEVADA BUTTER AND CREAM

The bar is stocked with nothing but GILT EDGED WHISKY

M. P. FLANNERY, Proprietor

LOUIS SUTTER,

Formerly of Virginia City, Bodie, Aurora and Pickhandle Gulch, has pitched his tent on the northwest corner of Polk and Sutter streets, where he runs a regular old-time saloon for old-time friends.

If you want to get real good liquor call up with your buckskin sack and gold dust.

If You Don't Buy THE Official Catalogue You Don't See THE FAIR.

J. T. MOORE,

Express Business,

Corner Seventh Avenue and D Street, (Opposite Midwinter Fair Grounds), At terminus of Geary, McAllister and California-street cable lines, San Francisco, Cal.

Furniture and Articles of Every Description Moved at Lowest Possible Rates. All Orders Promptly Executed. 6

WONDER! WONDER!

Novelties in Millinery at the

. . . WONDER . . .

1024, 1026, 1028 Market Street.

NEW HATS, NEW FLOWERS, NEW FEATHERS, NEW ORNAMENTS,

RIBBONS, LACES, VELVETS, ETC.,

FOR THE

SPRING TRADE

THE LARGEST STOCK AND BEST ASSORTMENT ON THE COAST

BRANCH STORE, 999 MARKET STREET, COR. SIXTH

Also Branch Stores in Oakland, and San Jose.

Goods sold at wholesale and retail.

THE HAWAIIAN PALACE CAFE (BRANCH OF THE SPARTA)

Opp. Mechanics Arts Building.

The place where you can get the BEST MEAL at the Fair at a MODERATE PRICE

D. G. CAMERINOS, Proprietor.

J. T. MURPHY. J. E. DELEHANTY.

The Gilroy.

NEVADANS TAKE NOTICE. Hot Lunch constantly on hand. 43 EDDY STREET, southeast corner of Mason. 4

INGLENOOK Table Wines and Brandies

The Standard of Excellence and Purity.

Grown and bottled at the celebrated INGLENOOK VINEYARDS Rutherford, Napa County, Cal.

San Francisco Agency, 101 Front St.

California's Choicest Production 9

RESERVED FOR THE AMERICAN BAR

Vienna Prater Building ROME HARRIS

Branch LAUREL PALACE, N. W. Cor. Bush & Kearny

REST FOR THE WEARY

Food and Feed for Man and Beast.

Baked Beans Cooked in the Ground, None Better.

OLD PAPA PEAKES, the Well-Known Caterer, Will Personally Superintend the Management.

J. K. DALMAS,

CARPENTER and BUILDER FOR THE '49 CAMP '49

Particular attention paid to Fitting up and placing exhibits at the Midwinter Fair.

TERMS MODERATE.

GOOD AND QUICK WORK.

Orders left at 1201 Market St., Corner Eighth, PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

"Meet Me at the Cafe Royal."

One hears this a thousand times daily because it is a Sporting Center.

It is hardly necessary to say that the CAFE ROYAL is on the corner of Fourth and Market, and that JIM ORNDORFF and AL. HALL will steer the destinies of the place.

We merely make the remark to fill this space

A. COHN.

SAN FRANCISCO PEOPLE Who cannot get suited in the price and quality of San Francisco clothing will find

Abe Cohn's

IN CARSON CITY the place to buy to advantage.

RUSS HOUSE BARBER SHOP AND BATHS.

—Fresh and Salt Water, 25 Cents.— 217 Montgomery street, between Bush and Pine.

Shaving, 15c. Hair Cutting, 25c. Baths, 25c. First class in all particulars. SEPTICH & KLEINHANS, Proprietors.

Ladies' entrance next to Russ House elevator. 4

Cross, Hall, Ford & Kelly,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS, NO. 101 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING. TELEPHONE NO 1519.

Mining Exhibit.

Don't Fail to Visit the Exhibit —OF THE— Western Mining Exchange In the Mechanical Arts Building.

If you wish to invest in mining property, or if you have mining property to sell, you will find it to your advantage to deal with us.

Office, 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4

McAfee Bros.

If you miners want to invest your money in a SURE THING

Call around after your regular clean-up and see

McAfee Brothers,

Who have some of the BEST ORANGE LAND in Fulerino for sale at terms that a miner can get off at. Don't gamble off your dust or blow it in at the hurdy joints, but stick it into a

Sure Thing

And have something to fall back on in your old age.

McAfee Bros.,

108 Montgomery Street. 4

## CAMP JOTS.

Colonel Hafford proposes to put an illusion in his bedding. It is something new from Antwerp.

The new weekly, "The Irish American," is an excellent paper, and is making great headway among the Celts.

There is complaint that the Ferris Wheel has no curtains to shade the seats on rainy days. This is a matter very easily obviated.

The barker in front of Roltare's Illusion harps on a wheel iron with a base ball bat and can be heard as far as the '49 Camp.

Reprints of "The Californian," published June 12th, 1847, can be had at this office. It is a very rare old sheet and makes an excellent souvenir.

The Exhibit of Royal Dutch Cocoa at the Romanian Building is attracting thousands of visitors. The cocoa is the most delicious thing that an epicure ever dreamed of, and the service is faultless.

Old Spanish Pete was buying diamonds at Colonel Andrews for his girl. Since he saw Mrs. Dr. Cod the Dentist, round the Camp with diamonds in her teeth, he insists that Eastlander Fannie must have her molars similarly upholstered.

At the last meeting of the Concessionaires' Club it was unanimously decided to accept the hospitalities tendered by the '49 Camp, and hereafter the permanent quarters of the Club will be "Golden Gate Cabin."

The Dance House girls have formed an anti-slang society. They pay in 5 cents if-ever their tongues slip. There is now $10,000 in the treasury. The money goes to the Chinese Mission and the Salvation Life Boat.

A correspondent writes us that a certain restaurant on the Fair Grounds furnishes an excellent meal at cheap rates. We have no room for such free advertisements. If any one knows of restaurants which charge extortionate prices we will publish free of charge any communication showing them up.

A post office with private boxes is to be established at the Fair. It is designed more especially for married men whose correspondence is not supposed to be read in the home circle. It might with propriety be called the "Date Exhibit." If the numbers should ever get mixed up the divorce lawyers will reap a harvest.

Richard Foote passed 2,340 children into his Museum on children's day and allowed them to retain their tickets for some other time. Now every child in town is making life a burden to its parents with importunities to take them again to see "the woman that floats in the air," and some parties wish Foote had never been born.

## FAIR JOTS.

Count Cornely was attached the other day.

There is another row in the Japanese Garden. The place, however, continues to be a popular resort.

That lunch at Papa Sibella on Thursday was a delightful revelation of good cooking, and the press men very much enjoyed the layout.

De Vellino, the dancer and singer, has been engaged at the Roumanian Theatre. The theatre is free, but a large business is disposed of selling refreshments.

On Wednesday night there was a blowout at the Vienna Prater, and for the occasion there was practically a 25 cent admission. Result, 5,000 people on the grounds.

John Sweeny of Carson is running "The Rare" restaurant opposite the track, and with good beer and good grub, is filling several nail kegs with money every week.

Deputy Sheriff Spreckels, who has been off in Los Gatos getting the Keely cure is back again, and will make an attempt to have the county foot the bill. Better wait a few weeks and see what sort of a hold the cure has on him.

Thomas P. Robinson of the official Programme called at the APPEAL office yesterday and sampled some of our Fargo and Company whisky. Although Mr. Robinson runs a rival sheet on the Fair grounds, he is as welcome to the freedom of the office as the flowers of spring.

The scientific administration of electricity for Nervous Prostration, Insanity, Hysteria, Insomnia, Catarrh, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Diabetes, Malaria, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Uterine Diseases. Electricity not only cures disease, but it consumes, expels or burns up all drugs in the system. DR. AGNES WINZELL, Electric Physician, 105 Stockton street, parlors 5 and 6.

### THE VOLCANIC CYCLORAMA.

A day at the Fair is not complete unless one sees the crater of the great volcano now on exhibition as part of the Hwaiian exhibit. One who has never seen a volcanic crater, has no realizing sense of the terrible grandure of the scene. Standing in the center of the building where the cyclorama is exhibited, one seems for the time to be in the pit of hell. On every side are the ceaseless fires of Pele. The glare of hell seems in the air, and the red flames stab the murky sky from behind the big piles of heated lava, and form a thousand grotesque shapes. The glow that lights the rocks has been handled with remarkable skill by the artist, and artificial fires help to brighten up and intensify the brilliant scenic effects. Over these pits of burning lava is the soft sky of the Pacific, and blending with the picture is a delightful moon light effect which causes the crowds to leave the place with reluctance.

This exhibit gives a thorough and practical demonstration of

**Hydraulic Mining,**

—As carried on in Oregon and California.—

In Operation All the Time.

OPPOSITE THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE SCENIC RAILWAY.

Washing Gold from Genuine Pay Dirt brought Direct from the m ines

That this exhibition is well worth seeing is proved by the fact that

**A Gold Medal Was Awarded at the World's Columbian Exposition.**

C. W. Ayers,
J. S. Spencer, } Proprietors.
J. W. Miller,

ADMISSION - - - - 25c. | CHILDREN - - - -10c



# VIAVI.

Which translated means
THE ROAD TO HEALTH.

Very necessary to womankind
In a thousand and one ways
And by our cures we quickly
Verify the claim that VIAVA is
Indispensible to you all.

TO ALL WANDERERS on the rocky road of sickness, we will furnish a Guide to the City of Health and happiness in life, where woman with her ever increasing burden can throw off and lay aside the weight of destroying disease and lift up her head in

## Perfect Health.

Upon the pages of feminine history appear a thousand testimonials from thankful hearts of wives, mothers and daughters whose ills have been banished by VIAVI. All disease falls before its potent influence and slow destroyers give way to vigorous health, happiness and physical comfort, not for a day, but always.

Nothing but competent and patient ladies in attendance to consult and comfort those who need our aid.

## No Charge For Consultation.

Call on or Address
2301 VAN NESS AVENUE,
CORNER VALLEJO.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.

THE ORO FINO
—CONCERT HALL,—
'49 MINING CAMP.

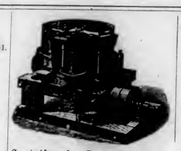
Songs, Ballads, Skirt and Serpentine Dancing,

And Every Other Terpsichorean Novelty Known.

Old-time Jigs and Reels.

BONANZA BEN and NUGGET NED, Proprietors.





Centrifugal Roller Quartz MILL.

This mill can be seen in operation in the MECHANICAL ARTS BUILDING.

F. A. Huntington.

Manufacturer, 213 and 219 First street, San Francisco.

Illustrated Pamphlet on application.

WHEELAND & COLLINS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Old French and London Dock Brandies,

Port Wines, Sherries and all the Choicest Brands of Champagne, Apple Jack, Pisco, Urzack, Cordials, Liquors, etc. 329 MONTGOMERY and 511 CALIFORNIA-street, San Francisco.

THE VIENNA PRATER,

THE ONLY PLACE OF AMUSEMENT AT THE EXPOSITION.

THE IMPERIAL VIENNA PRATER ORCHESTRA,
COURT DIRECTOR, FRITZ SCHEEL.

STRING CONCERT AND MILITARY CONCERT DAILY
FROM 3 TO 11 P. M. AT THE
KAISER FRANZ JOSEPH HALL. - - MIDWINTER FAIR.

Joshua Hendy Machine Works.

PROPRIETORS OF THE CITY IRON WORKS.

Works: Corner Bay, Kearny and Francisco Streets.
Principal Office: No. 51 Fremont Street.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Importers and Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Boilers, Engines, Pumps and Machinery

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Specialties of Hydraulic Mining, Quartz Mining and Milling Machinery, Hydraulic Gravel Elevators, Hydraulic Giants, Automatic Ore Feeders,

Shoes and Dies and All Castings furnished promptly upon order.

AFTER LEAVING CAMP
CALL AT THE
Colorado Gold Mine,
—AND TAKE A—
Ride Through the Mine.

See a Gold Mine in full operation in all its details.

The finest educator of the day.

Indorsed by the Denver Mining Exchange, Colorado School of Mines and thousands of others.

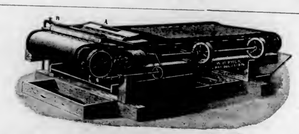
After you enter the tunnel you can easily imagine yourself 1000 feet underground.

PRICE OF ADMISSION - - - 25 CENTS
CHILDREN - - - - - - - 10 CENTS

WANTED.

A GOOD QUARTZ OR GRAVEL MINE.

Address C. H. Foss, Crocker Building, room 5, with full particulars, price, etc. 5



# =FRUE ORE CONCENTRATOR=

Over 4000 in actual use.

Manufactured under Patents of April 27, 1880, July 24, 1888, and March 31, 1891

SAN JACINTO ESTATE, LIMITED, Office of the General Manager.
P. O. Address, South Riverside, San Bernardino county, Cal.
CAJALCO, December 18, 1891.

FRUE VANNING MACHINE CO., 132 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.—GENTLEMEN: After a continuous trial of different Concentrators (comprising the Frue Vanner, the "Holland," "Paradox," "Triumph" and the "Woolbury" Concentrator), extending over several months, we find that we prefer the Frue Vanner, as it is easier of adjustment, runs smoother, has less wear and tear, and—having a positive travel—gives less trouble than the other more complicated and ever-changing machines now in use here. The Frue Vanner not only saves a cleaner concentrate, but has less loss in the tailings, and is in several ways preferable to the other Concentrators here. I am, my Dear Sirs, yours faithfully,
S. HARRIS, Manager.

Price of 4-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner..... $550, f. o. b.
" " Improved Belt Frue Vanner..... 800, f. o. b.
" 6-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner..... 800, f. o. b.

For any information, or for pamphlets, or for circulars or testimonials, call on or address us at our office.

H. J. SUMMERHAYES, Successor to ADAMS & CARTER, Agent Frue Vanning Machine Company
NO. 132 MARKET STREET..... SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



# THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
## AND JOURNAL OF FORTY-NINE.

VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1894. NUMBER 10.

THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
AND JOURNAL OF '49.
Published Weekly at 49 Montgomery stree
BY
SAM DAVIS.
$2.50 Per Annum. $1.50 Six Months.


## BY PONY EXPRESS.

### NEWS BROUGHT IN BY OUR CAYUSE.

### A JUSTICE REBUKED.

Nevada City, March 10—Jim O'Kief was brought before Judge Jones Monday for disturbing the peace. When the fine was fixed at $30, Jim spit quite a smart invoice of tobacco juice in the Judges eye and walked out. Jones will probably loose the use of his eye. The general opinion is that had the court worn specks he might have saved his eye, or had he been sober he might have dodged the "Louisana Juice." Jim is to be congratulated on his prompt way of disposing of his end of the case.

### BIG TRAIN ROBBERY.

Laramie, March 10—This morning on the west bound train a man named McLaughlin was asleep in the smoking compartment a thief extracted $20 worth of gold from his back teeth and made his escape. The man McLaughlin is the party who located the Golden Gate Mine on the Feather river. The thief also took two teeth. It is believed that the robber first stupified McLaughlin by giving him a bottle of dosped brandy telling him that it was a new brand of congi medecine.

### POLITICAL EXCITEMENT AT GOTHAM.

New York, March 10—There is great excitement here over the report that Bill Gladetone the ex London political boss is coming over here on a large salary to manipulate politics for Tammany.

He has been in correspondence with the Tammany leaders for some time, and is preparing to take the whole Bosship in hand. He will live on the Bowery and cultivate an acquaintance with the Democratic masses.

### EXPLANATORY.

Last week the APPEAL noted the death of our esteemed citizen Mr. Miles Tompkins of Ragtown, and stated that he had served a term in the Iowa penitentiary. This was a mistake; He was a Church Deacon in his native town, and led an exemplary life as far as we know.

The way the item crept in was done by some of our compositors playing football on a moving day in the composing room, they pied several galleys of type, and in gathering up the debris the sentances got mixed up.

We are trying hard to make the APPEAL a good family journal, but with the class of drunken compositors we have working for us, it seems a hard matter to get things anywhere near right.


The scientific administration of electricity for Nervous Prostration, Insanity, Hysteria, Insomnia, Catarrh, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Diabetes, Malaria, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Uterine Diseases. Electricity not only cures disease, but it consumes, expels or burns up all drugs in the system. DR. AGNES WINZELL, Electric Physician, 105 Stockton street, parlors 5 and 6.


### THE HAUNTED SWING.

This most wonderful illusion must be seen to be appreciated. Words fail to express the curious and realistic results obtained. Every one paying the Haunted Swing a visit will be more than satisfied. This is certainly one of the best shows in the Fair grounds. The admission is but 10 cents.

GOOD DIGGINGS IN THE 'FORTY-NINE MINING CAMP.

### WANTED A JOB.

A man who will come handy in Jury Cases.

Wednesday the stillness of the courtroom was interrupted by the enterence of a man who came in with a shuffling uneasy step, and with his hat in his hand. He halted and leaned against the railing. Nobody took the slightest notice of him, however. At last he took courage and spoke.

"Is Judge Moses in?"

The clerk awoke his Honor.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I'm looking for a job, your Honor. I've been looking for work over a month."

"There's nothing for you here."

"I thought ye occasionally gave jurymen a job. I don't read the newspapers, and bein' a stranger in Camp I haven't got any prejudices against anybody. A pard of mine wrote to me from Grizzly Flat, last week, and said that the jury business up here was brisk, an' it would pay to come up. As I am a stranger to you, and a little hard up, I'll start in and serve for a case or two at half price till you kin see what I kin do."

"What are your main qualifications?"

"My strong suit is makin' a jury agree. No juries ever get hung if I'm on 'em. I just lay low till they take the first ballot, then jine the majority and argue the rest into it. I can discount any lawyer talking. I can show 'em up points they never tumbled to before. Sometimes I have to use force, but seldom. Once up at Spanish Flat, in a murder case, there was a couple of fellers standin' out agin hangin', and after arguing with 'em as smooth and gentlemanly as I could for over a quarter of an hour, I went for 'em with chairs, an' by the time I'd finished a half a dozen pieces of furniture over 'em they was glad to come in with a verdict of 'Murder in the first degree,' and the feller was hung not long afterward. In these Justice Courts I can get on a jury, and if you'll just give me a wink as to how you want the case to go, I'll guarantee to fetch in the verdict you want, or not take a cent."

The man was told to drop in again in a day or so, and they would try and make a vacancy for him.


### LIKES THE AMALGAMATOR.

The following dispatch speaks for itself.

P. W. JOHNSON.

President Cal. Amalgamator Co.
602 Market Street San Francisco.

Have one of your Amalgamators running from one of our five stamp batteries which handles the pulp perfectly.

E. T. HALE.
Supt. Keystone Mill.


The question of leading Concessionaires moving down town is still being agitated. They say that the rates must come down or they will move. The Committe should listen to their arguments, for once the stampede begins there is no telling where it will stop. It is believed however that a general booming of their shows by the Concessionaires will effect the best results.

### GRIEF AT BOONE'S

Strong Men Swimnig in Tears Over the Loss of Bruin.

The day that the lion ate up the little cinnamon bear at Boone's menagerie at the Midwinter Fair, was a sad occasion for the gallant Colonel and his associates.

They were in the main office chatting pleasantly over the prospects of the Fair when the terrible bolt fell. Suddenly Press Agent Hamilton rushed in crying like a child and between his sobs announced that the bear was no more.

Boon, used as he was to scenes of death, placed a silk handkerchief to his eyes and wiped away his tears, while McGalvin sobbed audibly.

"Its awful, awful, (boo hoo,)" said Mac, "and there's a camera man for the Chronicle out there already taking a picture of the scene where the catastrophe took place."

"Oh my God, is the poor bear dead?" said the Colonel, burying his face in his handkerchief, "and if so is the sign 'Boone's Menagerie' agin where the camera man can get a good rake at it?"

"Everything was fixed all O. K.," said Press Agent Hamilton, sobbing once more.

"Can you leave these scenes of grief long enough to go out and tell the Examiner man two columns of the sad story?" said the boss of the show.

"I suppose I'll have to Colonel, but I think some man not bound so close to the bear as I was should be saddled with this unpleasant respobility."

"Go now, here's 50 cents for drinks at the Palm Cafe, and tell him how bad we all feel. Here's a fresh handkerchief if you want to cry on the outside."

"Is the barker showing any grief? Tell him to stop that spieling now and then and shed some briny tears occasionly. This grief must be general in front."

"Good idea Mac, and you'd better get some stereotype matter and a few cuts for the MIDWINTER APPEAL. Send 'em down by the boy and tell Sam we're too broke up to call in person."

"Yes all right (boo hoo) here comes a Bulletin man and wants a column of the incident. It's awful to be compelled to parade our grief in the newspapers. I guess I'll throw a little more wine into the reporters and call attention to the big sign over the cage where the dreadful thing occured.

"Everthing was all O. K. Colonel, the sign was painted, the same day we fixed the door latch that the bear so unfortunately pulled open on a Friday his unlucky day, happening just before the two best days in the week Saturday and Sunday."

"Come now boys lets try and forget this terrible affair' show you're selves men, raise the salary of the men who fixed the door latch and we'll all go and drown our sorrow in the foaming bowl. The bear only cost twelve dollars and if we don't get sixteen hundred dollars worth of advertising for it I'm mistaken. Billy see that we have another bear down here by next week."

"I telegraphed for it day before yesterday."

Foote's Museum is pronounced by all visitors at the Fair as one of the best shows on the grounds.

### LOOK OUT FOR HIM.

Newspaper publishers in the interior are warned against Mike De Young an apprentis in our office, whom we took in last week to make a newspaper man of, and teach how to boss a composing room.

He cleaned the proprietor of this paper out of $1700 on four aces and skipped out for Yuba City. We discovered after he left that there were two more aces in the pack, against which our five queens had but a slim chance. He is no longer authorized to solicite subscriptions for this paper.

### TAILINGS.

The Camp was full of Ragtown toughs Sunday night.

Jack-rabbit shooting is good in the Camp now, and the game makes excellent pot-pie.

O'Niel at Stockwell's still continues to draw. It is the best Coppuny that has visited San Francisco for many a month.

Deputy Sheriff Dolph Spreckels is charged by Ball Eyed Dick with having rolled and robbed him last evening in front of the El Dorado. He took $2 and his mothers Bible.

If you want a fast rig that will pass anything on the road, an order for a team left at 24—26 Golden Gate Avenue will effect the desired result. Telephone No 3342.

Quite a lot of original poetry has been received at this office. Although it does not all appear in these columns, some sort of use can be made of it. We make this mention that poets may not be discouraged.

Nellie Holbrook (Mrs. Charles Blinn) read the poem on Vermont Day at the Midwinter Fair, and brought out the best sense of Mr. Cheney's verses. Both the reading and the poem were heartily applauded. When Mrs. Blinn reads a poem however, the author is always in a quandry, as he wonders whether it is the verses or the reading that is getting the applause.


### MINE FOR SALE.

A gravel hydraulic mine rich from grass roots down. 70 feet deep. Deposit covers 120 acres and is in a region of the finest water supply in the state. Terms easy. Apply at this office.

### FOR SALE.

The original Mrs. O'Leary's cow, with all the paraphernalia exhibited at the Chicago Fair with financial success. Price, $300.00. For further particulars Inquire of
A. C. McALLISTER,
San Rafael, Cal.

RESERVED
FOR
FOOTE'S
MUSEUM.

A MARVEL.
THE
CALIFORNIA AMALGAMATOR.

The California Amalgamator is a thoroughly practical machine, possessing simplicity, durability and effectiveness.

It not only has no superior, but no equal.

It is the cheapest and best in existence.

It will save all floured mercury from Stamp and Huntington mills.

It will save all fine gold from Snake river sands and other similar deposits.

It will save all fine gold from beach or black sands.

It will save every particle of gold that floats in water, no matter how fine. It will save flake gold so fine that it will not settle in still water in ten seconds.

Call and examine it at the Mechanic Arts building, Midwinter Exposition. It has no equal.

California Amalgamating Co.,
602 MARKET STREET,
(State Board of Trade) San Francisco, Cal.

Our Name Is Known

and when on cork, capsule or label of wine or liquor, is a positive guarantee of the purity and excellence of the contents.

Medicinal Liquors

for Physicians' Prescriptions a specialty.

Old Stock Bourbon

at $1.50 a bottle has no equal.

GOLDBERG
BOWEN
—AND—
LEBENBAUM

BOYS!

DRINK THE GOOD OLD

DAYS OF '49

WHISKY.

For Sale
All Over the
Camp.

Meyerfeld, Mitchell & Co.,
SOLE AGENTS,
116 Front Street. San Francisco.

COLONEL HAFFORD'S
ARIZONA
EXHIBIT

Of all the Birds, Animals and Reptiles of the Territory.

The most Complete Private Collection in the World.

The Colonel has taken twenty-five years to Amass this Collection.

South Drive, in rear of the Administration Building.

ADMISSION - - - - - - 25 CENTS.

MISS PLUNKETT'S
—EMPLOYMENT BUREAU,—
424 SUTTER STREET,
Between Stockton and Powell, San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone No. 5472.

The most reliable male and female help furnished on short notice.

Special attention paid to country orders.

Sutter and Powell street cars pass the door. 4

### A PIONEER EDITOR GONE.

The Gold Gulch Banner comes to us with turned rules this week. Bob Squinks the editor is dead. While not as a rule desiring to speak in disparaging terms of our contemporaries we submit to an intelligent constituency that Squinks was an exception to the rule. He didn't drawn a sober breath for years until the hand of death struck his body, and there is no time in the history of his life since old enough to repeat on election day, that his breath wasn't a standing temperance lecture and an antidote for snake bites.

His personal frame got tired of packing around the load of red-eye that he carried from place to place, and so laid down the burden and Squinks died.

He was a disgrace to pioneer journalism and his sex. We would suggest to his wife that she refrain from squandering good money on widows weeds, and teach the children to forget that they ever had a father. If the family want any funeral invitations printed they can get them at this office free of charge. If such a fancy piece of work should be attempted at the old blacksmith shop which he has passed on the guide as a job printing office, they would be easily mistaken for a stud horse poster.

The $25 the deceased owed us on an old poker debt, we cheerfully cancel and present to his widow, who's face wears a smile for the first time in twenty years. Her luck is certainly turning.

### A PROMINENT ARTIST.

C. W. Saalburg, who made such a reputation on the Chicago "Interocean" after leaving this city, is back again on a short visit in the interest of his paper.

The "Inter-Ocean" sent him all the way from Chicago to visit the Forty-nine Camp and make sketches of scenes there. He says that the Forty-nine Camp is in everybody's mouth in the East, and its fame almost overshadows the rest of the Fair. In some quarters one would think the big Fair was an annex of the Mining Camp, and that every Eastern visitor will seek the camp immediately on arriving. Mr Saalburg now ranks among the great cartoonists of the United States. He will remain here a couple of weeks. He has been engaged to furnish illustrated work for THE APPEAL during his stay. We want nothing but the best.

### PRINTICE MULFORD'S STORIES

No writer is dearer to the hearts of early Californians than Printice Mulford. His delightful style, his picturesque descriptions, and his natural humor linked with a perfect literary polish, made him one of the most readable writers that this coast has ever produced.

The APPEAL has succeeded in securing some of his stories of early life in the mines, and his rambles over California in early days, together with memories of his voyage round the Horn in '56.

Many of these are from original manuscripts never before published, and others are from publications printed years ago and which will be fresh and delightful reading to the present generation.

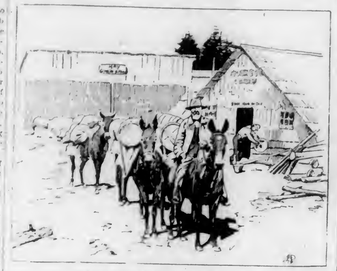
Several pages of these very readable reminiscences of early days will be published in the Pioneers and Miners edition of the MIDWINTER APPEAL, which will be offered shortly.

### BACK NUMBERS.

There is a loud call for back numbers of the THE APPEAL and advanced prices are offered for complete sets. It is useless to send to this office for them, as the supply is exhausted. A few sets can be had at the San Francisco News Company's office, on Post street, above Grant avenue. In the special Pioneer edition to be published next month a number of special articles in the other editions will be republished, as they were stereotyped in expectation of a subsequent demand for them. Orders for the special edition, with illustrated cover, can be left at this office.

An attempt is being made to pull the Corbett-Jackson fight off in Reno, Nevada, and a stock company has been formed to handle the mill. It is incorporated under the following clause of an act of the Legislature:

"Corporations may be created for the organization and maintenance of gymnastic, athletic, historic, scientific and literary societies designed to promote the diffusion of useful knowledge.



TULLY'S MULES BEFORE THE AVALANCHE.

### EXIT TULLY'S MULES.

Last week we mentioned the fact that Tully's mules had strayed up in the canyons of Mount Shasta, and were probably lost. Last evening a party of hunters returned from the search and reported that they found the animals dead in a ravine back of Strawberry Flat, where they had been overtaken by an avalanche. The wolves were devouring the bodies and having a regular anniversary banquet. Over sixty wolves were there having a good time, and invitations out for more. The searching party thought it a good idea not to be too fresh at the feast and slid back to Camp.

The picture in the APPEAL is reproduced from a photograph taken a few days before the mules took their last unfortunate trip.

### A FIFTY CENT RATE.

The Fair Management have settled the admission question by agreeing on a 50 cent rate for the life of the Fair.

It is much better to settle the question one way or another, that people may no longer hold off with expectations of a 25 cent rate.

The Management hold that as soon as the weather settles and the big crowd comes, the 50 cent admission will not keep them away.

On Sunday evening the Concessionaires Club, many of whom had been demanding a 25 cent admission, met and ratified the action of the Management, as they wished the public to know that there was harmony of action all along the line.

### NEW P. M. NEEDED.

It's high time that we had a sober man for Postmaster. On Thursday last our best girl came up from Hog Eye and emptied a couple of six-shooters through the window at our head, several of the balls piercing our clothes, all because we had not answered her last letter. An investigation showed that the letter we mailed on last Valentines day was still kicking around the floor of the Post office, and had been read by every loafer who hangs about the place.

We are now reconciled to our girl, but dont want any more fire-irons banged at us at close range. Sometimes in a case like this a bullet is liable to glance off us and kill a good man.

### ANOTHER OLD TIMER GONE.

Billy Bradly was found dead in Cherokee Ravine last Tuesday. Found on him was an empty whisky flask, a bowie knife, pistol, and other prospectors implements. Bradly came to this country from Missouri, and located at Spanish Flat in '49 or '50 he was never certain which. He brought the small pox with him, and lived several years with a Digger woman who left several children when she was shot in Slackman's dance house in '64. One of these kids is now acting as roller boy in the APPEAL office, and the other is dealing faro in Louse-town. Bradly killed his brother in '62 at the El Dorado saloon in a row about some money he had borrowed of him. After that Bradly tried to join the Pioneer Society but was blackballed. He took his defeat much to heart, and subsequently put holes in some members of the Society. His death is sincerely mourned by his creditors.

The country editor seldom gets anything for what he leaves out of his paper, though he ought often to be paid for his apparant ignorance.—Sunday "Index."

It's the city editor, Jim, who gets paid for this sort of ignorance.

### CHIPS FROM JACKASS RAVINE.

Jackass Ravine, Mch. 8.—Well, two tenderfeet are reported to have robbed the Angel's stage, but from this point of vantage I am inclined to the belief that the officers are off their base, for two well known characters have been around the ravine for several days. Of course, I rather hate to mention names, but just watch Baldy Hamilton and Alex Waugh if they should by chance happen to visit your camp—look after them carefully, for they were both broke prior to the robbery.

Theodore Ross is making a hard fight for the Justice's nomination, and many delegates are pledged to support him. This end of the country will vote solid for Treo if the convention should favor him. Do what you can for him as he will strengthen the ticket.

An Englishman named Butler appeared here the other day wearing a high hat; however, Frank Clayton shot it full of holes and it is supposed that in future all Johnny Bulls will give this camp the go by. Southern gentlemen will not be imposed on.

A lot of horsemen have had a meeting in Frisco to start a Trotting Association. Up here we do not know what they are after, but John Allman, the stagecoach, will go broke that he has a mule that can out trot, out pace or out run any animal owned in the bay counties. As John has a long sack here is a chance for Tom Williams, Dolph Spreckles or Joe Cairn Simpson to win a good big dab.

Steve Grain of Turlock and Fred Loeber of St. Helena are here trying to swap horses, but as there is a hundred difference between them in the trade the betting is even that no dicker takes place. Both of them want the best of the bargain.

There was a letter received here a few days ago by an old New Yorker asking if claims were plentiful in this locality, as three citizens of the Empire State wanted locations. Will Green of the Colusa "Sun" was willing to sell, but Old Man Carter of the Shasta "Courier" said newspapers were not wanted by the prospective settlers. So a committee was appointed to look over the 'Forty-nine Camp and select "a spot" for them. The three gentlemen are Burke Carchrane, Frank Allen and John H. Corekrell. As I knew them back East look out for them.

Gen. Bamberger and a man from Indiana called Ben. Harrison are going to discuss the topics of the day, and it is dollars to marbles that the General does the hoosier up. GRIM.

There has been quite an increased patronage at the Palace Hotel since the little tavern began to advertise in these columns.


**PALO ALTO STABLES,** E. R. MILES, Proprietor.

320 O'FARRELL STREET,
Two Blocks From Baldwin Hotel, San Francisco.
FIRST-CLASS LIVERY AND BOARDING. SADDLE HORSES AND VEHICLES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
TELEPHONE, 2615.

**DR. LUELLA COOL,**
DENTIST,
—112 Kearny street, near Post.—
Rooms 2 and 3.
Fridays—Stanford University. 5

# '49
# MINING CAMP.

A FAITHFUL REPRESENTATION OF THE OLD-TIME FEATURES OF A NEW DIGGINGS IN '49.

Mining Strikes, Hydraulic, Sluice and Quartz Mining Faithfully Represented.

Mining Riots, Pistol Arbitration, Lynching Bees and Claim Jumping Riots Realistically Enacted.

The Postoffice, Justice's Office and Mayor's Office, All in the same Saloon. Open Night and Day.

The Tiger With His Teeth Pulled Will be There in Mimic Representation of Old Times.

STAGES RUNNING BETWEEN THE CAMP AND FRISCO DAILY.

Good Tavern Accommodations and Mule Corrals.

Mrs. Woods' Souvenir Paintings of Camp Cabins.

Halstead's Horses on Snow Shoes.

PRECIPITOUS FLUMES AT THE FOOT OF MT. SHASTA.

GRAND PANORAMIC EXHIBIT, SHOWING MT. SHASTA FIFTY MILES AWAY.

The Millionaire Cabins of Early Days, John Mackay's Cabin, Built by Him, and in Which He Lived When He Made His First Big Strike in Allegheny, Sierra County.

U. S. Senator Perkins' Cabin, Built by Him 38 Years Ago at Thompson's Flat, Butte County.

The Original Downie Cabin, Reproduced From a Cabin built by Major William Downie, the founder of Downieville.

The Oro Fino Concert Hall. Old-time Ballads and All Kinds of Terpsichorean Novelties.

Typical '49 FANDANGO with forty sweet-faced Senioritas dancing to the strains of the famous Mexican Orchestra.

A REGULAR NEWSPAPER OFFICE ON THE GROUND.

ADMISSION - 25 Cts.

**THE HEADQUARTERS**
FOR THE
FORTY-NINERS
And all the '49 Mining Camp boys when they stray from the Camp is at the
LA ROSE,
213 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Mount & Storey, - - Proprietors. 6

**HOWD'Y?**

We have fitted up our best front room for the country editor. It is to be his city office. Pursuing creditors and libeled constituents will not get beyond the front door. Chris Evans has been engaged at an enormous salary at door-keeper. A pepper-box and a razor with a white bone handle in the stationary drawer. Come in and put your feet on the mantelpiece and make yourselves at home.

**Pacific States Type Foundry,**
409 Washington Street, San Francisco. 6

**RUSS HOUSE,**
MONTGOMERY ST., EXTENDING FROM PINE TO BUSH,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Business center of the city, convenient to all banks, insurance offices and places of amusement during the Midwinter Fair.
Containing 300 Rooms.
J. S. YOUNG - - - - PROPRIETOR
TERMS:
$1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 Per Day.
Still lower terms for excursion and other large parties. Superior accommodations for families at very moderate rates.
Hotel coach in waiting at all boats and trains to convey guests to and from the house free of Charge.
For further particulars apply at '49 Camp.

**TABER**
PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.
Official Photographer
CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER
—INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION—
1894.
Studio on Central Court, Exposition Grounds, between the Administration and Mechanical Arts Buildings.
—ALSO—
121 Post Street,
Between Kearny and Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.
Jan11tf

KOHT. JONES. W. J. BARNES.
**THE PALM**
GARDEN CAFE,
On South Drive, Under the Scenic Railway Tunnel.
Refreshments of All Kinds, Solid and Liquid, at Reasonable Prices.
The Finest Brands of California Wines and Beer.
Private Dining Rooms.

JONES & BARNES.

**St. Mary's Hospital,**
CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF MERCY.
Luke Robinson, M. D., Senior Physician and Gynecologist.
Alexander Leonard, M. D., Senior Surgeon.
Walter S. Thorne, M. D., Michael Fatrell, M. D., Physicians.
T. E. Bailley, M. D., Resident Physician.
George H. Powers and William Hopkins, Oculists and Aurists.

**PEOPLE'S PALACE MUSIC HALL.**
CORNER EDDY AND MASON.
CLIFF PHILLIPS, Proprietor and Manager.
Vaudeville
Performances
Every Evening and Saturday and Sunday Matinees at 2 O'clock P. M.
Admission - - - - - Free.

**JOHN A. ROEBLING'S SONS CO.,**
Manufacturers of
Wire Rope, Wire Cloth, Insulated Electric Wire, Telegraph Wire, Fence Wire, Galvanized Fruit Drying Cloth, Galvanized Wire Netting.
Works—Trenton, N. J.
WAREHOUSES.
117 Liberty street, New York.
121 Lake street, Chicago.
26 Fremont street, San Francisco.

**JAS. P. DUNNE & CO.,**
NO. 1 STOCKTON STREET
And junction of Market and Eddy Streets,
San Francisco.


### RESURCO.

Though we grow obsolete and worn,
We still are like the leafless tree
That has a sense of blossoms born,
If not of fruitage yet to be.

Beneath the torpor and the throes,
Which are time's bearings and device,
A viewless undercurrent flows
Like living water under ice.

For while to-day in listlessness
I noted earth and heaven and wind—
Barren and bleak and colorless
As the complexion of my mind—

There broke out of the leaden sky
A sweet clear trill—one strain, no more;
The unseen songster drifted by,
And all was vacant as before.

But that remembered wildwood note,
Sung with such carelessness and haste,
Shook me convulsively, and smote
A rock within the desert waste

From which a stream of memories
Burst forth and brought a flow of tears
That watered all the dust that lies
Between me and my better years.

I saw dear faces that are veiled
Or turned so that I may not see;
I heard kind voices that are stilled,
Or silent as if dead to me.

I kissed sweet lips, I clasped true hands,
I walked by many a comrade's side,
And saw o'er all the smiling lands
The splendor of life's morning tide.

It went as it had come, the glow
Departed with the wildwood strain;
But age sits lighter since I know
Some bird may bring me youth again.

JOSEPH T. GOODMAN.

### FOUGHT TO A FINISH.

**The Bitter Mushroom Contest in the Early Days of the Comstock.**

Epicures who claim to know all about mushrooms insist that the largest ever grown have been produced in the kindly soil and dry atmosphere of Nevada. Probably the largest growth of this delicious fungus ever known was exhibited in 1870 in Virginia City.

In those days people who lived up on the Comstock were very luxurious in their tastes, and there were two restaurants there which, on a small scale, were almost the equal of Delmonico's in New York.

Two Frenchmen, named respectively Chaumond and Chauvel, kept the rival restaurants on the same block, and the efforts of each man to outdo the other was always a source of infinate amusement to the patrons of the establishments.

There was a deep-rooted enmity between the caterers, and each spent unlimited money to execute a coup on the other.

Frequently a patron of Chaumond would take him quietly aside and mention the appearance in the Chauvel restaurant of some particular delicious dish which people were going wild over, and at once the chef would be summoned from the kitchen and given orders, always garnished with a volley of French oaths, to beat it, on pain of immediate discharge. The same trick would frequently be played on Chauvel, and so the tone of the two restaurants rose higher and higher until it seemed almost impossible to make any improvement, the proprietors, of course, taking good care to see that the price kept pace with the improvements.

Each proprietor was always on the lookout for some startling feature, which he would advertise in the papers after the manner of rival theaters.

As the rivalry got warm and the race was neck and neck, Chaumond one morning startled the town by exhibiting in his window a mushroom weighing six and a half pounds, and underneath was the inscription in both French and English:

"LET THE WORLD COMPETE."

When Chauvel passed by the establishment of his rival next morning and saw he giant mushroom glaring insultingly from the show-window, he was beside himself with rage and astonishment. He realized in an instant that a mushroom weighing six and one-half pounds could not be beaten. Then he read the inscription, "Let the world compete," and it seemed to him that Chaumond no longer considered him a rival, had hurled a challenge to the world over his head.

This belittleing of him and his business seemed something that in his opinion ought to meet only with a challenge.

Chauvel was one of the most expert swordsmen on the Coast, and an unerring shot, while his business rival could neither handle a sword nor pistol. A challenge under these circumstances might be regarded as taking an unfair advantage, and so poor Chauvel was at a loss to know what to do.

Everywhere he went people twitted him on having no full-sized mushrooms, and the scoffs and jeers of the public, though intended as mere good-natured raillery, sank deep into the old man's heart, and he became as low-spirited as if he had lost some member of his family by death. Every time he passed the establishment of his hated rival he saw the deafened face looking out smilingly and tauntingly at him, and as he passed along C street he walked slowly that he might reflect if he had ever done anything in his past life that warranted the Almighty in visiting him without any previous warning, with such an affliction.

One evening Chauvel overheard a man in his restaurant talking to another about an enormous mushroom he had heard of at Lake Tahoe.

The little Frenchman was all ears at once. The man insisted that the fungus in question was at least two feet across, and he himself had seen it growing near "Old Yank's," at the lower end of the lake.

Chauvel pounced on the man at once, and buzzed him for further particulars. He learned all about the mushroom and where it could be found. When certain of the fact that such a giant fungus really existed, he was simply beside himself with joy.

He invited the man to share a bottle of champagne, and finally offered him $50 and all expenses paid to go and get the mushroom and bring it to his restaurant in Virginia City.

Next morning a man started on his errand, and Chauvel was himself again.

The look of gloom and despair that had clouded his face was gone, and he was the same happy-hearted, jovial Chauvel as of old. Of course every one knew by his manner that he was preparing for a big COUP DE GRACE, the exact nature of which no one could learn. He kept his own counsel and was happy, so happy that he now only treated his friends at two-bit saloons, and whenever he ordered a bottle it was of the first brand in the market, and no other.

One morning a mysterious box arrived. It was the giant mushroom. It had been guarded all the way by the man whom Chauvel had sent into the mountains. Chauvel had cautioned him to go armed, as he feared that Chaumond might get wind of his intentions and waylay the box. So it was that the fungus in transit was guarded like a box of Wells-Fargo bullion.

When the box was opened Chauvel nearly fainted with joy. There lay the enormous mushroom, nearly two feet across and the loveliest thing of the kind that the eye of a caterer ever rested on. As it was turned over there was the delicate pink lining, and the convex outside reminded him of the shield of his forefathers whose ancestry dated back in France to the time that the Gauls invaded Rome.

Then he lifted the thing gently on the scales and it pressed down just fourteen pounds, more than double the weigh of that of his hated rival.

Then he placed it in the show-window, surrounded by a delicate frame of vegetables, arranged by a master's hand and an artist's eye, and above all was flaunted the national emblem of France.

This grand victory for Chauvel so disconcerted the owner of the six and a half-pound mushroom that there were serious apprehensions that he would commit suicide, and to cap the climax the friends of the victor serenaded him that evening at his restaurant, and all hands remained until morning, drinking up several hundred dollars worth of champaign and other wines celebrating the event.

This was the last fencing bout between the two restaurants, and the glory of Charmond's began to fade from that time until it passed away.

Since that time there has been no such sharp rivalry between caterers, and old Comstockers sigh for the time to come when in another bonanza they can again hope for such magnificent chops as tickled the palate of good old days that the pessimists of the ledge predict never will return.

Avoid Snakes!!!
By ... Drinking Napa Soda.

**CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY**
—OF—
Age and Genuineness Guaranteed By the Canadian Government By Certificate With Each Bottle.
ASK PAPA PEAKES FOR IT

**MRS. S. S. BOWERS**
The Washo Seeress and Astrologer
AT THE
'49 CAMP
The Past and Future revealed and the veil lifted.
I am located at the '49 Camp on SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS ONLY
Would be pleased to have my friends call and see one of the most reliable seeresses on the Pacific Coast.
My parlors, 4 and 5, 105 Stockton St.
Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. 9

**Tamales.**
2 For 25 Cents,
—OR—
1 For 25 Cents,
Including a Bottle of National Prize Beer, with a napkin, plate and fork.
The grocerles are from Goldberg, Bowen & Lebenbaum.
The peppers and corn from John J. English.
The chickens are from Roberts & O'Brien.
No seagull business here. Genuine chickens and turkeys, and don't you forget it.
NED FOSTER'S
TAMALE COTTAGE.

GEORGE GOODMAN,
—Patentee and Manufacturer of—
ARTIFICIAL STONE
in all its branches. Schillinger's patent sidewalk. Garden walk a specialty.
Office—307 Montgomery street, Nevada block, San Francisco. 7 1m

THE
NEVADA ROOF GARDEN CAFE AND ITS VIEWS
IN THE
Nevada State Building
(Next to '49 Camp)
Meals, Lunches and Refreshments (solid and liquid) Served.
NEVADA CREAM AND BUTTER A SPECIALTY.
The bar is stocked with nothing but Gilt Edged Liquors and Wines, foreign and domestic, from Sherwood & Sherwood. Our Cigars are Al.
The prices will astonish you.
M. P. FLANNERY, Proprietor
GIVE US A CALL.

**LOUIS SUTTER,**
Formerly of Virginia City, Bodie, Aurora and Pickhandle Gulch, has pitched his tent on the northwest corner of Polk and Sutter streets, where he runs a regular old-time saloon for old-time friends.
If you want to get real good liquor call up with your buckskin sack and gold dust.

**If You Don't Buy THE Official Catalogue You Don't See THE FAIR.**

J. T. MOORE,
Express Business,
Corner Seventh Avenue and D Street, (Opposite Midwinter Fair Grounds).
At terminus of Geary, McAllister and California street cable lines, San Francisco, Cal.
Furniture and Articles of Every Description Moved at Lowest Possible Rates.
All Orders Promptly Executed. 6

**WONDER! WONDER!**
Novelties in Millinery at the
. . . WONDER . . .
1024, 1026, 1028 Market Street.
NEW HATS, NEW FLOWERS, NEW FEATHERS, NEW ORNAMENTS,
RIBBONS, LACES, VELVETS, ETC.,
FOR THE
SPRING TRADE
THE LARGEST STOCK AND BEST ASSORTMENT ON THE COAST
BRANCH STORE, 999 MARKET STREET, COR. SIXTH
Also Branch Stores in Oakland, and San Jose.
Goods sold at wholesale and retail.

**THE HAWAIIAN PALACE CAFE**
(BRANCH OF THE SPARTA)
Opp. Mechanics Arts Building.
The place where you can get the
BEST MEAL
at the Fair at a
MODERATE PRICE
9 D. G. CAMERINOS, Proprietor.

J. T. MURPHY. J. E. DELEHANTY.
The Gilroy.
NEVADANS TAKE NOTICE.
Hot Lunch constantly on hand. 43 EDDY STREET, southeast corner of Mason. 4

**INGLENOOK Table Wines and Brandies**
The Standard of
Excellence and Purity.
Grown and bottled at the celebrated
INGLENOOK VINEYARDS
Rutherford, Napa County, Cal.
San Francisco Agency, 101 Front St.
California's Choicest Production
9

RESERVED FOR
THE AMERICAN BAR
Vienna Prater Building
ROME HARRIS
Branch LAUREL PALACE, N. W. Cor. Bush & Kearny.

REST FOR THE WEARY!
Food and Feed for Man and Beast.
Baked Beans Cooked in the Ground, None Better.
OLD PAPA PEAKES, the Well-Known Caterer, Will Personally Superintend the Management.

J. K. DALMAS,
CARPENTER and BUILDER
FOR THE
'49 CAMP '49
Particular attention paid to Fitting up and placing exhibits at the Midwinter Fair.
TERMS MODERATE.
GOOD AND QUICK WORK.
Orders left at
1201 Market St., Corner Eighth,
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

"Meet Me at the Cafe Royal."
One hears this a thousand times daily because it is a
Sporting Center.
It is hardly necessary to say that the CAFE ROYAL is on the corner of Fourth and Market, and that JIM ORNDORFF and AL HALL will steer the destinies of the place.
We merely make the remark to fill this space

A. COHN.
SAN FRANCISCO PEOPLE
Who cannot get suited in the price and quality of San Francisco clothing will find
Abe Cohn's
In CARSON CITY the place to buy to advantage.

RUSS HOUSE
BARBER SHOP AND BATHS.
—Fresh and Salt Water, 25 Cents.—
217 Montgomery street, between Bush and Pine.
Shaving, 15c. Hair Cutting, 25c. Baths, 25c. First class in all particulars.
SEPTICH & KLEINHANS,
Proprietors.
Ladies' entrance next to Ross House elevator. 4

Cross, Hall, Ford & Kelly.
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS,
No. 101 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.
TELEPHONE NO. 1513.

Mining Exhibit.
Don't Fail to Visit the Exhibit
—OF THE—
Western Mining Exchange
In the Mechanical Arts Building.
If you wish to invest in mining property, or if you have mining property to sell, you will find it to your advantage to deal with us.
Office, 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4

McAfee Bros.
If you miners want to invest your money in a
SURE THING
Call around after your regular clean-up and see
McAfee Brothers,
Who have some of the BEST ORANGE LAND in Palermo for sale at terms that a miner can get off at. Don't gamble off your dust or blow it in at the hurdy joints, but stick it into a
Sure Thing
And have something to fall back on in your old age.
McAfee Bros.,
108 Montgomery Steet. 6

## CAMP JOTS.

Increased liveliness at the Nevada Cafe.

Fandango Fanny is laid up with the mumps.

This Camp is full of tenderfoot jays who think they can run this paper better than we can.

The newspaper men have been very numerous in the Camp the last few days, and several of them were sober most of the time.

There was a cloud burst in one of the Shasta canons yesterday, and Tutt's cabbage garden was covered with debris.

A couple of gamblers had a fight in front of the Arrear office Sunday, and in the tussle about $250 in gold rolled on the sidewalk. Our compositors got most of it and were credited on their wages account, as the fight started over a article in this paper.

Among the good things in the literary line that has been received at this office lately, is the March number of the Overland Monthly. It should be decidedly interesting to Eastern visitors as it has two articles that will call their special attention, "By Northern Rivers" and "Old Californian Placers and their Possibilities."

Browns grocery store was closed yesterday, and is in the hands of the sheriff. The proprietor thought he could run a grocery without advertising in the Arrear, and the fact that the store ever existed will no doubt be news to many in the Camp. People would walk right by the place and think it was a livery stable, or old junk shop. Meanwhile Smith's Cash Store flourishes. The collapse of the Brownes store will not help Smith as the latter had all the trade in the Camp.

Last Sunday two men climbed into the Mining Camp by way of Mt. Shasta. As they slid over the painted rocks they ran square into the cage which holds Monarch the Grizzly bear. The animal threw himself against the bars of the cage with a snort that made the windows in Peak's hotel rattle and the guests dropped their bean forks. The two men actually fell to the ground in terror, and one of them shrieked like a woman. They were taken in charge by the guard and when they recovered from their fright were allowed to climb back over the fence.

The Post Master got drunk last week and mislaid several letters to our leading citizens. One of them intended for Spanish Pete's wife from "Billy Behind the Ace," got into the hands of the husband and now Billy has gone to Skaggstown for a few weeks to avoid Pete's gun. We have mailed the Arrear to his new address. If Pete only knew it there are several more men in Camp that he ought to shoot. We'd publish their names if their vote's wasn't needed next election.

## FAIR JOTS.

While strolling about the Fair grounds few people should forget to visit Lewy's and try some of his oyster cocktails. It is near the Riche Cafe.

The jury has acquitted Corbett who was tried for assaulting "One Charley Mitchell." It was clearly shown that Mitchell got hurt falling over himself in the ring. The defense also showed an alibi.

People who have not settled their subscriptions had better hustle them this week, as we intend to publish a list of new arrivals and the reasons they left the States.

"How did you get on as a guard?" Asked a man of one of the soldiery at the Fair.

"Letter from the Pope of Rome." Was the reply.

The Iowa Band has taken kindly to the compositions of our home composers, and is occasionally playing Sella Francis's sweet melody entitled "The Day's of '49" with the words by Jannyin Miller. The piece is always loudly applauded.

Mr. Maxwell who handles the Bell estate called yesterday to settle his subscription. "Sorry we were not in as he may never call again. If he should ever happen to repeat his visit he will please leave the cash on his card, as this is a lonesome Camp.

Yesterday a giant powder cartridge was exploded under our office, probably by some of the Harvey—Spreckels combine blowings. Beyond blowing a compositor to eternity, that we owed six months back wages to, it did no damage and the paper was out as usual.

A company of Chinese at Folsom leased a section of a river bar from a white man for $150. The white man chuckled over the thought of how he had received a handsome sum for nothing, but smiles no longer for the wily Chinese extracted $20,000 from the bar before the lease expired.

Subscribers not receiving their papers this week will please send in their names. Governor Markham called last Friday and in lifting his feet onto the table piled several gallies of the names of our paid up subscribers. If he would get his liquor of Jones in the dance hall he wouldn't be so clumsy.

Parson Fair's chicken roost was robbed on Friday evening of a number of fine Spring pullets, and our invitation to dine with Fair has been canceled. If we ever lay hands on the miserable scoundrel who took the fowls we will teach him the folly of his course, or compel him to divy with us when he raids hen roosts in the future.

The cow that kicked the lamp over at Mrs. Olearys house and caused the wipe-out of Chicago, has been stuffed and was placed on exhibition at Chicago. It was filled up with iced milk and formed a great attraction at the fair. It's owner advertises it for sale in another column. Here is a good bargain for somebody.


VIAVI.
Which translated means
THE ROAD TO HEALTH.

Very necessary to womankind
In a thousand and one ways
And by our cures we quickly
Verify the claim that VIAVA is
Indispensible to you all.

TO ALL WANDERERS on the rocky road of sickness, we will furnish a Guide to the City of Health and happiness in life, where woman with her ever increasing burden can throw off and lay aside the weight of destroying disease and lift up her head in

Perfect Health.

Upon the pages of feminine history appear a thousand testimonials from thankful hearts of wives, mothers and daughters whose ills have been banished by VIAVI. All disease falls before its potent influence and slow destroyers give way to vigorous health, happiness and physical comfort, not for a day, but always.

Nothing but competent and patient ladies in attendance to consult and comfort those who need our aid.

No Charge For Consultation.

Call on or Address
2301 VAN NESS AVENUE,
CORNER VALLEJO.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.

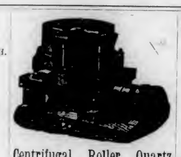
THE ORO FINO
—CONCERT HALL.—
'49 MINING CAMP

Songs, Ballads, Skirt and Serpentine Dancing,

And Every Other Terpsichorean Novelty Known.

Old-time Jigs and Reels.

BONANZA BEN and NUGGET NED,
Proprietors.



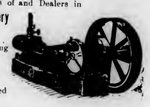
Centrifugal Roller Quartz
MILL.
This mill can be seen in operation in the MECHANICAL ARTS BUILDING.
F. A. Huntington.
Manufacturer, 213 and 219 First street, San Francisco.
Illustrated Pamphlet on application.

WHEELAND & COLLINS,
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
Old French and London Dock Brandies,
Port Wines, Sherries and all the Choicest Brands of Champagne, Apple Jack, Pisco, Arrack, Cordials, Liquors, etc.
329 MONTGOMERY and 311 CALIFORNIA Streets, San Francisco.

THE VIENNA PRATER,
THE ONLY PLACE OF AMUSEMENT AT THE EXPOSITION.

THE IMPERIAL VIENNA PRATER ORCHESTRA,
COURT DIRECTOR, FRITZ SCHEEL.
STRING CONCERT AND MILITARY CONCERT DAILY
FROM 3 TO 11 P. M. AT THE
KAISER FRANZ JOSEPH HALL. - - MIDWINTER FAIR.

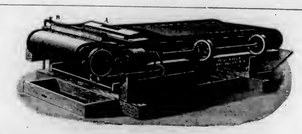
Joshua Hendy Machine Works.
PROPRIETORS OF THE CITY IRON WORKS.
Works: Corner Bay, Kearny and Francisco Streets.
Principal Office: No. 151 Fremont Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Importers and Manufacturers of and Dealers in
Boilers, Engines, Pumps and Machinery
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Specialties of Hydraulic Mining, Quartz Mining and Milling Machinery, Hydraulic Gravel Elevators, Hydraulic Giants, Automatic Ore Feeders.
Shoes and Dies and All Castings furnished promptly upon order.



AFTER LEAVING CAMP
CALL AT THE
Colorado Gold Mine
— AND TAKE A —
Ride Through the Mine.
See a Gold Mine in full operation in all its details.
The finest educator of the day.
Indorsed by the Denver Mining Exchange, Colorado School of Mines and thousands of others.
After you enter the tunnel you can easily imagine yourself 1000 feet underground.
PRICE OF ADMISSION - - - 25 CENTS
CHILDREN - - - - - - - - 10 CENTS
4

WANTED.
A GOOD QUARTZ OR GRAVEL MINE.
Address C. H. FORD, Crocker Building, room 5, with full particulars, price, etc. 5

This exhibit gives a thorough and practical demonstration of
Hydraulic Mining,
—As carried on in Oregon and California.—
In Operation All the Time.
OPPOSITE THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE SCENIC RAILWAY.
Washing Gold from Genuine Pay Dirt brought Direct from the mines
That this exhibition is well worth seeing is proved by the fact that
A Gold Medal Was Awarded at the World's Columbian Exposition.
C. W. Ayers,
J. S. Spencer, } Proprietors.
J. W. Miller,
ADMISSION - - - - 25c. CHILDREN - - - -10c



FRUE ORE CONCENTRATOR
Over 4000 in actual use.
Manufactured under Patents of April 27, 1880, July 24, 1888, and March 31, 1891.
SAN JACINTO ESTATE, LIMITED, Office of the General Manager.
P. O. Address, South Riverside, San Bernardino county, Cal.
CAJALCO, December 18, 1891.
FRUE VANNING MACHINE CO., 132 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.—GENTLEMEN: After a continuous trial of different Concentrators (comprising the Frue Vanner, the "Holland," "Paradox," "Triumph" and the "Woodbury" Concentrators), extending over several months, we find that we prefer the Frue Vanner, as it is easier of adjustment, runs smoother, has less wear and tear, and—having a positive travel—gives less trouble than the other more complicated and ever-changing machines now in use here. The Frue Vanner not only saves a cleaner concentrate, but has less loss in the tailings, and is in several ways preferable to the other Concentrators here. I am, my Dear Sirs, yours faithfully,
S. HARRIS, Manager.
Price of 4-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner..... $550, f. o. b.
" " Improved Belt Frue Vanner..... 800, f. o. b.
" 6-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner..... 800, f. o. b.
For any information, or for pamphlets, or for circulars or testimonials, call on or address us at our office.
H. J. SUMMERHAYES, Successor to ADAMS & CARTER, Agents for Frue Vanning Machine Company,
NO. 132 MARKET STREET.....SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.


# THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
## AND JOURNAL OF FORTY-NINE.


VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1894. NUMBER 11

THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
AND JOURNAL OF '49.
Published Weekly at 429 Montgomery street
BY
SAM DAVIS.
$0.50 Per Annum. $1.50 Six Months.


BY PONY EXPRESS.

NEWS BROUGHT IN BY OUR CAYUSE.

CLEANING UP THE RED SKINS.

### ROW IN CARSON.

Carson Nev. March 15—Several members of the new Athletic Corporation at Reno, called on the Governor today to know if he would allow the Corbett Jackson fight to be pulled off in Reno. On the refusal of the Governor they attempted to clean out the Executive Chamber, but were all licked and pitched out by Vanderleth the Private Secretary. Senator Boyle was thrown over the Capital fence.

### MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

London, March 14—The marriage of Miss Boyzage to a British Nobleman drew a large crowd of feeders to the wedding. The Home Guard Band furnished the music and the table was loaded with good grub. Wash-bottles of champagne were distributed about the house and the guests drank from silver bottles. Everybody was loaded to the gunnels by midnight, and a baby fell into a champagne tank and was drowned. The groom hasn't sobered up yet.

### GROVER AND BILLY MADE UP.

Washington, March 14—It is rumored in State circles that President Cleveland and Senator Stewart have made up and that Stewart will run for Vice President with Grover in '96. Stewart will be anti-silver and Grover will change his views on the 16TH. It has since been ascertained that the rumor started because the two took a Hammam bath together yesterday. They have been so active in quarreling during the last session that both have neglected taking a bath during that time.

### THE POLLARD CASE.

Washington, March 14—To-day there was a large attendance of Washingtons best society to listen to the details of the Pollard—Breckenridge case, as the details threatened to be spicy. The court room was ordered cleared. The society ladies who had to leave the room are very indignant and held a mass meeting at the parlors of the Willard Hotel. Several speeches were made and it was resolved to pass a bill in Congress allowing ladies to occupy front seats in divorce trials. Several leading female suffarage women addressed the meeting. In the afternoon the lawyers in the case exchanged some complimentary epethets, and on several occasions Miss Pollard fainted. Old Breckenridge bleached twice.

The scientific administration of electricity for Nervous Prostration, Insanity, Hysteria, Insomnia, Catarrh, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Diabetes, Malaria, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Uterine Diseases, Electricity not only cures disease, but it consumes, expels or burns up all drugs in the system. DR. AGNES WIESELL, Electric Physician, 105 Stockton street, parlors 5 and 6.

### THE HAUNTED SWING.

This most wonderful illusion must be seen to be appreciated. Words fail to express the curious and realistic results obtained. Every one paying the Haunted Swing a visit will be more than satisfied. This is certainly one of the best shows in the Fair grounds. The admission is but 10 cents.

### SAW THE OLD MANS CABIN.

John Mackay Jr. and his sister the Princess Colona, called at the '49 Camp Tuesday and took a look at their fathers cabin.

"Gracious!" said the Princess, "Is that how papa lived in early times? I dont believe that its the real cabin."

"Dont fool yourself on that question" was the reply.

"You father told me in New York that he had seen the picture of the shanty and it was the same one, only the Camp boys had fixed it up a little to look more presentable. I think it shows better carpenter work than Senator Perkins any how."

"Maybe it does, but I'd sooner live in Perkins cabin, for it has a better fireplace."

"Yes that's so, papa may not have been as good a stone mason as Perkins but he was a better carpenter you'll admit"

"I think it is about a stand off, I guess neither of them would be admitted to the Stone Masons or Carpenters Unions of early days, nothing to brag of either way, eh?"

"Guess that's about the size of it."

The two wandered into the Arrear office and began to paw over the exchanges and got the back numbers of the paper.

### LIVELY SMASH UP.

On Sunday last as the six horse stage was rounding the turn at the foot of Mt. Shasta, the king-bolt broke and threw about twenty of the Camp's leading Pedmere Dancers over the fence and into the ravines at the foot of the painted mountain. The sight of the girls turning double somersaults in mid-air was very enlivening to the spectators.

Green the barker fell into the sand head first and was dug out. His hat is still in the bottom of the hole. The top of the stage was covered with singers and dancers who were singing, "Two Little Girls in Black and Blue" as they went over. The singing was what tipped the coach over.

The party was taken to the Emergency Hospital, where they remained during the night. Most of the girls were on deck dancing next day, with patches on their faces etc. No one was fatally injured. The driver had frequently been instructed not to trot around the bend, he has been discharged.

### REMOVAL.

Joshua Hendy's machine works have been moved across the street to No. 38 to 44 Fremont street. He has a great display of all kinds of mining machinery and invites all miners visiting the Fair to call and inspect his works.

### GOMMERCIAL TRAVELERS DAY.

On June the 23 th. the Commercial Travelers propose to have an inning at the Fair. It will be one of the liveliest days at the Fair, as the boys are arranging to paint the grounds very red indeed. They say they will simply eclipse all the other days arranged by any body.

### THE PALACE GRILL.

When ever a new dish makes its appearance at the Palace Grill Room the other cook shops copy it. They get the form but not the flavor By going to the Palace Grill you get the dish in all its original glory.

### ROW IN THE APPEAL OFFICE.

Yesterday the armed guards of the Administration Building swooped down on the APPEAL office and attempted to move the type and machinery. The APPEAL was taken completely by surprise. Two men without uniforms came in and placing crow-bars under the press attempted to lift it, but as it was spiked to the floor they were unable to move it. General Boston and his son who were in the office at time, jumped these guards and beat them nearly to death. The General had his eye blacked and his son was badly bruised about the face.

In the evening the proprietor of the paper had the guards arrested and will prosecute them in the Justice Court.

The press is still running and the paper will come out as usual. The commercial men who usually run revolving advertisements in the APPEAL or take the machinery off the grounds. This we claime to do, as the contracts are mostly for six months and the press has been rented for the same time.

The next guard that tackles the APPEAL will be filled with buck-shot.

### OUR DRUNKEN P. M.

Our Postmaster now gets on a drunk every day and strews his letters along the cock-tail route so that people desiring to get their mail have to be at several saloons during the afternoon and examine their mail when they can. He generally hits the El Dorado saloon about 3: o'clock, and if he hasn't lost your mail in the hurdy houses of Spanish Flat, you can get your letters. He is a Cleveland appointee.

### THE NEVADA ROOF GARDEN.

The roof garden on the top of the Nevada building is becoming one of the most popular resorts at the Fair. It is run by Harry Flannery, who has mastered the art of making people feel at home. Nevada people congregate there, and when Nevada people get together they are always certain to find life, good cheer, and sociability. In addition to this the cuisine (this is a big word for a 40 journal) is of the best, with Nevada products in the shape of cream and butter, and a cook that makes the food melt in the mouth. The garden overlooks the North Drive and is a lovely place to sit in the afternoon, and a great place to flirt in the evening. The writer has tried the grub, the view in the afternoon, and the moon [illegible], well go up and see the roof garden and tell your friends.

### THE HAWIIAN EXHIBIT.

Interest in this exhibit grows daily and it is one of the most interesting on the grounds. The volcano, the curios, and the queer people on exhibit. The hula dance always draws a crowd, and the vacant chair which once constituted the throne of old Calicos with the original robes. Clarence A. Webster of the Chicago Inter-Ocean has charge of the exhibit, and his humorous work at the Islands, where he writes under the title of "Conflagation Jones" is a regular side splitter both in letter-press and illustrations. No visitor should go away without the book.

### THE OFFICE STILL THERE.

The '49 Mining Camp is an attraction that holds a charm for everyone. Old and young seem not to weary of a whole day spent amongst its various features. The Fandango dancers and the shooting scrapes are the most popular features of the program. The Camp continues to publish the MIDWINTER APPEAL in primitive style, notwithstanding the threatened attempt "to throw the office over the fence." The little paper takes immensely, and has now quite a large subscription list, both locally and throughout the country.

### ST. PATRICKS DAY.

Saturday the greatest crowd that has been turned loose at the Fair ground will visit it. Old Ireland and all of old Irelands friends will be there and the Harp and Shamrock will be floated on all sides. The APPEAL bids the sons of Ireland welcome to the '49 Camp and all its dips, spurs, and angles.

### KEASTS GOLD MINE.

The Colorado Gold Mine in full operation is drawing a steady crowd of visitors, and the machinery that runs the mimic show is the delight and wonder of mining men. Of late this has become a great place for women and children, as a father who wishes to post his youngsters on the mechanical methods of mining can not do better than take the little ones to this place. He will be entertained and interested.


MINE FOR SALE.
A gravel hydraulic mine rich from grass roots down. 70 feet deep. Deposit covers 120 acres and is in a region of the finest water supply in the state. Terms easy. Apply at this office.

FOR SALE.
The original Mrs. O'Leary's cow with all the paraphernalia exhibited at the Chicago Fair with financial success. Price, $300.00. For further particulars inquire of
A. C. McALLISTER,
San Rafael, Cal.

A MARVEL.
THE
CALIFORNIA AMALGAMATOR,
The California a malgamator is a thoroughly practical machine, possessing simplicity, durability and effectiveness.
It not only has no superior, but no equal.
It is the cheapest and best in existence.
It will save all floured mercury from Stamp and Huntington mills.
It will save all fine gold from Snake river sands and other similar deposits.
It will save all fine gold from beach or black sands.
It will save every particle of gold that floats in water, no matter how fine. It will save flake gold so fine that it will not settle in still water in ten seconds.
Call and examine it at the Mechanic Arts building, Midwinter Exposition. It has no equal.
California Amalgamating Co.,
602 MARKET STREET,
State Board of Trade) San Francisco, Cal.

The Examiner holds out the hope that the rate will reduced to 25 cents after April 1 st.

Our Name Is Known
and when on cork, capsule or label of wine or liquor, is a positive guarantee of the purity and excellence of the contents.

Medicinal Liquors
for Physicians' Prescriptions a specialty.

Old Stock Bourbon
at $1.50 a bottle has no equal.

GOLDBERG
BOWEN
—AND—
LEBENBAUM

BOYS!
DRINK THE GOOD OLD
DAYS OF '49
WHISKY.
For Sale
All Over the
Camp.
Meyerfeld, Mitchell & Co.,
SOLE AGENTS,
116 Front Street. San Francisco.

COLONEL HAFFORD'S
ARIZONA
EXHIBIT
Of all the Birds, Animals and Reptiles of the Territory.
The most Complete Private Collection in the World.
The Colonel has taken twenty-five years to Amass this Collection.
South Drive, in rear of the Administration Building.
ADMISSION - - - - - - 25 CENTS.

MISS PLUNKETT'S
—EMPLOYMENT BUREAU,—
424 SUTTER STREET,
Between Stockton and Powell, San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone No. 5472.
The most reliable male and female help furnished on short notice.
Special attention paid to country orders.
Sutter and Powell street cars pass the door. 4

## A FREE PRESS.

The APPEAL honestly believes that the advent of Arthur McEwen's Letter marks a new and very desireable epoch in California journalism. For years there has been no real free press in California, and San Francisco most of all has presented to the public a grade of journalism, slavish and venal to the last degree, whose very existance was a criminal insult to the public it pretended to serve.

The public knows very little of the mysterious, business partnership in big newspapers. They cannot realize, when they pick up a daily journal, that oftentimes the publisher makes more out of what he dont print than what he does.

San Francisco has been under the commercial and political rule of a score of big corporations that plunder its citizens regularly, and the men who fatten off the thievery of these merciless creatures of public franchise who so systematically plunder their creators.

There ought to be a daily newspaper in this city, run by regular journalists who are not controlled by monetary considerations, fear of municipal corporations or ties of relationship.

Scores of bright writers are employed by the press of San Francisco and their cleverness used by the newspaper proprietors as a club to levy blackmail on men of wealth. A reporter is detailed to hunt up a crime and having done so and turned in his copy, thinks little more of the matter, yet he must realize that in many instances his information is used to extort money from men of wealth.

McEwen has broken loose from these humiliating enverionments and openly declares that he will fling his lance at corruption with his own hand and be no longer on the salary list of any newspaper but his own. He is now in the ring stripped for the fray and ready for all comers. Already his opponents are dodging the issues which he raises, and are trying to put him on trial before the public. When grave accusations are made in a newspaper the question of their truth or falsity is the only issue envolved. We believe that ultimately the little weakly of McEwen's will be the foundation of a daily newspaper that will be run in the interest of the public.

### THE PRATER BAND.

The Prater Band is the best collection of wind jammers that ever came to this coast. They fall onto their music all at the same time, and melt the score as if they knew lust what they were about. Each man keeps right up with the procession and shoves the man along side. This is the correct way to play music. They ship right along the same instant without any hesitation and never fail to get to the end of the tune at the same time. This is playing and no mistake. What the Vienna people do for music when that band is away is what beats me. The Iowa Band is not in it when the Prater Band sits down to spiel. The other day the Iowa Band went to Alameda to give a concert and the people of the town all went, but didn't go inside. They stayed around on the outside of the building and took in the music. They said it was good enough to hear from a distance but not quite the cheese to pay for.

A good many people write to the APPEAL to know if they can write for it. The best way is to write a scorching letter and send it in. Parties who write to us for information will please enclose stamps. The letter will not be answered but the stamp will pay us for the trouble of opening the letter.

We would suggest to the parties who are desirous of throwing ole type and machinery over the North Drive fence that they take the matter into the courts and settle it. The farce of sending Midwinter Guards to the place about twice a week, is getting a little monotinous and will ultimately result in a guard being hurt. We don't propose to move a single pound of type unless ordered to do so by the legal authorities, and we are ready to litigate to the finish.

Mackay's step daughter made a great mistake when she married a foreign Prince. Mr. D. O. Mill's daughter has been so happy as a clam marrying Ried an American editor. There are a few good marriageable American editors left.

The citrus growers are mad over the orange awards and refuse to accept the premiums. Why best way to figure on the preserves is to send your best citrus fruits to the office and judgement will be passed in good shape.

AN ADVERTISER.

## A MIDNIGHT ARREST.

(AFTER THE STYLE OF THE DAILY PAPERS.)

Last night about eleven o'clock, as Officer John William McIntosh was standing at the corner of Clay and Montgomery streets, he saw a suspicious looking individual approach with a bundle under his arm. Suspecting that the fellow had effected an entrance into some house and burglariously despoiled it, Officer McIntosh accosted him, at the same time blowing his whistle. Officers Frank Murphy, Patrick Flannagan, and Gottlib Shimmerhorn ran up. A few minutes later Officers Guseppi Cadanasso, Michael Toomey, Dennis Finnery, Ivan Petrovich and Albert Brown arrived. Suspicioning from the movements of the police that he was in danger of arrest, the man with the bundle suddenly started off down Clay street on the dead run. The blowing of whistles attracted the attention of Special Officer James Hennessey, who attempted to head off the fleeing man at the corner of Sansom, but the fellow turned up Sansom and ran toward Washington. Here Officers T. H. W. Smith and Edward Rinaldo Mulligan sprung out of a doorway with raised clubs, but the man dodged and fled down Washington to Battery, where Private Watchman Heinrich Beerschwill attempted to intercept him. Failing, he drew his pistol and fired six shots in rapid succession and at short range—with a Storm." "A Miners Cabin by Moonlight." "Joaquin Murrieta" and "Fort Gunny-bags" the home of the Vigilance Committee. "The Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum" where the Palace Hotel now stands, and the famous picture of "Sunday in the Mines."

The first page of the cover is a magnified picture of a bell and bear fight, equal in life and action to Dore, and the last page is a Ranker of '49" which needs to be seen to be fully understood.

## BIG INDIAN FIGHT.

### The Camp Boys Clean Out the Red Skins.

News has just reached this office by our mounted courier that a lot of Indians who have been robbing and killing people at Hangtown near Marysville were rounded up and cleaned out by some miners last Friday. On Sunday Major McLaughlin, Jean Hahn, and Joe Harvey got onto the trail of the red devils about four miles up Mt. Shasta and followed them to their lair in the mountains. About 4 o'clock in the morning they surprised them in their wickiups and rallied in and killed the whole outfit in short order. The correspondent of the APPEAL arrived just too late to take part in the scrap but made a hasty sketch of the scene as the boys deserted it. Had he been an eye witness the picture would have been much more complete. We give it to our readers as near as we can, considering our limited facilities for getting out wood cuts, and our leading engraver on a drunk. Further particulars in our next issue.

### A FREE SOUVENIR.

Forbes Kalt's Souvenir of '49 is the most artistic thing of the kind issued at the Fair. He has reproduced in half tone some of his uncles (Charles Kalt) best pictures. Among these are the "Massacre of the Ottoman Family." "The Chagres River." "Cossack in a Storm." "A Miners Cabin by Moonlight." "Joaquin Murrietta" and "Fort Gunny-bags" the home of the Vigilance Committee. "The Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum" where the Palace Hotel now stands, and the famous picture of "Sunday in the Mines."

The first page of the cover is a magnified picture of a bell and bear fight, equal in life and action to Dore, and the last page is a Ranker of '49" which needs to be seen to be fully understood.


THE ORO FINO

—CONCERT HALL.—

'49 MINING CAMP

Songs, Ballads, Skirt and Serpentine Dancing,

And Every Other Terpsichorean Novelty Known.

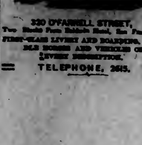
Old-time Jigs and Reels.

BONANZA BEN and NUGGET NED, Proprietors.

ROBT. JONES. W. J. RAMSEY.



PALO ALTO STABLES, E. P. ROLFE, PROPRIETOR.



320 O'FARRELL STREET,

Two Blocks From Baldwin Hotel, San Francisco.

FIRST-CLASS LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE. HORSES AND VEHICLES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

TELEPHONE, 2615.


## CAMP JOTS.

White Cloud's Indians still attract delighted visitors.

Cal. Hatford is out with a first class illusion in his Arizona exhibit.

The Apache Kid Mike, has sold his wig and is now barking for Badlam.

The Big Durham Bulls are the wonder and admiration of cattlemen. The combined weight is 6000 pounds.

The APPEAL acknowledges the receipt of a season ticket to Harry Maynards Haymarket Theatre.

The Oro Fino people are arranging for a female minstrel company, and several changes which will materially strengthen the company.

Old Boggs the Mormon Elder from Hog Eye paid our sanctum a visit yesterday. He hasn't changed his socks since the Mountain Meadow Massacre.

James A. Cahill one of the youngest artists in the city and nephew of Mad Cahill, is sketching Mining Camp scenes for the New York World.

One of the cashiers has become very tender on an attaches of the Mining Camp and the boys who do the nuptial bell ringing are spitting on their hands.

John P. Sweeney or Carson who runs the Racine House opposite the race track entrance has added a fine restaurant to his place of business.

Miss Gertie Tackley, one of the sweetest girls in the '49 Camp occupies the Butte County cabin and is selling sonvenir plates etc. Her advertisement will appear next week.

The new cabin next the APPEAL office is occupied by George Clifford the Carpenter, George Coates the Gate Keeper, Joe Comminsky the Property man and Ed Green the Barker. They are called the four aces.

Some years ago some Comstockers concluded to play a joke on a bald-headed man in Gold Hill, and told him that a decoction of sage-brush leaves would certainly make the hair grow.

He bottled up bushels of the leaves, and forced mankind to use his remedy.

The bald-heads tried it all over the State, without suspecting the joke, and finally "The Sage Brush Remedy" for baldness began to be sold at the drug stores and finds a ready sale to this day.

### AN OLD LAND MARK.

At No. 611 Washington Street is an old saloon now kept by Captain Louis Boglietto. It is one of the first places where liquor was sold in San Francisco. It was established in 1849 by Flood and O'Brien who afterwards became part owners of the Bonanza mines and the richest men on the coast. Both have passed to the silent majority but the old land mark is still there, and the spot is visited by a good many Eastern tourists out of curiosity.

In the early days the sea encroached on this territory and the saloon was supported on piles. The sea was afterwards driven back, and the place now stands on "made ground." If you go down into the cellar you can see the rotten supports of the place, and a good many people do not think they have seen the place until they have inspected the piles.

The place is full of old curios of old time pictures. One old leather disc hung with four discs nearly an inch square are still used to see who pays for the drinks. The bill is scored and anyone who can produce it can get 200 for his trouble. These ivory implements of chance used to rattle at the counter of the El Dorado and many people say that the way they have tumbled at various times has decided the destiny of a million dollars or more, no regular accounts have been kept. The sign over the old "49 Saloon Established in 1849 by Flood and O'Brien."

It is claimed that no other saloon in San Francisco can show the same age, and the proprietor says that he will also bet quite a tidy sum that no saloon in California keeps better liquors.

"Is this seat next to you engaged?" asked a traveler of a young lady in the stage.

"Yas sir, it is."

"Who's engaged it?"

"A gentleman, I believe," was said.

"Well he isn't engaged a cent this way and not six in it. I don't see any baggage. Where's his baggage?"

And as he was on the point of sitting down, when the young lady, mustering all of her courage, exclaimed: "Oh! sir, I'm his baggage."


TABER

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.

Official Photographer

CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER

—INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION—

1894.

Studio on Central Court, Exposition Grounds, between the Administration and Mechanical Arts Buildings.

—ALSO—

121 Post Street,

Between Kearny and Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

Jan1tf



RUSS HOUSE,

MONTGOMERY ST., EXTENDING FROM PINE TO BUSH,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Business center of the city, convenient to all banks, insurance offices and places of amusement during the Midwinter Fair.

Containing 300 Rooms.

J. S. YOUNG . . . . PROPRIETOR

TERMS:

$1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 Per Day.

Still lower terms for excursion and other large parties. Superior accommodations for families at very moderate rates.

Hotel coach in waiting at all boats and trains to convey guests to and from the house free of Charge.

For further particulars apply at '49 Camp.



St. Mary's Hospital,

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

Luke Robinson, M. D., Senior Physician and Gynecologist.

Alexander Leonard, M. D., Senior Surgeon.

Walter S. Thorne, M. D., Michael Fintrall, M. D., Physicians.

T. E. Bellley, M. D., Resident Physician.

George H. Fowers and William Hopkins, Oculists and Aurists.



THE HEADQUARTERS

FOR THE

FORTY-NINERS

And all the '49 Mining Camp boys when they stray from the Camp is at the

LA ROSE,

213 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.



Mount & Storey, - - Proprietors.

HOWDY'?

We have fitted up our best front room for the country editor. It is to be his city office. Farming creditors and Isabeled constituents—will—not get beyond the front door. Chris Evans has been engaged at an enormous salary as doorkeeper. A pepper-box and a razor with a white bone handle in the stationary drawer. Come in and put your feet on the mantelpiece and make yourselves at home.



Pacific States Type Foundry,

409 Washington Street, San Francisco.



PEOPLE'S PALACE MUSIC HALL.

CORNER EDDY AND MASON.

CLIFF PHILLIPS, Proprietor and Manager.

Vaudeville Performances

Every Evening and Saturday and Sunday Matinees at 2 O'clock P. M.

Admission - - - - Free.



JOHN A. ROEBLING'S SONS CO.,

Manufacturers of

Wire Rope, Wire Cloth, Insulated Electric Wire, Telegraph Wire, Fence Wire, Galvanized Fruit Dry. ing Cloth, Galvanized Wire Netting.

Works—Trenton, N.J.

WAREHOUSES.

117 Liberty street, New York.

171 Lake street, Chicago.

25 Fremont street, San Francisco.



JAS. P. DUNNE & CO.,

NO. 1 STOCKTON STREET.

And junction of Market and Eddy Streets,

San Francisco.



DR. LUELLA COOL,

DENTIST,

113 Kearny street, near Post,

Rooms 2 and 3.

Fridays—Stanford University.


## THE WANDERER.

Upon a mountain's height, far from the sea,
I found a shell.
And to my curious ear this lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing—
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

How came this shell upon the mountain high?
Ah, who can say?
Whether there dropped by some too careless hand.
Whether there cast when oceans swept the land.
Ere the eternal had ordained the day?

Strange, was it not?—far from its native sea,
One song it sang—
Sang of the mighty mysteries of the tide—
Sang of the awful, vast, profound and wide—
Softly with the echoes of the ocean rang.

And, as the shell upon the mountain height
Sings of the sea,
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away—
So do I ever, wandering where I may,
Sing, O my home—sing, O my home, of thee.

HELEN MOSSELL.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF BOOTH.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers contributes to the California Magazine a very interesting paper on her recollections of Edwin Booth. One of the most striking features of it is the modesty of the writer of the article. She tells all about Booth and scarcely anything of herself. This is quite an innovation, as most of the professional people who write reminiscence of the lights of the stage make the article a boom for self advertisement.

It is to be hoped that Mrs. Bowers will give the public more of her work. This is her first literary venture and gives great satisfaction to her friends. Booth began his his career in this city in the early days.

### CLEVELAND COMING.

Executive Mansion.

Washington D C. March 9 th.

Manager Oro Fino Concert Hall.

Dear Sir:—With many thanks for your kind offer to place a special box at my disposal to enable me to witness one of your delightful performances on St. Patricks Day (Irish Day) at the Midwinter Fair, I want to say that I shall gladly avail myself of your kind invitation thus tendered, and beg to assure you that I will be with you on Saturday March 17 th., without fail.

Yours truly.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

### General Algur in Camp.

On Michigan Day General Algur visited the '49 Camp with a party and stayed all the evening. He was highly entertained at the display of old time relics and the excellent reproduction of mining life in '49. But the fandango was what caught the General. When the music struck up and the girls began to kick he had to be held down, for he wanted to join in the dance himself.

"This is indeed a treat" he said. "It makes me feel like a boy again."

He sampled the whisky, played at the wheel, visited Smith's Cash Store, took supper at Pauki Beanery, attended the theatre, and subscribed for the APPEAL.

The General took all the hall mem bers of the APPEAL to send East as curios.

When he left he remarked that the Camp could expect him every day as long as he remained in the city.

### "49"

A new song with words by Joaquin Miller and set to music by Leila Fraser composer of "The Sweet-heart of all the Year" is now all the go with 49'ers. It was written for Pioneers day, August 6 th. in Chicago and played by the Iowa Band. It is a delightful melody and is for sale by all news dealers and at the '49 Camp.

Avoid Snakes!!!

By Drinking Napa Soda.


## FAIR NOTES.

### The Growler gets on Deck.

Will Mr. Cornely (viscount) please say where he is at? Has anything dropped?

The Daily Programme (alleged) has reduced its price from five cent to nothing. Some things are dear at any price.

Attorney James Long announces his intention of visiting the Fair with a party of friends next Monday. Chief Crowley has been notified and will no doubt do his duty.

Our morning contemporaries recently announced that the octopus at the fish restaurant was dead. This must be a mistake as we are certain we saw Alec Badlam yesterday.

The Fair guards are a good looking set of embryo politicians and will no doubt be very useful to their masters in the comeing campaign in the way of capturing ward clubs etc. They will all be remembered.

Will Mr. Felder, Chief of the Admission Department, say how much the cash receipts are from the wives, mothers, sisters, cousins, and aunts of the Fair officials? On second thought however it is better not.

The bear and lion wrestle at Boone's arena will no doubt be a wonderful spectacle, but several people have been heard to remark that they would much rather attend a meeting of the Executive Committee in about a month, provided of course that the same precautions are used for spectators as at the first mentioned place.

"Mamma, is that a statue of Mike De Young, the man I read so much about in the Chronicles?"

"No my child, that's a statue of Columbus."

"Mamma, who was Columbus?"

Result—One subscription lost and one history sold.

It is time to kick when the Eastern importation at the head of certain departments are heard to say that the coast could not produce brains enough to run their departments. Several young Californians have been rash enough to declare that they could run the business, but of course they dont know what they are talking about and are fit subjects for Agnews.

Two Generals of the late war were introduced to R. B. Mitchell a few days ago, and after giving a glowing tribute to the Fair in language that Bourke Cockran would be proud of, they waited for a return from Mitchell. He half closed his eyes in a dreamy sort of way, and in slow measured tones replied: "Gentlemen did you ever see more pretty girls in one day in your life?"

An amusing incident occured the other day. Two waiters were having a squabble with three guards, when F. A. Haber of Mardi Gras villainfame, rushed up and throwing back his coat and showing a souvenir badge said:

"Here! here! what is this? stop this row at once."

The waiter glanced at the badge and at Heber's whiskers and said:

"Give us your paw paid, I know some of the gang would be here to stand in with me."

It transpires that he thought the aluminum badge was one representing an order he belonged to viz—The waiters who wont shave their whiskers.

A body of ragged, foot-sore, and weary men stood near the north entrance the other day The effects of unceasing toil showed plainly by their broken constitutions. Old men, young men, and men of all nationalities were represented. Low mutterings like the distant ocean occasionly floated on the balmy air of Golden Gate Park. Each eye showed the hopelessness that existed in every breast. An elegant equipage dashed up to the gate. The coachman had a bug on his hat and the inmate had a bald head. Every breath was hushed. The fierce guards salaamed, the broke takers held their breaths and the roar of the lions in Boone's arena was stilled. The carriage was soon out of sight and a fierce howl of indignation arose from the multitude.—"He did not recognize us."

"Who are those men?" asked one gentleman of the other. "Don't you know?" was the rejoiner. "Why they are the members of the Finance committee who collected the money to build the Fair and afterwards whitewashed the accounts.

THE GROWLER.

CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY

Age and Genuineness Guaranteed By the Canadian Government By Certificate With Each Bottle.

ASK PAPA PEAKES FOR IT



MRS. S. S. BOWERS

The Washo Seeress and Astrologer AT THE

'49 CAMP

The Past and Future revealed and the veil lifted.

I am located at the '49 Camp on SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS ONLY

Would be pleased to have my friends call and see one of the most reliable seeresses on the Pacific Coast.

My parlors, 4 and 6, 108 Stockton St. Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. 9



Tamales.

2 For 25 Cents,

—OR—

1 For 25 Cents,

Including a Bottle of National Prize Beer, with a napkin, plate and fork.

The groceries are from Goldberg, Bowen & Lebenbaum.

The peppers and corn from John J. English.

The chickens are from Roberts & O'Brien.

No seagull business here. Genuine chickens and turkeys, and don't you forget it.

NED FOSTER'S

TAMALE COTTAGE.



GEORGE GOODMAN,

—Patentee and Manufacturer of—

ARTIFICIAL STONE

In all its branches. Schillinger's patent sidewalk. Garden walk a specialty.

Office—307 Montgomery street, Nevada block, San Francisco. 7 1m



WONDER! WONDER!

Novelties in Millinery at the

. . . WONDER . . .

1024, 1026, 1028 Market Street.

NEW HATS, NEW FLOWERS, NEW FEATHERS, NEW ORNAMENTS,

RIBBONS, LACES, VELVETS, ETC.,

FOR THE

SPRING TRADE

AT THE LARGEST STOCK AND BEST ASSORTMENT IN THE COAST

BRANCH STORE, 999 MARKET STREET, COR. SIXTH

Also Branch Stores in Oakland, and San Jose.

Goods sold at wholesale and retail.



THE

HAWAIIAN PALACE CAFE

(BRANCH OF THE SPARTA)

Opp. Mechanics Arts' Building.

The place where you can get the

BEST MEAL

at the Fair at a

MODERATE PRICE

D. G. CAMERINOS, Proprietor. 9



J. T. MURPHY. J. E. DELEHANTY.

The Gilroy.

NEVADANS TAKE NOTICE.

Hot Lunch constantly on hand. 45 EDDY STREET, southeast corner of Mason. 4



THE

NEVADA ROOF GARDEN CAFE AND ITS VIEWS

IN THE

Nevada State Building

(Next to '49 Camp)

Meals, Lunches and Refreshments (solid and liquid) Served.

NEVADA CREAM AND BUTTER A SPECIALTY.

The bar is stocked with nothing but GUY ROOKD Liquors and Wines, foreign and domestic, from Sherwood & Sherwood. Our Cigars are Al.

The prices will astonish you.

M. P. FLANNERY, Proprietor

GIVE US A CALL.



LOUIS SUTTER,

Formerly of Virginia City, Bodie, Aurora and Pickhandle Gulch, has pitched his tent on the northwest corner of Folk and Sutter streets, where he runs a regular old-time saloon for old-time friends.

If you want to get real good liquor call up with your buckskin sack and gold dust.



If You Don't Buy THE Official Catalogue You Don't See THE FAIR.

J. T. MOORE,

Express Business,

Corner Seventh Avenue and D Street, (Opposite Midwinter Fair Grounds). At terminus of Geary, McAllister and California-street cable lines, San Francisco, Cal.

Furniture and Articles of Every Description Moved at Lowest Possible Rates. All Orders Promptly Executed. 6



INGLENOOK

Table Wines and Brandies

The Standard of

Excellence and Purity.

Grown and bottled at the celebrated

INGLENOOK VINEYARDS

Rutherford, Napa County, Cal.

San Francisco Agency, 101 Front St.

California's Choicest Production 9



RESERVED FOR

THE AMERICAN BAR

Vienna Prater Building

ROME HARRIS

Branch LAUREL PALACE, N. W. Cor. Bush & Kearny.



REST FOR THE WEARY!

Food and Feed for Man and Beast.

Baked Beans Cooked in the Ground, None Better.

OLD PAPA PEAKES, the Well-Known Caterer, Will Personally Superintend the Management.



J. K. DALMAS,

CARPENTER and BUILDER

FOR THE

'49 CAMP '49

Particular attention paid to Fitting up and placing exhibits at the Midwinter Fair.

TERMS MODERATE.

GOOD AND QUICK WORK.

Orders left at

1201 Market St., Corner Eighth,

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.



"Meet Me at the Cafe Royal."

One hears this a thousand times daily because it is a

Sporting Center.

It is hardly necessary to say that the CAFE ROYAL is on the corner of Fourth and Market, and that JIM ORNDORFF and AL. HALL will steer the destinies of the place.

We merely make the remark to fill this space



A. COHN.

SAN FRANCISCO PEOPLE

Who cannot get suited in the price and quality of San Francisco clothing will find

Abe Cohn's

In CARSON CITY the place to buy to advantage.



RUSS HOUSE

BARBER SHOP AND BATHS.

—Fresh and Salt Water, 25 Cents.

217 Montgomery street, between Bush and Pine.

Shaving, 15c. Hair Cutting, 35c. Baths, 75c. First class in all particulars.

SEPPICH & KLEINHANS, Proprietors.

Ladies' entrance next to Russ House elevator. 4



Cross, Hall, Ford & Kelly

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS,

NO. 101 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.

TELEPHONE NO 1519.



Mining Exhibit.

Don't Fail to Visit the Exhibit

—OF THE—

Western Mining Exchange

In the Mechanical Arts Building.

If you wish to invest in mining property, or if you have mining property to sell, you will find it to your advantage to deal with us.

Office, 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4



McAfee Bros.

If you miners want to invest your money in a

SURE THING

Call around after your regular clean-up and see

McAfee Brothers,

Who have some of the BEST ORANGE LAND in Palermo for sale at terms that a miner can get off at. Don't gamble off your dust or blow it in at the hardy joints, but stick it into a

Sure Thing

And have something to fall back on in your old age.

McAfee Bros.,

108 Montgomery Street. 6

## ABOUT THE GOLD FEVER.

HOW IT AFFECTED PRENTICE MULFORD'S NATIVE VILLAGE.

The Formation of Companies—The Last Sunday at Home and the Girl He Left Behind Him—Return of an Argonaut. Revolution, Revelation, Dust and Doom.

[Copyrighted by the Author.]

I

ONE June morning, when I was a boy, Captain Rhen Latham came to our house, and the first gossip he unloaded was that "them stories about finding gold in California was all true."

It was "wash day" and our folks and some of the neighbors were gathered in the "wash house" while the colored lady scrubbed her fat black arms in the suds of the wash tub.

That was the first report I heard from California. Old Rhen had been a man of the sea: was once captured by a pirate, and when he told the story, which he did once a week, he concluded by rolling up his trousers and showing the bullet mark he had received.

California then was but a blotch of yellow on the schoolboy's map of 1847. It was associated only with Indian, buffalo and Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast." It was thought of principally in connection with long horned savage cattle, lassos and Mexicans. Very near the center of a vast area of what was then set down as general vacancy and mystery the entire region west of the Rocky mountains. What was known as the Indian Territory covered an area nearly equaled by half a dozen prosperous states. Texas was then the bloody ground for filibusters and people who feared it advisable to leave home suddenly. The planets in those days, "Gone to Texas," had a meaning almost equivalent to "Where is the —." Then California took its place.

The report slumbered during the summer in our village, but in the fall it commenced kindling and by winter 40 was ablaze. Then companies commenced forming. It was not entirely a stranger land to some of our people.

Ours was a whaling village. Two-thirds of the male population were bred to the sea. Every boy knew the name of a ship as soon if not sooner than he did his multiplication table. Ours was a "traveled" community. They went nearer the north and south pole than most people of their time, and fishing straits, the Kamtschatkan coast, the seas of Japan, Rio Janeiro, Valparaiso, the Sandwich islands, the Azores and the names of many other remote localities were words in every one's mouth, and words, too, which are were familiar with from childhood. Many of our whalers had touched at San Francisco and Monterey. There had recently been a great break down in the whale fishery. What a ships for sale were plentiful. Most of them were bought to carry the "git" rush of merchandize and men in California.

By November, 1848, California was the talk of the village, as it was all that time of the whole country. The great gold fever raged all winter.

All the old retired whaling captains wanted to go, and most of them did go. All the spruce young men of the place wanted to go. Companies were formed, and there was much serious drivelings up of constitutions and bylaws for their regulation. In most cases the avowed object of the companies, as set forth in these documents, was "Mining and trading with the Indians." Great profit was expected to be gotten out of the California Indian. He was counted to give skins of gold and furs in exchange for gilt watches, brass chains, beads and glass marbles. The companies bought safes in which to keep their gold, and also strange and complex gold washing machines, of which numerous patents suddenly sprang up, invented by Yankees who never saw and never were to see a gold mine. Curious ideas were entertained relative to California. The Sacramento river was reported as abounding in alligators. Colored prints were issued, the adventurer perused by those regulars. The general opinion was that it was a fearfully hot country and full of snakes.

Of the companies formed in the village some had more standing and weight than others, and consequently, as a rule, was eagerly sought for. As time prevailed that when this mercantile form of respectability was launched on the shores of California it would entail fortune on all belonging to the organization. People with the lightning glance and divination of golden anticipation were sensitive already in the minute handling of the word "company." Five years was the longest period any one expected to stay. Five years at most was to be given to filling California of her treasure, and then the country was to be thrown aside like a used-up newspaper, and the rich adventurers would spend the remainder of their days in wealth, peace and prosperity at their eastern homes. No one talked then of going out "to build up the glorious state of California." No one then ever took any pride in the thought that he might be called a "Californian." So they went.

People who could not go invested in men who could go, and paid half the expenses of their passage and outfit on condition that they should remit back half the gold they dug. This description of Argonaut seldom paid any dividends. I doubt if one ever sent back a dollar. Eastern shareholders really got their money's worth in gilded hopes, which with them lasted for years. But people never put such brilliant anticipations on the credit side of the account, and merely because that at the last they are not realized.

As the winter of '48 waned the companies, one after another, set sail for the land of gold. The Sunday preceding they listened to farewell sermons at church. I recollect seeing a score or two of the young Argonauts thus preached to. They were admonished from the pulpit to behave temperately, virtuously, wisely and piously. How seriously they listened. How soberly were their narrow brimmed, straight-up-and-down hats or plug hats of that period piled one atop the other in front of them. How glistened their hair with the village barber's best oil. How pronounced the creak of their tight boots as they marched up the aisle. How brilliant the hue of their neckties. How patiently and resignedly they listened to the sad discourse of the minister, knowing it would be the last they would hear for many months. How eager the glances they cast up to the church choir, where sat the girls they were to marry on their return. How few returned. How few married the girl of that parish's choice. How little weighed the words of the minister a year afterward in the hurry scurry of the San Francisco life of '48-49.

What an innocent, unsophisticated, inexperienced lot were those forty odd young Argonauts who sat in those pews! Not one of them then could bake his own bread, turn a flapjack, re-seat his trousers or wash his shirt. Not one of them had dug even a posthole. All had a vague sort of impression that California was a vast ocean full of rockers and that they would see each other there frequently, and eventually all return home at or about the same time. How little they realized that one was to go to the northern and one to the southern mines and one to remain in San Francisco, and the latter never to meet again! What glittering golden visions existed in their brains even during the preaching of that sermon in Rhen where the gold was put out by the shovelful, food which an occasional boulder or pebble was picked out and flung away.

The young Argonaut, church bells dismissed, took his little stiff, shiny plug and went home to the last Sunday tea. And that Sunday night, on seeing her home from church for the last time, he was allowed to sit up with her almost as long as he pleased. The light glimmered long from the old homestead front parlor window. The cold north wind without roared among the leafless sycamores and creaked the branches together. It was a cold, and pleasure. The old sofa they sat upon would be sat upon by them no more for years. For years! Forever in many cases. Today, old and gray, gaunt and bent, somewhere in the gulches, "up north" somewhere, hidden away in an obscure mining camp of the Tuolumne, Stanislaus or Mokelumne, up in Caribou or down in Arizona, still he recollects that night as a dream. And she! Oh, she dried her eyes and married the stay-at-home five years after. A girl can't wait forever. And besides, had reports after a time reached home about him. He drank. He gambled. He found his friends among the senoritas. And, worse than all, he made no fortune.

By spring most of the Argonauts had departed. With them went the flower of the village. Their absence made a big social gap, and that for many a day. The girls they left behind tried for a time to live on hope, and afterward "took up" and made the most of the younger generation of boys.

After many months came the first letters from San Francisco, and then specimens of gold dust and gold pieces. The gold dust came in quills or in vials, mixed with black sand.

In the course of two years a few of the "boys" came straggling back. The first of these arrivals, I remember, walked up our main street, wearing on his shoulders a brilliant head. Mexican serape. It brought only glances. Also in 1850-1 came a few of the more fortunate who had made a "raise," and returned to build up their castles in full who had gone by conditions given over. But few came to remain. They soon departed, and in a few weeks, turned up their noses at the small prices paid for hides, tallow, cigars and stews, trended everybody, were restless and, very of course,

Something was visibly wanting with me. I stand before one of these old fossil boys, from whom front door thirty-four years ago there went forth for the last time the young Argonaut on his way to the ship. There is more then one such house in the village. The door is double, the knocker is still upon it, the window panes are small, the front gate is the same and up to the door the same stones lie upon the walk. But within all are strangers.

The father and mother are past anxious inquiry of their son. The sisters are married and live, or have died, elsewhere. A new generation is all about. They never heard of him. The great event of that period, the sailing of that ship for California, is sometimes recalled by a few—a few rapidly diminishing. His name is all but forgotten. Some have a dim remembrance of him. In his time he was an important young man in the village. He set the fashion in collars and the newest style of pings. O fame, how fleeting! What is a generation? A puff. A few old maids recollect him. What a pity, what a shame that we do all fade as a leaf!

The recollections treated in this chapter are to me as a commencement and an ending of the shadows of a series of coming events. PRENTICE MULFORD.


VIAVI.
Which translated means
THE ROAD TO HEALTH.

Very necessary to womankind
In a thousand and one ways
And by our cures we quickly
Verify the claim that VIAVA is
Indispensible to you all.

TO ALL WANDERERS on the rocky road of sickness, we will furnish a Guide to the City of Health and happiness in life, where woman with her ever increasing burden can throw off and lay aside the weight of destroying disease and lift up her head in

Perfect Health.

Upon the pages of feminine history appear a thousand testimonials from thankful hearts of wives, mothers and daughters whose ills have been banished by VIAVI. All disease falls before its potent influence and slow destroyers give way to vigorous health, happiness and physical

comfort, not for a day, but always.

Nothing but competent and patient ladies in attendance to consult and comfort those who need our aid.

No Charge For Consultation.

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230½ VAN NESS AVENUE,
CORNER VALLEJO.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.

Centrifugal Roller Quartz MILL.

This mill can be seen in operation in the MECHANICAL ARTS BUILDING.

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Manufacturer, 213 and 219 First street, San Francisco.
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Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
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Port Wines, Sherries and all the Choicest Brands of Champagne, Apple Jack, Pisco, Arrack, Cordials, Liquors, etc.
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STRING CONCERT AND MILITARY CONCERT DAILY
FROM 2 TO 11 P. M. AT THE
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PROPRIETORS OF THE CITY IRON WORKS.
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Principal Office: No. 15 Fremont Street.
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Boilers, Engines, Pumps and Machinery
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Specialties of Hydraulic Mining, Quartz Mining and Milling Machinery, Hydraulic Gravel Elevators, Hydraulic Giants, Automatic Ore Feeders.
Shoes and Dies and All Castings furnished promptly upon order.
6

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CALL AT THE
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Ride Through the Mine.

See a Gold Mine in full operation in all its details.

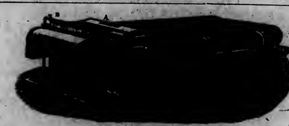
The finest educator of the day.

Indorsed by the Denver Mining Exchange, Colorado School of Mines and thousands of others.

After you enter the tunnel you can easily imagine yourself 1000 feet underground.

PRICE OF ADMISSION - - - 25 CENTS
CHILDREN - - - - - - - - 10 CENTS
4

WANTED.
A GOOD QUARTZ OR GRAVEL MINE.
Address C. H. FORD, Crocker Building, room 5, with full particulars, price, etc. 5



FRUE ORE CONCENTRATOR
Over 4000 in actual use.
Manufactured under Patents of, April 27, 1880, July 24, 1888, and March 31, 1891;
SAN JACINTO ESTATE, LIMITED, Office of the General Manager.
P. O. Address, South Riverside, San Bernardino county, Cal.
CAJALCO, December 18, 1891.

FRUE VANNING MACHINE CO., 132 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.—GENTLEMEN: After a continuous trial of different Concentrators (comprising the Frue Vanner, the "Holland," "Pandox," "Triumph" and the "Woolfney" Concentrators), extending over several months, we find that we prefer the Frue Vanner, as it is easier of adjustment, runs smoother, has less wear and tear, and—having a positive travel—gives less trouble than the other more complicated and ever-changing machines now in use here. The Frue Vanner not only saves a cleaner concentrate, but has less loss in the tailings, and is in several ways preferable to the other Concentrators here. I am, my Dear Sirs, yours faithfully,
S. HARRIS, Manager.

Price of 4-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner..... $550, f. o. b.
" " Improved Belt Frue Vanner..... 800, f. o. b.
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For any information, or for pamphlets, or for circulars or testimonials, call on or address us at our office.

H. J. SUMMERHAYES, Successor to ADAMS & CARTER, Agents Frue Vanning Machine Company,
NO. 132 MARKET STREET..... SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



# THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
AND JOURNAL OF FORTY-NINE.

VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1894. NUMBER 12

THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
AND JOURNAL OF '49.
Published Weekly at 49 Montgomery street San Francisco, California.
BY
SAM DAVIS.
$2.50 Per Annum. $1.50 Six Months.


## BY PONY EXPRESS.

NEWS BROUGHT IN BY OUR CAYUSE.

### AFTER BOB.

Antwerp, March 21—The city council this evening passed a resolution inviting Bob Mitchell of the Midwinter Fair to come to Antwerp and judge the Prize Beauty Show. All expenses paid and a regular salary during the Exposition.

### LIL TO LECTURE.

Honolulu March 1— Queen Lil told an APPEAL reporter that she would have her throne restored in short order, and she had sent a Plenipotentiary to Washington who would tell the President that unless the monarchy was restored she would certainly lecture in the United States, and that Paul Neumann would write the lecture. The President is expected to capitulate when he hears this.

### HELL IN ALAMEDA.

Alameda, March 21—The Ladies Aid Association for the amelioration of the condition of the poor, are still having a big row in the association rooms. At last accounts they were beating each other over the head with broom sticks and mop handles, and the poor starving be dash on the ontskirts of town. Cause of the row, too many women wanted to hold office.

### PRINCE COLONA ARRIVES.

New York, March 23—It is reported that the Prince of Colona arrived today and took up palatial appartments at the Bowery House. He is armed to the teeth and will scour the United States to find his wife and children. He has been banqueted by society women who are anxious to marry him for his great graft on the aristocracy. He says that he will lick John Mackay on sight.

Later. Mackay met him in front of the Hoffman House last evening and licked the stuffing out of him, in the presence of a huge crowd. Mackay's upper-cuts were pronounced to be fine by Peter Jackson who was present. Colona's head is as big as the old bonanza.

### CÆSARISM AT WASHINGTON.

Washington March 23—A Herald dispatch from New York says that it is reported that Cleveland will proclaim a Monarchal Government next week, and be crowned King of the United States. The report created great excitement at the Capitol. An APPEAL reporter traced the story to its source and found that one of the colored servants of the White House had ordered one of the old red bed quilts dyed purple, and Senator White supposed that it was an imperial robe Cleveland was going to wear at the coronation. The city is now quieted, but the newspapers are sending interviewers to the colored man, and to-day the quilt will be raffled off for the benefit of the darkey, who hasn't received his pay from the White House for over eight months.

### THE HAUNTED SWING.

This most wonderful illusion must be seen to be appreciated. Words fail to express the curious and realistic results obtained. Every one paying the Haunted Swing a visit will be more than satisfied. This is certainly one of the best shows in the Park grounds. The admission is but 10 cents.

OUR JACKASS CORRESPONDENT LEAVING HANGTOWN.

### THE BEAR IN THE PIT.

On Monday the big bear "Monarch" presented the Camp by the Examiner was placed in the big stone pit built for his reception. A slide was built going into the pit at an angle of 45 degrees and the cage slid down. The bear made a great outroar at the treatment, but quieted down as soon as the cage was left stationary in the cave built for its reception on the side of the pit. He is now loose in the pit and enjoyes his freedom immensely. There is talk of putting Allen Kelly in there with him in order that bookmaker can lay bets on the time required by the bear to eat and digest the newspaper man.

### THE PALACE GRILL.

Nate Salsberry the partner of Bill Cody who has sampled all the great restaurants of the world says that the Palace Grill gave him better satisfaction than anything he ever saw. Prices moderate and cooking out of sight.

### AN EXCITED HAYSEEDER.

Yesterday a hayseeder from northern California was taking in the Fair and got into the Mystic Maze. The large reward on the outside for the finding of the beautiful woman, seems to have exited his cupidity to a sufficient extent to invest 10 cents. When once inside he passed into a condition of utter bewilderment, and finally reached a point where he saw the girl. Thinking that the reward was in his reach he kicked his way through the glass where he supposed the woman was, but she had retreated in good order. He was taken in charge by the guard and sent to the police station.

### KONCK DOWN AND HAUL OUT.

Operatic Selections at the Keno House 49 Camp. Violinist Frank Englander, Banjo Thumper, Jake Wallace. Professor Bill Kennedy Musical Director. Arkansas Traveler, [New,] Beaux of Alabama. Wagner. The Wind that Shook the Barley. Days of '49 [Original, Jake Wallace.] The Gal on the Log. Tater Jack Welch. Daisy Bell. Hell on the Wabash. Jack's the Lad. Two Little Shrimps in Blue. Hi Cum Ge. Old Bob Ridley. Sugar Cane Green Off'er Cullforney. Zip Coon. Virginia Reel, and Jordon am a Hard Road to Trabble. Call for anything and you will get it, except money.

An interesting account of Dan De Quill written by Wells Drury will appear in the next issue of the APPEAL, with an excellent portrait of Dan the old Comstock humorist.

The Examiner placed reporters at each turn-stve on Monday and they counted less than 2000 paid admissions to the Fair. The 50 cent rate still keeps the crowd away.

### WANTED.

A situation in some quiet family to do cooking, washing, and general housework. Address Spanish Puss, care this office. Wages no object. tf

### Delayed Information.

The man who brought in the sketch of our correspondent, was run out of Hangtown and failed to bring in any particulars. A full account will appear in our next issue.

### NO OPENING HERE.

The following letter has been received from New York.

ED tor APPEAL:

I am a survivor of the famous Light Brigade charge at Balaclava. Do you think there is an opening for me at the Midwinter Fair? Please let me know at once, as I am anxious to go on exhibition.

Let me know what space is per square foot there, etc.

Yours,
JOHN PERKINS.

[The space is all gone, if you are doing well where you are you had better stay. Ed. APPEAL.]

### A READABLE BOOK.

Mrs. Sarah Merriam Brooks has written a very interesting book entitled "Across the Isthmus to California in '52." It tells of the long tedious journey made, when a trip from the East was almost like a voyage to an unknown world. It's full of humor and pathos and the picturesque descriptions are very entertaining. All who have ever made the trip will find in the pages of the book a delightful recalling of the past in her vivid pictures of those memorable days.

Mrs. Brooks is an old resident of San Francisco. She writes as entertainingly as she talks and her book has an historic value.

For sale by Payot Upham & Co.

If you want a first class row go to the Hawiian Exhibit and interview the native woman who has charge of the throne exhibit. Ask her if she dont think that a new Provincial Govement wouldn't be just the thing for the Islands. As soon as you ask the question you want to make for the door.

On Thursday a Nubian lion strayed into our sanctum and took up his abode under our table, where he has since remained, usurping the place heretofore occupied by the office cat. Colonel Boone will please call and get his animal or the lion will be killed and cut up for sausage meat.

We have hired a dramatic roaster and the city theatres who dont advertise had better look out for the box receipts after Easter Monday.

The scientific administration of electricity for Nervous Prostration, Insanity, Hysteria, Insomnia, Catarrh, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Diabetes, Malaria, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Uterine Diseases. Electricity not only cures disease, but it consumes, expels or burns up all drugs in the system. DR. AGNES WINZELL, Electric Physician, 105 Stockton street, parlors 5 and 6.

### CAMP JOTS.

Major McLaughlin the President of the '49 Camp is back from New York.

The Oro Fino theatre is a corker this week.

Ketchum Johnny is on his feet again after a hard tussle with the jiu-jams.

The bill at the Oro Fino continues to be of a Tobasco sauce character and draws well.

Boltnre will open up with a singer next week that will astonish the Midway.

The chickens around the Camp are fast disappearing and the men who run the 4 ace cabin are fattening up.

Two of our subscription agents were shot in Marysville last Sunday. One will die. New men are already in their places extending our circulation.

Mosshack Dave got in from the north last Tuesday. He says that the mountain lions are no fiers around Hangtown and Dirtyshirt that they keep the miners awake nights.

Country editors who lay around our office all day and drink up all of our whisky, are notified that they can find good bug juice at Jones bar and all the credit that they want.

John Dobbs of the Wellington Times was in the Camp yesterday and threw over $20 on the stage of the theatre for the dancing girls. He was full before getting into the Camp.

A man attempted to shoot the piano player at the Oro Fino last night. The bullet only shattered his left ear, and as his ear never had the slightest connection with his playing he thumps the old music box as before.


MINE FOR SALE.
A gravel hydraulic mine rich from grass roots down. 70 feet deep. Deposit covers 120 acres and is in a region of the finest water supply in the state. Terms easy. Apply at this office.

FOR SALE.
The original Mrs. O'Leary's cow with all the paraphernalia exhibited at the Chicago Fair with financial success. Price, $800.00. For further particulars inquire of
A. C. McALLISTER,
San Rafael, Cal.

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ESTABLISHED 1849.
BY
FLOOD & O'BRIEN.
CAPTAIN LOUIS BAGLIETO
Proprietor.
DEALER IN
Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
511 Washington st.
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A MARVEL.
THE
CALIFORNIA AMALGAMATOR.
The California Amalgamator is a thoroughly practical machine, possessing simplicity, durability and effectiveness.
It not only has no superior, but no equal.
It is the cheapest and best in existence.
It will save all floured mercury from Stamp and Hamilgton mills.
It will save all fine gold from Snake river sands and other similar deposits.
It will save all fine gold from beach or black sands.
It will save every particle of gold that float- in water, no matter how fine. It will save flake gold so fine that it will no settle in still water in ten seconds.
Call and examine it at the Mechanic Arts building, Midwinter Exposition, it has no equal.
California Amalgamating Co.,
602 MARKET STREET,
State Board of Trade] San Francisco, Cal

Our Name Is Known
and when so certain capsule or label on wine or liquor, is a positive guarantee of the purity and excellence of the contents.

Medicinal Liquors
for Physicians' Prescriptions a specialty.

Old Stock Bourbon
at $1.50 a bottle has no equal.

GOLDBERG
BOWEN
—AND—
LEBENBAUM

BOYS!
DRINK THE GOOD OLD
DAYS OF '49
WHISKY.
For Sale
All Over the
Camp.
Meyerfeld, Mitchell & Co.,
SOLE AGENTS,
116 Front Street. San Francisco.

COLONEL HAFFORD'S
ARIZONA
EXHIBIT
Of all the Birds, Animals and Reptiles of the Territory.
The most Complete Private Collection in the World.
The Colonel has twenty-five years to Amass this Collection.
South Drive, in rear of the Administration Building.
ADMISSION ..... 25 CENTS.

MISS PLUNKETT'S
—EMPLOYMENT BUREAU,—
424 SUTTER STREET,
Between Stockton and Powell, San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone No. 5472.
The most reliable male and female help furnished on short notice.
Special attention paid to country orders.
Sutter and Powell street or car pass the door.

## STOP ROARING.

The great row over the Midwinter Fair ought to subside when the facts and finances are considered a little. When the Fair started it was millions in debt and now it is less than half a million.

This is pulling out of the rut financially a great deal faster than the Chicago Fair did, and ought to allay the feeling of discontent and apprehension regarding the Fair.

The weather is settling, the travel towards the East increasing and the arrival of money coming in at the gates is gradually eating away the debt.

The last three months of the Fair will be a harvest for the concessionaires who have held their ground.

There are a good many concessionaires growing about the lack of attendance who run such palpable fakes that they ought to be kicked off the grounds as swindlers and imposters.

The public are quick to discern the difference between the transparent humbug and a genuine attraction, and if they are doing so now in such a way that a lot of the fakers on the Midway will be compelled to shut up shop and retire. The sooner the sheriff closes these people out the better for the Fair.

It is now proposed to have Mayor Ellert call the original committee of fifty together and examine the financial condition of the Fair. We believe that the committee's report will restore the confidence which has been distrayed by the wild and nonsensical reports set in circulation during the last few weeks, but if it does not, the Fair management should be prepared to stand or fall by the result of the inspection. It should be nothing less than a clean vindication or a motion to resign.

### The Despots Sway.

Under this head the Chronicle of Monday has the following. Two years ago the Chronicle wanted its readers against the steady encroachments which the Cleveland—Sherman band were making upon the liberties of the people. Yesterday afternoon as Mr. Garrett, a writer on the editorial staff, was returning from church up Taylor street he was seized by the U. S. Marshal and four assistants, and taken to the city hall. This morning he was taken to Alcatraz heavily ironed and will be forwarded to Washington. His offence consisted in making a joke at the expense of the President of the United States and saying that the slippers presented him by Susan B. Anthony could not be worn on account of his corns. The time was when a pleasantry of this kind would pass unnoticed. We believe that the inquiry "Whither are we drifting" is pertinent at this time. Mr. Garrett leaves behind him a lovely bride which he led to the altar but a week ago. It was reported on the street last night that she would be made to share her husband's captivity. The noble woman is ready.

The howl made by the Chronicle over the capture of the notorious Garrett is in keeping with the general character of the sheet. Garrett has been a persistent defamer of Cleveland for months. His joke about the Presidential bunion was too pointed to pass unnoticed by the Government. The line must be drawn somewhere, and these irrepressible wags sters be made to know that a proper degree of respect is due the Executive head of the nation. Garrett voted for Garfield in 1880 and has since that time had the hardihood to brag of it.

### WE DECLARE OURSELF.

While several weekly papers are out parading the streets with red and blue statements, that they are the only papers on earth that dare to tell the truth. We want it distinctly understood that we are not in the list. When newspapers begin to tell the truth the great industry of journalism is broke up, and the business is liable to go to the dogs.

While we have always been disposed favorably to the truth, when not obtrusive, we dont believe in featuring it and pressing it to the front to the discouragement of ornamental fiction. We have never yet departed from the strict truth in this journal, but we reserve the right to be like a house afire when we feel like it.

McEwen holds that his past attacks on the fawning lawl could not be any more extensively advertised by the press than by himself, and he claims that his mighthy circulation then was more than the present daily circulation of the Post.

The Cosmorama is the vilest of all the fakes on the Midway, and the vulgarest.

JOHN MACKAY'S FIRST FAILURE.

## THE IRISH IN CAMP.

### They Paint the Place Green.

On the 17th, the Camp was filled with the Irish celebrating the birthday of the Patriot Saint. All the cabins were hung with green and the flag of Ireland floated from the top of Mt. Shasta. A green ribbon was tied about the bears neck, the animal quietly eating the boy who adjusted it.

Over 4000 of the Harp and Shamrock people were in Camp, and the air wore a very green tinge all day and most of the night. The dancing girls who dance Spanish attempted some Irish jigs and Donneybrooke Fair work but it was a failure, until Molly McDade got in and gave them the true business. A great deal of '49 whisky was consumed drinking the health of St. Patrick and all his friends.

### COSTLY FARO LAYOUTS.

A veteran faro dealer said last night: "Proprietors of gambling houses formerly paid more for their faro layouts than the trifling stakes they now have in their drawers would cover. In San Francisco and Sacramento, any time during the "fifties," as high as $700 was paid for a set of pure ivory chips, and the dealers' boxes were of solid silver. At the El Dorado in Sacramento in 1854 Reub Rains had a dealers' box of solid gold that cost $1,500, but it was too heavy for use and was kept as an ornament.

"A set of celluloid chips, a block-tin dealers' box and a smile layout—the total cost of which not exceeding $30, with a drawer stake of $400—is the extent of the outfit of modern sure-thing, tin-horn, Jim Crow, gamblers, who leap out of the chair if a sucker wins over two $3 bets at a sitting."

## VACATIONS FOR ALL.

### Even Professors of Saw-Filing Take a Trans-Continental Outing.

Vacation-taking has assumed so much importance in the modern California that no person whatever his calling or station in life is free from the infection. The latest indication of this, since the cut rates were inaugrated, is furnished by a small written plackard pasted inside a small shop on Mission street, where for several years a little old man has whistled away the happy-hours while pursuing his melodious vocation as saw filer. The notice reads:

No Saw Filing Done Now.

Mr. Gibbs has gone East for his vacation. He may silvertise in personals on resuming his profession.

When professors of saw filing are able to take a run across the continent while enjoying his outing, there is little cause for any one to despair. It is on record that Cornelius Lyons, San Francisco's champion boot-blacking professor, lost several thousand dollars on the election when Harrison was chosen to sit in the White House, at that time parting with money enough to pay for several transcontinental vacations.

If Chicago does as well by this coast, then there will be no doubt in regard to the attendance to the Midwinter Fair.

The Russ house Barber Shop announces that old '49'ers can have their whiskers cut off or shot off at their place for the same price.

## "HE BLEEDS INWARDLY."

### Some Camp Billiard Playing in San Francisco.

When Jim Orndorff was in the Camp a few days ago he gave a very characteristic account of the fun occasioned by two men who played billiards at the Cafe Royal. Although good friends, the moment they cross fises over a billiard table, they intensely hate each other.

The rivalry is so strong that each would almost as soon loose his right hand as a game of billiards, said Orndorff. "When one man leaves the balls so that the other has a dead shot, he refuses to look on and see the shot made, but deliberately turns his back to save his feelings, and when he hears the balls click he bleeds inwardly.

When two balls are slowly crossing each others path and the meeting is uncertain, the two men bend over the table and indulge in the most outlandish contortions. The man who wants the balls to touch is throwing his body forward at the balls and the other is screwing and twisting into all manner of shapes to "pull" the balls apart. It's better'n a circus and the shrews these men twist themselves into are any contortionist I ever saw. The minute they begin the game everybody who is on to the combination crowds about the table to see the fun.

The shouts of laughter that go up warn the players that they are the subject of ridicule and they try to assume an air of dignity and indifference, but they can't do that more than a minute and they are going through the same contortions utterly oblivious of the fact that several hundred people are in convulsions over them."

### ANOTHER PIONEER GONE.

Yesterday afternoon there was quite a gathering at North Beach to witness the execution of Frank Pixley, editor of the Argonaut. His offence was some severe language used in reference to Prime Minister Gresham, a gentleman with whom he had some words years ago. The execution was quietly conducted, as there was no intention on the part of the authorites to make a scene. Eight Royal Guards, from General Ruger's battalion, were selected to performe the duty. At the signal from the General Mr Pixley was riddled with balls, all taking effect in the region of the heart. Just before he died he informed a Call reporter that in spite of his death the price of the Argonaut would not be lowered. The body was thrown into a hole and in half an hour the excitement died away. Curiosity hunters took away portions of the editor's cheek for preservation in cabinets, but the chipping off of the piece was attended with so much difficulty that the pastime was soon abandoned Mr. Pixley was an old pioneer and a man of ideas and opinions. Mr. Hart will continue to edit the paper from the county jail, where he is now sojourning for allowing an unkind notice of De Young's swallowtail coat to creep into the society columns. General Ruger manner of conducting the execution is highly spoken of. The arrangements were perfect in every detail.

Rev. Nicholas has skipped out for the Sandwich Islands leaving behind him an astonished congregation, a disappointed sweetheart and a lot of newspaper noteriety behind him. It is said that he has gone to get a new troupe of hula hula dancers for the Midwinter Fair.

### WANTS A SITUATION.

In another column Spanish Puss advertises that she wants a place in some quiet family to do general housework and cook. Spanish Puss has been given several good situations in this Camp, but is a dismal failure. She is too uncertain for a family. She agreed to act as head cook at the big miners cabin, but when the time came, she was out on the Midway riding one of Telly's mules up and down at a break neck pace, and offering to bet $20 that she could beat the Cairo street camel in three straight mile heats. In the evening when it was time for supper she was at the top of the electric tower chining the head off the search light man. The miners all like Puss on account of her light hearted winning ways, but they can't live on cold potatoes and raw beef, so they allowed her to resign. The Four Ace cabin gave her a trial, but when it was time for breakfast to be on the stove Puss was found in the El Dorado saloon playing poker with Jake Wallace the banjo player. She said that she could make more money playing poker than cooking buckwheat cakes. The boys at the cabin say that while they admit she is very entertaining, and a lively girl to have around the cabin, but as a cook she is a failure of the first water. She attempted to boil a porterhouse steak, fry a mince pie and bake radishes in the oven for breakfast. A set of her dried apple pies has been used for two weeks to pitch quoits with and have not required repairing, except in one instance when the quoits came apart and were fastened together again with copper rivets.

We do not mention this through any ill feeling to Spanish Puss, who is the most popular lady in the Camp, we are only protecting our readers from imposition, so that any one who hires her at $60 a month as a cook may do so with both eyes open.

Persons who advertise in the columns of this paper will not be allowed to deceive the public, and must have something worth advertising.

She washed the office towel to pay for this advertisement, and it looks like a charred stick of cord wood.

### FOR SALE.

Minwinter Fair Souvenir Stationary. It is a complete novelty and souvenir of Californian, and is just the thing to use when writing to you friends. Five papers and five envelopes for 10 cents. 15 papers and 15 envelopes for 25 cents. Agents wanted, send 10 cents for samples and terms. Address Raph Clyde. This office.


THE ORO FINO

—CONCERT HALL.—

'49 MINING CAMP

Songs, Ballads, Skirt and Serpentine Dancing,

And Every Other Terpsichorean Novelty Known.

Old-time Jigs and Reels.

PALO ALTO STABLES, E. R. MILES, Proprietor.

320 O'FARRELL STREET,
Two Blocks from Baldwin Hotel, San Francisco.
FIRST-CLASS LIVERY AND BOARDING. SADDLE HORSES AND VEHICLES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
TELEPHONE, 2615.

TABER

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.
Official Photographer
CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER
—INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION—
1894.
Studio on Central Court, Exposition Grounds, between the Administration and Mechanical Arts Buildings.

—ALSO—

121 Post Street,
Between Kearny and Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.
Jan1'94

'49 MINING CAMP.

A FAITHFUL REPRESENTATION OF THE OLD-TIME FEATURES OF A NEW DIGGINGS IN '49.

Mining Strikes, Hydraulic, Sluice and Quartz Mining Faithfully Represented.

Mining Riots, Pistol Arbitration, Lynching Bees and Claim Jumping Riots Realistically Enacted.

The Postoffice, Justice's Office and Mayor's Office, All in the same Saloon. Open Night and Day.

The Tiger With His Teeth Pulled Will be There in Mimic Representation of Old Times.

STAGES RUNNING BETWEEN THE CAMP AND FRISCO DAILY.

Good Tavern Accommodations and Mule Corrals.

Mrs. Woods' Souvenir Paintings of Camp Cabins.

Halstead's Horses on Snow Shoes.

PRECIPITOUS FLUMES AT THE FOOT OF MT. SHASTA.

GRAND PANORAMIC EXHIBIT, SHOWING MT. SHASTA FIFTY MILES AWAY.

The Millionaire Cabins of Early Days.
John Mackay's Cabin, Built by Him, and in Which He Lived When He Made His First Big Strike in Alleghany, Sierra County.

U. S. Senator Perkins' Cabin, Built by Him 38 Years Ago at Thompson's Flat, Butte County.

The Original Downie Cabin, Reproduced From a Cabin built by Major William Downie, the founder of Downieville.

The Oro Fino Concert Hall. Old-time Ballads and All Kinds of Terpsichorean Novelties.

Typical '49 FANDANGO with forty sweet-faced Senioritas dancing to the strains of the famous Mexican Orchestra.

A REGULAR NEWSPAPER OFFICE ON THE GROUND.

ADMISSION - 25 Cts.

RUSS HOUSE,

MONTGOMERY ST., EXTENDING FROM PINE TO BUSH,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Business center of the city, convenient to all banks, insurance offices and places of amusement during the Midwinter Fair.

Containing 300 Rooms.

J. S. YOUNG - - - - PROPRIETOR

TERMS:

$1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 Per Day.

Still lower terms for excursion and other large parties. Superior accommodations for families at very moderate rates.

Hotel coach in waiting at all boats and trains to convey guests to and from the house free of Charge.

For further particulars apply at '49 Camp.

JAS. P. DUNNE & CO.,

NO. 1 STOCKTON STREET

And Junction of Market and Eddy Streets,

San Francisco.


## A PICTURE OF '49.

When the water came up to Montgomery street
In the days of '49'ers,
This canvas town was a swarming hive
Of the bravest—and quickest—men alive,
Who thronged saloons and filled each "dive"
With cheerful clink of "shiners."

When the water came up to Montgomery street;
Its blue waves softly flowing
Where the Mills and Mutual brick walls reel,
Thick chaparral crowded o're Nob Hill's crest,
And trade winds over the sand dunes west
Of Powell street were blowing.

When the water came up to Montgomery street—
Those were the days to live in!
When Gold was king and woman queen;
The pistol law—or a long knife keen—
While to Chance—or Pleasure—the hours between
The dusk and dawn were given.

When the water came up to Montgomery street,
The frogs gave concerts daily,
Where quite "in the swim" our new Postoffice site
Edged the Russ Garden road to Sunday's bull-fight,
While the heart of the city pulsed all night
Where the Plaza's lights shown gaily.

When the water come up to Montgomery street,
And Pioneer veins throbbed madly
In the fierce "gold fever's" wildest spells,
The chimes of the Mission Dolores bells—
Faint o'er the din of the gambling "hells"—
Toned hearts that answered sadly.

When the water came up to Montgomery street—
Oh, Argonauts, strong yet tender!
Free-lances of Fortune, her golden prize
Won by the few, from the many flies;
And struggling hosts perished with dying eyes
Upraised to its fatal splendor.

ELLA M. SEXTON.

## THE JUSTICE COURT.

### Old Moses Sobers up and Transacts Business.

Yesterday afternoon old Judge Moses who has been touring about the country for several weeks sobered up and again took his place on the bench. He hasn't taken a bath or shave since he started in on his big hat, and he was the toughest looking judge that ever sat in the court. The first case was that of an assault and battery made on the English language by Roltaros Barker. He pleaded guilty and was fined $8. Hearing his sentence he climbed out of the back window and escaped. The court did not notice his disappearance. Arthur McEwen was up for libelling M. H. De Young, and was put under $10,000 bonds. He threw a sack containing the amount on the table and treated the crowd, slowly walking away.

Wallace the banjo man was fined $10 for disturbing the peace. Joe Harvey paid it on the spot.

Dick Foote was charged $40 for shooting off firearms inside the city limits, and carrying concealed weapons.

Harry Flannery paid $30 for the priviledge of throwing a waiter over the ramparts of his restaurant.

The Guards who raided the APPEAL office last week were thrown in the county jail.

Some spielers for the Midway who attempted to lick the Camp gate keeper were sent up for twenty four hours.

A man who threw a quid of tobacco in the courts eye was shot dead.

Mexican Liz was fined $5 for drunken conduct.

Cross Eyed Annie, Spanish Pete and Hobo Jim paid $5 each for being full on St. Patricks day.

The court was in a how-came-you-so condition when it adjourned. He pocketed the fines and started in to buck the tiger and drink up all the whisky in Camp.

Billy Crosby the old time comedian has gone to the dogs in Chicago.

The two men who have taken it on themselves to answer McEwen's Letter, imitate the typographical style of his paper. They have, with unexpected good sense, made no attempt to imitate his sizzling style of writing.

## OUR JACKASS CORRESPONCENT.

Jackass Ravine, March 15.—A rumor reached here last week that Billy Stevens our well known barkeep, was suspected of stealing a mule belonging to John Donnelay, but as Billy walked into town last Monday looking for a job, he either did not steal the mule or else struck a stud horse poker game on his way here.

Old Baldy Hamilton states emphatically that he did not rob the Angel's stage, and furthermore positively asserts that he saw a newspaper man named Davis with a Wells-Fargo box in his possession. Baldy also affirms that the aforesaid Davis had a bottle which did not contain the choicest liquor on earth.

We have a young gentleman who smilingly sets out the glasses and charges a bit for each smile. When he lost his rubber shoes a few evenings ago, at the '49 Camp, he accused Fandango Fanny of stealing the same, now he thinks that the shoes were put up at the El Dorado.

Jim Butler has been around trying to borrow a gun for the purpose of cleaning out your office when he visits the Gulch on convention day. Jimmy Du Bois gave him a small 38, telling John A. Fault that the old surveyor would sit first at a trigod, and consequently would not try to kill you.

Sierra County is getting awful high toned, and has had "a day." It made me laugh to see Ty Ford acting as Master of Ceremonies, as I used to spank him when a kid, all the same he filled the bill to the Queens taste, and one who ever visited the Forks was proud of our "Ty." I wish I were a Republican so I could vote for him for Governor some day.

You would have laughed fit to split your sides Tuesday night to have seen Uncle John Anderson call down "A Kentucky Gentleman by God sir." The latter wanted to fight a duel, but Uncle John smashed him good and hard, and the "Kentucky Gentleman" has not been seen since. It is claimed that Jesse Moore was the cause of all the trouble. She is a bad girl and liable to get any one in trouble.

Political matters are quiet at the Ravine. A friend of Dolph Sprockels was here last week feeling the pulse of the delegates as to his chances for position of Sheriff. After being shot at twice he quit the Camp, and in company with Napa Nick started a skin faro game at Hog Eye. Jeo Mc Carthy and George Lusk are dealing for the firm.

Joe Wilkenson has been surveying a railroad proposition from this place to the '49 Camp, which will cost $100,000 a mile. We are willing to pay for a couple of miles if you will pay for the other two.

A man named Seymore who has been running a so-called hotel in San Francisco is talking of starting a new Rest for the Weary here, however, Papa Peakes has secured a first class location on Main street and the boys will support "Papa."

Al Whitney and Del Pixley tried to do up a tenderfoot last night, but the new comer stood with the barkeeper and had his own cards rung in and the little combination was out about a thousand before they knew how the business was done.

GRIM.

### HAVE YOU MET Miss Gertie Tackley of the Butte Cabin?

If you have not do not fail to call on her in her cosy little home.

SHE

Is the Sweetest girl in the '49 Camp

And has the most interesting Collection of souvenirs and photographs of the Camp that you might want to look at.

12


JONES BEER JOINT

AT THE

'49 CAMP.

BUFFALO BEER

5 Cents.

THIS IS THE ONE AND ONLY PLACE WHERE YOU CAN GET 5 CENT BEER.

BUFFALO BEER POSITIVELY ON TAP.

Call and see us at the left of the '49 Gamp.

12

CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY

—:o:—

Age and Genuineness Guaranteed By the Canadian Government By Certificate With Each Bottle.

ASK PAPA PEAKES FOR IT

9

MRS. S. S. BOWERS

The Washo Seeress and Astrologer AT THE

'49 CAMP

The Past and Future revealed and the veil lifted.

I am located at the '49 Camp on SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS ONLY

Would be pleased to have my friends call and see one of the most reliable seeresses on the Pacific Coast.

My parlors, 4 and 5, 105 Stockton St.
Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. 9

Tamales.

2 For 25 Cents,

—OR—

1 For 25 Cents,

Including a Bottle of National Prize Beer, with a napkin, plate and fork.

The groceries are from Goldberg, Bowen & Lebenbaum.

The peppers and corn from John J. English.

The chickens are from Roberts & O'Brien.

No sowgull business here. Genuine chickens and turkeys, and don't you forgot it.

NED FOSTER!

TAMALE COTTAGE.

GEORGE GOODMAN,

—Patentee and Manufacturer of—

ARTIFICIAL STONE

In all its branches. Schillinger's patent sidewalk. Garden walk a specialty.

Office—307 Montgomery street, Nevada block, San Francisco. 7 1m

WONDER! WONDER!

Novelties in Millinery at the

. . . WONDER . . .

1024, 1026, 1028 Market Street.

NEW HATS, NEW FLOWERS, NEW FEATHERS, NEW ORNAMENTS,

RIBBONS, LACES, VELVETS, ETC.,

FOR THE

SPRING TRADE

THE LARGEST STOCK AND BEST ASSORTMENT IN THE COAST

BRANCH STORE, 999 MARKET STREET, COR. SIXTH

Also Branch Stores In Oakland, and San Jose.

Goods sold at wholesale and retail.

THE HAWAIIAN PALACE CAFE

(BRANCH OF THE SPARTA)

Opp. Mechanics Arts Building.

The place where you can get the

BEST MEAL

at the Fair at a

MODERATE PRICE

D. G. CAMERINOS, Proprietor. 9

THE NEVADA ROOF GARDEN CAFE AND ITS VIEWS

IN THE

Nevada State Building

(Next to '49 Camp)

Meals, Lunches and Refreshments (solid and liquid) Served.

NEVADA CREAM AND BUTTER A SPECIALTY.

The bar is stocked with nothing but Gilt Edged Liquors and Wines, foreign and domestic, from Sherwood & Sherwood. Our Cigars are A1.

The prices will astonish you.

H. P. FLANNERY, Proprietor

9 GIVE US A CALL.

LOUIS SUTTER,

Formerly of Virginia City, Bodie, Auroras and Pickhandle Gulch, has pitched his tent on the northwest corner of Polk and Sutter streets, where he runs a regular old-time saloon for old-time friends.

If you want to get real good liquor call up with your buckskin sack and gold dust.

If You Don't Buy THE Official Catalogue You Don't See THE FAIR.

J. T. MOORE,

Express Business,

Corner Seventh Avenue and D Street, (Opposite Midwinter Fair Grounds), At terminus of Geary, McAllister and California-street cable lines, San Francisco, Cal.

Furniture and Articles of Every Description Moved at Lowest Possible Rates.

All Orders Promptly Executed. 6

INGLENOOK Table Wines and Brandies

The Standard of Excellence and Purity.

Grown and bottled at the celebrated INGLENOOK VINEYARDS Rutherford, Napa County, Cal.

San Francisco Agency, 101 Front St.

California's Choicest Production 9

RESERVED FOR THE AMERICAN BAR

Vienna Prater Building

ROME HARRIS

(back LAUREL PALACE), N. W. Cor. Bush & Kearny.

REST FOR THE WEARY

Food and Feed for Man and Beast.

Baked Beans Cooked in the Ground, None Better.

OLD PAPA PEAKES, the Well-Known Caterer, Will Personally Superintend the Management.

J. K. DALMAS, CARPENTER and BUILDER

FOR THE

'49 CAMP '49

Particular attention paid to Fitting up and placing exhibits at the Midwinter Fair.

TERMS MODERATE.

GOOD AND QUICK WORK.

Orders left at

1201 Market St., Corner Eighth,

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

"Meet Me at the Cafe Royal."

One hears this a thousand times daily because it is a

Sporting Center.

It is hardly necessary to say that the CAFE ROYAL is on the corner of Fourth and Market, and that JIM ORNDORFF and AL HALL will steer the destinies of the place.

We merely make the remark to fill this space

A. COHN.

SAN FRANCISCO PEOPLE

Who cannot get suited in the price and quality of San Francisco clothing will find

Abe Cohn's

In CARSON CITY the place to buy to advantage.

RUSS HOUSE BARBER SHOP AND BATHS.

Fresh and Salt Water, 25 Cents.
217 Montgomery street, between Bush and Pine.

Shaving, 15c. Hair Cutting, 25c. Baths, 25c. First class in all particulars.

SEPTICH & KLEINHANS,
Proprietors.

Ladies' entrance next to Russ House elevator. 6

Cross, Hall, Ford & Kelly.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS,
NO. 101 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.
TELEPHONE NO 1519.

Mining Exhibit.

Don't Fail to Visit the Exhibit

—OF THE—

Western Mining Exchange

In the Mechanical Arts Building.

If you wish to invest in mining property, or if you have mining property to sell, you will find it to your advantage to deal with us.

Office, 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4

McAfee Bros.

If you miners want to invest your money in a

SURE THING

Call around after your regular clean-up and see

McAfee Brothers,

Who have some of the BEST ORANGE LAND in Palermo for sale at terms that a miner can get off at. Don't gamble off your dust or blow it in at the handy joints, but stick it into a

Sure Thing

And have something to fall back on in your old age.

McAfee Bros.,

108 Montgomery Steet. 6

LONE GUADALUPE.

A Desolate Pacific Island Described by Prentice Mulford.

[Copyrighted in the Argonaut.]

II.

Wo hundred miles from the Lower California coast lies the lone island of Guadalupe. Guadalupe is one of the twelve or twenty names which for centuries the Spaniards have been applying to the various geographical divisions of the earth's surface.

Whitney talked of the plentifulness of sea elephant on the Guadalupe beaches; I presume the sea elephant is identical with the sea lion. They resemble a lion about as much as an elephant. So the crew of the Henry was turned toward Guadalupe. While on this trip, one morning before daylight I heard at intervals a strange noise, something between a bellow and a creak. I thought it at first the creaking of something aloft, but as it grew lighter I saw a strange looking head emerge momentarily from the water. It gave forth the same cry, dove and came up on the other side of the vessel. It was a seal pup, which the sailors said had lost its mother and followed the vessel, mistaking the hull for its maternal parent.

I presume that seals have no recognized fathers to look after them. The poor thing, uttering its plaintive but distressful cry, must have followed us to sea forty or fifty miles. I know not whether the sailors' explanation of its conduct be correct. Anyway it makes the occurrence more pathetic, and were I utterly unprincipled I should make an entire chapter describing how this pup seal followed the Henry during the voyage like a dog, being regularly fed, and as it grew up came on board and was taught a number of accomplishments, among the rest that of supplying us with fish. Tis thus that a rigid adherence to veracity spoils many an interesting and thrilling tale, and brings to him who practices it more poverty than pence.

Guadalupe on the third day came in sight—a long, wave washed, wind swept isle about forty miles in length. It seemed the very embodiment of loneliness. Some would also say of desolation, as such is ever disposed to call any place he does not inhabit. But though Guadalupe contained not a single representative of the most intelligent animal on the planet, it sustained great herds of goats, sea birds and a little black and white land bird, so tame and trustful as to perch and eat from Miller's and Whitney's tin plates during their former visit to the island.

It was our business to murder all the mother sea lions who had established their nurseries at Guadalupe. A boat full of murderers was quickly sent on shore. We did not see boat or crew again for three days. Most of that period was spent by us in looking for the boat, and by the boat's crew in looking at us. They landed on the first day, found no seal, put off at dusk, lost us in a fog, went ashore, swore at the Henry's people for not sighting them, hauled their boat well up on the beach at the mouth of a deep canyon, supped on hard bread and water, and turning their craft bottom up, crawled under it for a bed quilt and went to sleep on the sand.

During the night a semi-hurricane, called in those latitudes a "norther," came tearing and howling down the canyon. Striking the boat, it rolled it over and over among the rocks, smashed the frail sides and rendered it unseaworthy. For two days the crew roamed up and down the island, living on shellfish and the fresh water left standing in pools, and trying to signal us by fires built on the mountains. The captain was in a state of great perplexity at this disappearance. But, having left a portion of the crew at St. Bartholomew's bay, he had not hands enough to send another boat ashore and work the vessel. Then he dare not come nearer the island than three miles, fearing sunken rocks and currents setting inshore.

On the third night one of their fires was seen from the Henry. Standing in for it, by daylight the missing men were seen making for us in an old yawl. Behind, full of water, was towed the shattered whale boat. The yawl had been found on the beach, probably left there by former sealers. By stuffing all the clothes they could spare in its sun warped cracks and constant bailing they managed to keep afloat long enough to reach us.

They crawled on board—a pale, haggard, famished lot—and I was kept very busy for a time ministering to their wants. They ate steadily for an hour. Even with this rescue a greater catastrophe than all came near happening. Escalmed and by means of a treacherous current we were being rapidly carried toward an enormous rock which towered straight like a mile or more from the south end of the island. It reached full 500 feet toward the clouds. Its perpendicular sides seemed built up in artificial layers. Toward this the Henry seemed helplessly drifting, and the "Old Man," under the influence of combined anger and despair, jumped up and down in his tracks and howled on the quarter deck as he saw the voyage approaching such an unfortunate termination. Fortunately a providential or accidental breeze came off the land just in time to give us steerage way.

We trifled no more with Guadalupe, but sailed straight away.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

---

Jake Wallace the banjo player at the Camp hired a jinrikisha the other day to give a grass girl a ride. While pulling her up a hill he let go the shafts and spit on his hands to take a fresh hold. Result, the jinrikisha went over backwards and the girl turned two somersaults before she received her feet.


Wash and be Clean

WHEN AT THE FAIR.

If you want to wash your hands, and get a good drink, go to

ROME HARRIS'.

AMERICAN BAR.

At the rear end of the Vienna Prater. A door has been opened between the bar and the concert hall so that guests can pass to the bar and return without extra charge. 12

St. Mary's Hospital,

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

Luke Robinson, M. D., Senior Physician and Gynecologist.
Alexander Leonard, M. D., Senior Surgeon.
Walter S. Thorne, M. D., Michael Fatrell, M. D., Physicians.
T. E. Bailey, M. D., Resident Physician.
George H. Powers and William Hopkins, Oculists and Aurists.

THE HEADQUARTERS

FOR THE

FORTY-NINERS

And all the '49 Mining Camp boys when they stray from the Camp is at the

LA ROSE,

213 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Mount & Storey, - - Proprietors. 6

HOWD'Y?

We have fitted up our best front room for the country editor. It is to be his city office. Pursuing creditors and libeled constituents will not get beyond the front door. Chris Evans has been engaged at an enormous salary as doorkeeper. A pepper-box and a razor with a white bone handle in the stationary drawer. Come in and put your feet on the mantelpiece and make yourselves at home.

Pacific States Type Foundry,

409 Washington Street, San Francisco. 6

PEOPLE'S PALACE MUSIC HALL.

CORNER EDDY AND MASON.

CLIFF PHILLIPS, Proprietor and Manager.

Vaudeville

Performances

Every Evening and Saturday and Sunday Matinees at 2 O'clock P. M.

Admission - - - - - Free. 6

JOHN A. ROEBLING'S SONS CO.,

Manufacturers of

Wire Rope, Wire Cloth, Insulated Electric Wire, Telegraph Wire, Fence Wire, Galvanized Fruit Drying Cloth, Galvanized Wire Netting.

Works—Trenton, N. J.
WAREHOUSES,
117 Liberty street, New York.
171 Lake street, Chicago.
25 Fremont street, San Francisco. 5

DR. LUELLA COOL,

DENTIST,

112 Kearny street, near Post,

Rooms 2 and 3.

Fridays—Stanford University. 8

VIAVI.

Which Translated Means

THE ROAD TO HEALTH.

Very necessary to womankind
In a thousand and one ways
And by our cures we quickly
Verify the claim that VIAVA is
Indispensible to you all.

TO ALL WANDERERS on the rocky road of sickness, we will furnish a Guide to the City of Health and happiness in life, where woman with her ever increasing burden can throw off and lay aside the weight of destroying disease and lift up her head in

Perfect Health.

Upon the pages of feminine history appear a thousand testimonials from thankful hearts of wives, mothers and daughters whose ills have been banished by VIAVI. All disease falls before its potent influence and slow destroyers give way to vigorous health, happiness and physical comfort, not for a day, but always.

Nothing but competent and patient ladies in attendance to consult and comfort those who need our aid.

No Charge For Consultation.

Call on or Address

2301 VAN NESS AVENUE,

CORNER VALLEJO.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.

DONT LEAVE CAMP!

Until You Have Seen

SMITH'S EXHIBIT

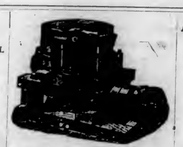
of

An Old '49 Camp Store.

Admission Free.

Ask for a copy of their Catalogue, or mail one to your friends, and before you leave town drop in and see their down town Establishment.

No. 414-416-418 Front street, San Francisco 12



Centrifugal Roller Quartz MILL.

This mill can be seen in operation in the MECHANICAL ARTS BUILDING.

F. A. Huntington,

Manufacturer, 213 and 219 First street, San Francisco.

Illustrated Pamphlet on application.

WHEELAND & COLLINS,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Old French and London Dock Brandies,

Port Wines, Sherries and all the Choicest Brands of Champagne, Apple Jack, Pisco, Arrack, Cordials, Liquors, etc.

329 MONTGOMERY and 511 CALIFORNIA Streets, San Francisco.

THE VIENNA PRATER,

THE ONLY PLACE OF AMUSEMENT AT THE EXPOSITION.

THE IMPERIAL VIENNA PRATER ORCHESTRA,

COURT DIRECTOR, FRITZ SCHEEL.

STRING CONCERT AND MILITARY CONCERT DAILY

FROM 3 TO 11 P. M. AT THE

KAISER FRANZ JOSEPH HALL. - - - MIDWINTER FAIR.

Joshua Hendy Machine Works.

PROPRIETORS OF THE CITY IRON WORKS.

Works: Corner Bay, Kearny and Francisco Streets.

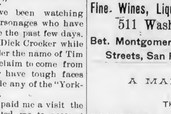
Principal Office: No. 51 Fremont Street.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Importers and Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Boilers, Engines, Pumps and Machinery

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.



Specialties of Hydraulic Mining, Quartz Mining and Milling Machinery, Hydraulic Gravel Elevators, Hydraulic Giants, Automatic Ore Feeders.

Shoes and Dies and All Castings furnished promptly upon order.

AFTER LEAVING CAMP

CALL AT THE

Colorado Gold Mine

— AND TAKE A —

Ride Through the Mine.

See a Gold Mine in full operation in all its details.

The finest educator of the day.

Indorsed by the Denver Mining Exchange, Colorado School of Mines and thousands of others.

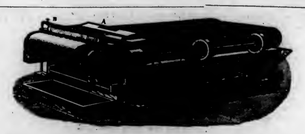
After you enter the tunnel you can easily imagine yourself 1000 feet underground.

PRICE OF ADMISSION . . . 25 CENTS
CHILDREN . . . . . 10 CENTS

WANTED.

A GOOD QUARTZ OR GRAVEL MINE.

Address C. H. FORD, Crocker Building, room 5, with full particulars, price, etc. 5



FRUE ORE CONCENTRATOR

Over 4000 in actual use.

Manufactured under Patents of April 27, 1880, July 24, 1888, and March 31, 1891

SAN JACINTO ESTATE, LIMITED, Office of the General Manager.
P. O. Address, South Riverside, San Bernardino county, Cal.
CAJALCO, December 18, 1891.

GENTLEMEN: After a continuous trial of different Concentrators (comprising the Frue Vanner, the "Holland," "Paradox," "Triumph" and the "Woodbury" Concentrators), extending over several months, we find that we prefer the Frue Vanner, as it is easier of adjustment, runs smoother, has less wear and tear, and—having a positive travel—gives less trouble than the other more complicated and ever-changing machines now in use here. The Frue Vanner not only saves a cleaner concentrate, but has less loss in the tailings, and is in several ways preferable to the other Concentrators here. I am, my Dear Sirs, yours faithfully,

S. HARRIS, Manager.

Price of 4-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner.....$550, f. o. b.
" " Improved Belt Frue Vanner.....800, f. o. b.
" 6-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner.....800, f. o. b.

For any information, or for pamphlets, or for circulars or testimonials, call on or address us at our office.

H. J. SUMMERHAYES, Successor to ADAMS & CARTER, Agent Frue Vanning Machine Company,

NO. 132 MARKET STREET.....SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



# THE MIDWINTER APPEAL

## AND JOURNAL OF FORTY-NINE.

VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1894. NUMBER 13

THE MIDWINTER APPEAL AND JOURNAL OF '49.

Published Weekly at 625 Eighty-Niners Street, San Francisco, California.

— BY —

SAM DAVIS.

$2.50 Per Annum. $1.50 Six Months.


## BY PONY EXPRESS.

### NEWS BROUGHT IN BY OUR CAYUSE.

VICTORIA AND JIM

London, March 28—There is quite a stir at Winsor Castle over the contemplated visit of Jim Corbett to the Queen. Victoria has decided to receive the pug in a 24 foot ring. She is to occupy one corner and Jim another. The Princess of Teck has decided to wear three ounce boxing gloves and all court ladies are expected to follow suit. Indian clubs will be placed at the corner of the throne to steady it. The Marquis of Queensbury will be the master of ceremonies. It is now under serious consideration whether or not to allow Pony Moor and Charley Mitchell to remain standing during the reception. Corbett's colors will be run up on the castle in place of the flag of St. George. Parliament will adjourn and a boxing tournament will enliven the guests after dinner. Peter Jackson will never set foot on British soil if he dont get invited.

Later—This morning all London was thrown into excitement because the Queen had let fall a ten pound dumbbell on her toe when practicing athletics. A Paris Doctor has just arrived.

BELATED NEWS.

Last week the APPEAL contained the picture of its Jackass Correspondent leaving Hangtown. The man who went up to report the Item sent down an elaborate sketch but no news. It appears that the drunken courier who brought the sketch lost the manuscript of the item and we are thus delayed in running it

It seems that our correspondent had been getting on to the corruption of the city government of Hangtown and some of the big social scandals fearing his ready pen, always wielded in the cause of truth and good morals, a mob of scalawags had formed a vigilance committee and tried to kill him. He made a good fight but the lead was too thick and he had to retreat in good shape. Our artist however has a different idea of it.

We assure the people of Hangtown that the APPEAL cannot be muzzled by shooting its truthful agents. Molasses goes farther than vinegar with us. Unless we have a club of two hundred subscribers from that rotten hurgh by next Sunday, all cash, we will give the people of the state the full benefit of the scandal in which the Mayors wife is concerned, the inside of the Hangtown Bank matters, and the county hospital scandal. Our artist drew a hasty picture last week, and this week we give it with more correctness and attention to detail.


THE ORO FINO

—CONCERT HALL.—

'49 MINING CAMP

Songs, Ballads, Skirt and Serpentine Dancing,

And Every Other Terpsichorean Novelty Known.

Old-time Jigs and Reels.

New Talent this Week—Come and hear the One Man orchestra, New Novelties Every night.

W. J. Burnes Proprietor.


### BARNES HAD TO TALK.

The Miners had the Drop on the Orator

On Sunday afternoon Col. Barnes called at the Camp and the miners surrounded him near the bear pit and covering him with six-shooters made him climb a ladder overlooking the bear pit and make a speech. Under this great persuasion he spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen; Like the bear I appear most reluctantly on this great occasion. He cannot get out of his fix, neither do I seem to be able to escape from that which I am in. Therefore I appear for the bear.

"I may say, without flattery, that he is one of the most interesting of all the concessionaires of the California Mid. winter International Exposition. Their situations to-day, though presenting some interesting contrasts, are not, after all, as dissimilar as they seem. 'Monarch' was trapped by Allen Kelly and the Examiner in the savage mountains of San Bernardino, and the others were caught by Viscount Cornely and the Chronicle on the civilized plains of Chicago.

"'Monarch' is to-day in a hole. So are the others. All would get away if they could. None of them can. None of them sell anything—'Monarch' because he has nothing to sell, and his concessionaires because there is nobody who will buy. 'Monarch' is to-day pitted. The others are to be.

"'Monarch' looks up to the Executive Committee whenever it comes around. All the other concessionaires look down on it. 'Monarch' pays nothing for his floor space; the others cannot.

"All desire that the general admission fee be reduced to 25 cents and this is the one common bond of sympathy between him of Russia, in the Liberal Arts Building, dead and stuffed, and him of the '49 Camp, alive and untamed as his ancestors were when they climbed the cliffs and hired their hairy tribe in the fastness of the Coast range—"

Just at this point 'Monarch' came out of his cave and stood up as straight as Boone's dancing bear "Ursus Major," and howled his approbation, while General Barnes, taking advantage of the confusion, slid down the ladder with his life.

### A GREAT COMBINATION.

Washington, March 28—It is rumored here that Breckenridge and Queen Lil are going to take the road at the head of a comic opera company. Miss Pollard will act as advance agent.

It is claimed that the only Native Son who has a concession at the Fair is James Mc Conchy who runs the '49 theatre near the south gate.

### THE PALACE GRILL.

The Palace Grill is now regarded as the Delmonaco, of San Francisco. The fact of a man being seen there taking his meals stamps him as a society man and epicure of first water.

### THE HAUNTED SWING.

This most wonderful illusion must be seen to be appreciated. Words fail to express the curious and realistic results obtained. Every one paying the Haunted Swing a visit will be more than satisfied. This is certainly one of the best shows in the Fair grounds. The admission is but 10 cents.

The scientific administration of electricity for Nervous Prostration, Insanity, Hysteria, Insomnia, Catarrh, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Diabetes, Malaria, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Uterine Diseases. Electricity not only cures disease, but it consumes, expels or burns up all drugs in the system. DR. AGNES WINZELL, Electric Physician, 106 Stockton street, parlors 5 and 6.

FOR SALE.

Minwinter Fair Souvenir Stationary. It is a complete novelty and souvenir of Californian, and is just the thing to use when writing to you friends. Five papers and five envelopes for 10 cents. 15 papers and 15 envelopes for 25 cents. Agents wanted, send 10 cents for samples and terms. Address Raph Clyde. This office.

### OUR JACKASS CORRESPONDENT.

Jackass Ravine, March 26,

I am more than surprised that you have taken the liberty of publishing a cut of how I left Hangtown. If you had sent over word the undersigned would have told you all about the hilarity. There was more fun than enough, and old Bill Selkirk can vouch for my part of the story. Put it in straight or expect trouble before your next issue.

A fellow named Alvinzo Hayward has made a hit in his quartz claim at Plymouth and miners are flocking to the claim in great shape.

Joe Harvey's clique are trying hard to have Theo Ross step down and out as Treasurer; but I want to say right here if Ross quits, I am in the fight for the same position.

My three partners and your humble servant want to declare themselves. If any dog busted son of a sea cook steals another copy of the APPEAL from off the table the responsibility be on their own heads. For two consecutive weeks some prowling thief has got away with our copy and now we are prepared to cut his fingers off.

Walter Bernard and Frank Bettman took a six-shooter away from a foot-pad Tuesday evening, and the would be holder up had the two arrested for seizing the tool of his profession. An intelligent jury acquitted the prisoners but suggested that on the next attempt they kill the plaintiff.

When I was up at Niggar Bar a man named Jake Wallace loaned me $20. If the banjo player you have in your camp is the same Jake, let me know and the first time Joe Stewart goes over the divide the money will be sent.

A Chinaman opened up a Bran new laundry at Shirt Tail last week, but the Tail boys are down on the Chinese and ran the poor Mongolian out of town. Send over Pussy who advertises in your last issue and we will all patronise her.

A young narrow waisted chap named Rome Harris has opened up an American bar on the road to the '49 Camp and is selling tolerable fair lung juice. He smashed Caribou George in the nose for insulting him on his opening night and thus established a fighting reputation. Doc Keane sewed up the rent in the would be bad man's proboscis, and ventured to remark that the color of the fellow's blood showed conclusively that he was no "stayer."

Our officers have been watching two suspicious personages who have been in the Hamline the past few days. One calls himself Dick Crooker while the other goes under the name of Tim McCarthy. Both claim to come from New York but they have tough faces and do not resemble any of the "Yorkers" we have here.

Old Louis Lask paid me a visit the other day and wanted me to account for a brown mare mule which he claims I sold for him in '54. The old man forgets that I staked him when he started for Grass Valley to get possession of the Allison mine. Well that's years ago and probably the old gent has forgotten our former friendship when he talks about that old mule—and I only got a hundred for it at that.

Jim O'Brien of Smartsville was in town yesterday trying to buy a barrell of whisky for Ash White in Plumas county, but our grade of goods were too high for the magnate, so he sent down to the city for some common stuff.

John Crow has arrived in town with the reports of a big find near Drytown and showed up a lot of specimens. The report may be true as he blowed himself against Bill Curtis' monte game, and said he would be back in three days to have another go at the "sanded kcards."

The woodchopper was here Wednesday hunting for Jim Ormbrff to have a game of billiards, and Jim Fair with his partner Mackay was anxious to back the new comer against our billiard expert but foxy Jim was on to the sure thing men and took to the woods.

A back action passed through town two days ago with a load of cards and tangle-foot. The cargo was consigned to Ed Moore of Copperopolis, but a whisper has been passed around that a portion of the necessaries belonged to big fisted Meyers of Angels.

GRIM.


THE AUCTION LUNCH.

ESTABLISHED 1849.

BY

FLOOD & O'BRIEN.

CAPTAIN LOUIS BAGLIETTO

Proprietor.

DEALER IN

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A MARVEL.

THE

CALIFORNIA AMALGAMATOR.

The California Amalgamator is a thoroughly practical machine, possessing simplicity, durability and effectiveness.

It not only has no superior, but no equal.

It is the cheapest and best in existence.

It will save all Boniel mercury from Stamp and Hendington mills.

It will save all fine gold from Snake river sands and other similar deposits.

It will save all fine gold from beach or black sands.

It will save every particle of gold that floats in water, no matter how fine. It will save flake gold so fine that it will not settle in still water in ten seconds.

Call and examine it at the Mechanic Arts building, Midwinter Exposition. It has no equal.

California Amalgamating Co.,

602 MARKET STREET,

State Board(ot Trade) San Francisco, Cal

Nevada Apples.

Best on Earth

700 BOXES

FOR SALE BY

Gould & Jaudin.

312 WASHINGTON STREET.

San Francisco Cal.

### CAMP JOTS.

A collection was taken up at the Oro Fino theatre to buy red dresses for the "Two Little Girls in blue."

The dance house is doing a rushing business.

At the El Dorado saloon seven galoots were shot, stabed, and carved to death in a free for all fight last week. The coroner and undertakers are becoming bloated with prospects.

Fandango Pusey's lover gave her the snake and she is looking for him with a carving knife.

Ed Green the barker for the Camp has a voice like a fog horn and Alex Badlam's aint in it when our barker is around.

Boozy Bill accidently killed himself by drinking cold writer.

The Oro Fino theatre is raking in the stuff this week, and Ketchup Billy the manager is wearing a biled shirt and sporting a plug dicer.

"Monarch" the Examiner grizzly is anxious to shake somebody for the drinks.

### MINE FOR SALE.

A gravel hydraulic mine rich from grass roots down. 70 feet deep. Deposit covers 120 acres and is in a region of the finest water supply in the state. Terms easy. Apply at this office.

### FOR SALE.

The original Mrs. O'Leary's cow, with all the paraphernalia exhibited at the Chicago Fair with financial success. Price, $300.00. For further particulars inquire of

A. C. McALLISTER,
San Rafael, Cal.


Our Name Is Known

and when on cork, capsule or label of wine or liquor, is a positive guarantee of the purity and excellence of the contents.

Medicinal Liquors

for Physicians' Prescriptions a specialty.

Old Stock Bourbon

at $1.50 a bottle has no equal.

GOLDBERG BOWEN —AND— LEBENBAUM

BOYS!

DRINK THE GOOD OLD

DAYS OF '49

WHISKY.

For Sale All Over the Camp.

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SOLE AGENTS,

116 Front Street San Francisco.

COLONEL HAFFORD'S ARIZONA EXHIBIT

Of all the Birds, Animals and Reptiles of the Territory.

The most Complete Private Collection in the World.

The Colonel has taken twenty-five years to Amass this Collection.

South Drive, in rear of the Administration Building.

ADMISSION . . . . . 25 CENTS.

MISS PLUNKETT'S

—EMPLOYMENT BUREAU,—

424 SUTTER STREET,

Between Stockton and Powell, San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone No. 5472.

The most reliable male and female help furnished on short notice.

Special attention paid to country orders.

Sutter and Powell street or cable pass the door.

THE COMMITTEE ENDORSED.

The report of the committee of ways and means, which [illegible] the appropriation of $[illegible] for the Executive Committee of the Fair, and which also appropriates $[illegible] for the Fourth Regiment, [illegible] was adopted by the Assembly [

## AT SWETT'S BAR.

PRENTICE MULFORD TELLS ABOUT LIFE ON THE TUOLUMNE.

**Women Were Scarce, but Black Bottles and Fun Were Plentiful--A Legislator Who Served the State and Brought Home a Bliss Coat with Brass Buttons on It.**

[Copyrighted by the Author.]

III.

I THINK and hope that these attempts of mine to portray the history of the camps on one California gold-bearing river will touch a responsive chord in the heart of some old Californian, for the life and incident of the bars I describe reflect in certain respects the life, history and incident of hundreds and thousands of places settled in '49, and perhaps abandoned by '50, which have now no name or place on the later maps of the state. Your genuine old miner likes to revisit the camp where first he dug for gold, in thought if not in person. It was no common affection they entertained for these places.

If the "boys" moved away to other diggings they had always to make a yearly pilgrimage back, so long as the camp lasted. So, yearly from Valleito, thirty miles distant, used Jake Yager to revisit Swett's, and he tramped the whole distance too. What was it that so drew them back? Perhaps the memory of the new and exciting life they experienced from '49 say till '58 or '60, with its "ups and downs," its glittering surprises in the shape of "strikes," its comradeship soon developed among men who, meeting as strangers, so soon found out each other's better qualities, its freedom from the restraints of older communities, its honesty and plainness in the expression of opinion, engendered by such freedom. All these thought over and over again during absence brought about that strong desire to see the old bar again, the scene of so much experience and private history. Then the visitor always met a hearty welcome. He was an old "residenter." Cabin owners contended for the pleasure of entertaining him. No wives or families were in the way. Conviviality was uninterrupted.

If a black bottle could be produced it could be worshiped undisturbed until long past midnight. And such was always professed on the return of the old acquaintance. When the "boys" at last tumbled into their bunks and smoked a nightcap pipe aloft there was no wife in special charge of husband to molest or make them afraid or disturb their internal peace by reason of her near presence. Those were the golden seasons of masculine domestic tranquillity on the banks of the Tuolumne. Woman never disturbed the bar proper with her presence. It was always a masculine bar, at least on the right bank of the river. On the left, at a later date, on a flat, where I enjoyed the privilege of digging for next to nothing for two years, there did live for a time three foreign housekeepers glorified by woman's presence. But this was after the palmy days of Swett's Bar proper, right bank.

I have heard that Swett's Bar was named after John Swett, once superintendent of public instruction in California. If so he never there left any relics or reminders of himself—not even a grammar. Swett's flies equidistant from Hawkins and Indian bars. When last I passed through it the floods had washed out every trace of man's presence on one side of the river, leaving there an enormous heap of logs and brushwood. The bar proper had been smoothed down by the flood, every hole or boulder heap, or heap of "headings" or "tailings," or the deep pits dug and laboriously kept free of water by machinery, or heavily rock freighted crib of logs, the work of miners in the river's bed, had been planed away. The pebbles and bowlders had all been rearranged, the sands were smooth, white and glistening as though "fresh from the Creator's hands," and none save those conversant with the river's history could have guessed that every foot of the bank adjoining the river had been turned over and over again in the search for gold.

We elected one member of the legislature from Swett's. When he left the Bar he distributed his cabin, blankets, and household effects among the remaining miners. He confidently thought never to need these articles again. That was as great a miscalculation as when a Swett's Bar or any other bar miner would receive and swear violently that never again would he "strike a pick" in the river. We came to regard such an oath with a superstitious credulity that he certainly would strike such pick again, for never did such a case occur in my recollection but that the mad resolver was back next season, ignoring his vow and striking his pick on some claim generally poorer than the one he worked the season previous. So at the end of four months, after completing the law books of the state of California with statutes, whose very existence was forgotten eight months after their passage, our Swett's Bar legislator was seen one evening coming down the hill bearing in one hand two whisky bottles tied together by one string—one being empty and the other full.

"Silver and gold have I none," said he, as he came to my cabin door, "but what I have give I unto thee," which he did. Next day came his trunk. The principal accessions to the legislative wardrobe were three new shirts and a blue coat with brass buttons. That—the session, I think, of 1859—was known as the "legislature of 10,000 drinks." Our lawmaker said it had been the "star winter" of his existence, and he never expected to see such another. Three days after his arrival at the Bar he borrowed a pair of blankets, "cahoots" with a chum and contentedly resumed his pick and shovel. Del Cincinnatus do more when he buckled once more to the plow? But our Swett's Bar Cincinnatus was never hunted for to save his country. There were too many other country savers on hand, even in our immediate locality.

Generally speaking, Swett's was divided in two portions. There was the old bar on the right bank of the river, settled in '49, and there was the flat on the other side, whose golden store was not discovered until 1859. Attempts were made to give this flat a distinct name. Various settlers and miners craved the immortality which they supposed might thus be conferred. For a time it was called "Fraser's Flat," from a diabolical Scotchman of that name who lived there. Only one of those names would stick, and finally everybody settled down on the old appellation, "Swett's." I do not believe that John Swett, if he did confer his name on the bar, ever realized the local fame and reputation of his name. When first we struck the diggings at Swett's left bank we had great expectations. It was a later discovery, a "back river channel." Consequent on the discovery of pay ground 1,000 feet back of the river, and the definite fixing of the boundary lines between the various claimants, there ensued the usual series of disputes, rows, bad blood, assaults and threatened shootings. Nobody was shot. Not even a mining lawsuit came of it.

A local capitalist threw a flume across the river, and brought to bear on the flat the splash of a dry washer, which came down from Columbia diggings, twenty-five miles away through Wood's creek. That flume was being talked of, being planned, being hoped for and very gradually being erected during the years of '59 and '60, while the rest of the nation was agitated by "Bleeding Kansas," "John Brown," "Squatter Sovereignty," "The Douglas Party," "The Little Giant" and all that foreboding series of watchword and motto which preceded "The War." But the Swett's Bar bound. The Swett's Bar hope, the Swett's Bar expedition, was concentrated principally on a wire cable, two uprights on either side of the river, and some 400 feet of rough wooden flume thereby supported, all of which was to bring us water to wash out the expected gold. At last the suspension flume was finished. We had water. We commenced washing. The dirt did not pay as we expected. We averaged work in and week out about three dollars per day, and one dollar of this went for water money.

After the suspension flume was finished and water was on our Flat our claim cleaned up for the first week's work about fifty dollars apiece. We used quicksilver plentifully in the sluices, and the amalgam was taken to my cabin in a gold pan and put on the hot coals to drive off the mercury, which it did, and salivated the four of us besides. The sublimated mineral covered walls, tables and chairs with a fine frostlike coating, and on rubbing one's finger over any surface a little globule of quicksilver would roll up before it. Then we went to Chinese camp and gave the doctor about half our individual week's dividends to get the mercury out of us. Three weeks of sore mouths and loosened teeth followed this intelligent exposure. It was through such experiences as these that we have become in California practical mineralogists. However, it's an easy way of taking "blue mass."

The claim from which great gains had been expected eventually settled down to an average of $5.00 to $6 per day. Break downs of the flume, failure of water from up country, very stormy weather, building and repairing reservoirs, cutting tail races through rock—all caused numerous delays, and every such delay lessened the average per diem. It was necessary to build reservoirs, to store the water for washing, all these reservoirs broke with the ease and facility of a Bowery savings bank.

PRENTICE MULFORD.


**Wash and be Clean**

WHEN AT THE FAIR.

If you want to wash your hands, and get a good drink, go to

ROME HARRIS'

AMERICAN BAR.

At the rear end of the Vienna Prater. A door has been opened between the bar and the concert hall so that guests can pass to the bar and return without extra charge. 12

**VIAVI.**

Which translated means THE ROAD TO HEALTH.

Very necessary to womankind
In a thousand and one ways
And by our cures we quickly
Verify the claim that VIAVA is
Indispensible to you all.

TO ALL WANDERERS on the rocky road of sickness, we will furnish a Guide to the City of Health and happiness in life, where woman with her ever increasing burden can throw off and lay aside the weight of destroying disease and lift up her head in

**Perfect Health.**

Upon the pages of feminine history appear a thousand testimonials from thankful hearts of wives, mothers and daughters whose ills have been banished by VIAVI. All disease falls before its potent influence and slow destroyers give way to vigorous health, happiness and physical comfort, not for a day, but always.

Nothing but competent and patient ladies in attendance to consult and comfort those who need our aid.

**No Charge For Consultation.**

Call on or Address

2301 VAN NESS AVENUE,
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ALL COMMUNICATIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.

**DONT LEAVE CAMP!**

Until You Have Seen

SMITH'S EXHIBIT

of

An Old '49 Camp Store.

Admission Free.

Ask for a copy of their Catalogue, or mail one to your friends, and before you leave town drop in and see their down town Establishment.

No. 414-416-418 Front street, San Francisco 12

**Centrifugal Roller Quartz MILL.**

This mill can be seen in operation in the MECHANICAL ARTS BUILDING.

F. A. Huntington,

Manufacturer, 213 and 219 First street, San Francisco.

Illustrated Pamphlet on application.

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Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Old French and London Dock Brandies,

Port Wines, Sherries and all the Choicest Brands of Champagne, Apple Jack, Pisco, Arrack, Cordials, Liquors, etc.

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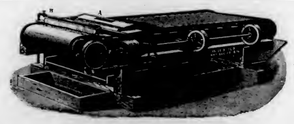

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**Over 4000 in actual use.**

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SAN JACINTO ESTATE, LIMITED, Office of the General Manager.
P. O. Address, South Riverside, San Bernardino county, Cal.
CAJALCO, December 18, 1891.

FRUE VANNING MACHINE CO., 132 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.—GENTLEMEN: After a continuous trial of different Concentrators (comprising the Frue Vanner, the "Holland," "Paradox," "Triumph" and the "Woodbury" Concentrators), extending over several months, we find that we prefer the Frue Vanner, as it is easier of adjustment, runs smoother, has less wear and tear, and—having a positive travel—gives less trouble than the other more complicated and ever-changing machines now in use here. The Frue Vanner not only saves a cleaner concentrate, but has less loss in the tailings, and is in several ways preferable to the other Concentrators here. I am, my Dear Sirs, yours faithfully,

S. HARRIS, Manager.

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" " Improved Belt Frue Vanner..... 800, f. o. b.
" 6-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner..... 800, f. o. b.

For any information, or for pamphlets, or for circulars or testimonials, call on or address as at our office.

H. J. SUMMERHAYES, Successor to ADAMS & CARTER, Agent Frue Vanning Machine Company,
NO. 132 MARKET STREET.....SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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**Ride Through the Mine.**

See a Gold Mine in full operation in all its details.

The finest educator of the day.

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After you enter the tunnel you can easily imagine yourself 1000 feet underground.

PRICE OF ADMISSION - - - 25 CENTS
CHILDREN - - - - - - - - 10 CENTS
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A GOOD QUARTZ OR GRAVEL MINE.

Address C. H. FORD, Crocker Building, room 5, with full particulars, price, etc. 5



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## AND JOURNAL OF FORTY-NINE.

VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1894. NUMBER 14

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— BY —

SAM DAVIS.

$2.50 Per Annum. $1.50 Six Months.


## BY PONY EXPRESS

### NEWS BROUGHT IN BY OUR CAYUSE.

#### CORBETT IN NO HURRY.

New York, April 5—Jim Corbett was interviewed here to-day. He says that he is anxious to meet Jackson, provided he can name the time, place, referee, and stake-holder, and be assured 90 per cent of the gross receipts, and nine tenths of the purse. While not drawing the color line he wants Jackson to bleach himself out about four shades before fighting. Corbett to be judge of the shade. These points being all settled he is more than wild to get into the ring, providing the authorities don't interfere.

#### JONES NOT MOLESTED.

Reno Nev. April 4—Senator Jones passed through Nevada on his way to Washington last evening, and was not molested by a demand from the Republican Central Committee. They expected to way-lay him and secure funds for the next campaign, but he slid through disguised as a brakeman on a cattle car. After the incident Bragg and Foley resigned from the Central Committee.

#### THE COMMON SQUEALERS.

Oakland, April 6—Editor Moffett and Senator Dargie joined the Army of Common Squealers to-day. Moffett addressed the mob from a box car and offered to pay all their fares to Washington. He offered to give his note to the Southern Pacific Company for 60 days for the ammount of the fares, and Dargie offered to endorse it. The announcement was received with cheers, and free beer was set up by the Mayor, who told the bar-keep to chalk it up. The army moved on at once.

#### TO HELP BRECKENRIDGE.

Washington, April 5—A bill was introduced here to-day aiming to help Breckenridge. It provides that no young lady can make love to a Representative of Congress, without first taking out a permit from the Librian of Congress, in which she binds herself not to exercise undue influence over her victim, and further binds herself not to bring breach of promise suits in case of seduction. All other business has been suspended to let the bill have gang-way.

#### HAFFORD'S ILLUSION.

All the illusionists are making money now. The latest is "Lina the Maid of the Moon," in Hafford's Arizona Museum. It is a dazzlingly beautiful woman cut square in two at the waist and placed on a swinging board. The half of the beautiful creature hangs in mid-air, and even passes a fan under her severed waist to prove that the lower half of her body is not there. Crowds go to see this wonderful spectacle every day.

E. A. Bockwell has a fine collection of pictures at her studio, Phelan building room 124 Market street, cor. O'Farell. Persons wishing to carry back East fine views of California scenery, sketches, studies, elegant oil paintings, are invited to call. Oil portraits and colored crayons a specialty.

A QUART AT ONE STANDING.

#### THE KID'S NOTES.

Ralph Clyde a newsboy has now taken charge of the APPEAL cabin when the regular editor is not in. He also puts in his spare moments editing the paper. Here are some of his latest news notes:

Cross Eyed Jake got hung for stealing Dandy Jim's horse.

Ketcup Bflly and Fat Joe got boozy the other night in the keno rooms, and tried to knock the stuffin out of each other, as they were too dull, they didn't do much harm, except Joe got his ear chewed off and Bill had his nose smashed flat as a pancake.

Jack Maynard came to the Camp last Saturday and had a all round good time. Early Sunday morning he was sent home in a wheelbarrow.

At the dance house last Sunday Sheeny Ike and Noney Frank had a scrap over a pretty little piece of calico named Blonde May. After thumping, pounding, and wiping the floor with each other Ike won the piece of print. Frank is engaged in trying to cough up a couple f broken teeth.

Dont fail to get last week's APPEAL it has the noted song "The Days of '49" by Jake Wallace.

Prof. Love killed a man the other day for making love to one of the Fandango girls. Let this be a warning to all gallops who monkey with the fair sex. Remember that the Prof is a dead shot, and can get away with a bottle of whiky or a man quicker than you can say Jack Robinson.

Last Sunday the Fandango dancers had their mugs taken for the picture that was turned toward the wall.

Miss Guneon of the Portland Dispatch took a paper and pitched our agent out the window for asking her to pay for it.

Bess Robinson a newspaper writer left her card on our table saying "I am a bit of a liar myself." We are always glad to meet a sister liar Bess, so any time you call around we will make you at home.

Able and Priest have opened a magnificent photograph studio at 131 Post street. It is extensively equiped to do all kinds of work this side of New York. The quality of the work is fine and patrons speak glowingly of the proprietors and the attention they receive there.

It seems queer that Alex Badlam with all the best resources at his command dont get a few cat fish in his aquarium. The visitors are all enquiring for them.

"A new book by Lew Wallace, madam, called—The Fair God.'"

"I've read all about Mr. De Young," Said the lady, as she slid out.

Mayor Ellart of San Francisco was slushing about the Camp last Sunday.

Phoebe Davies and Joe Gardner will open at the California Theatre next Monday, and will be accorded a royal reception by the theatre goers.

Look out for the free drink coupon in next weeks APPEAL.

The allogorical fountain is going to pieces and will soon have to be taken in out of the wet,

### THE WRESTLING MATCH.

#### The Bull and Bear Fight on the Comstock.

The coming wrestling match with Hoone's lion and the grizzlie bear may result like a fight between a bull and bear on the Comstock years ago.

Orndorff and Magee owned the Allantro theatre on the corner of C and Union streets. One night they turned loose a bull and bear in the pit for a fight. The place was packed with sports at $25 ahead for ordinary admission and $50 for reserved seats.

Just as things were about ready the bull saw the bear and charged straight out of his wooden enclosure. He came against the iron bars of the cage and turned off into the orchestra. Talk about pandemonium, Pat Holland opened the bear cage to give the grizzly a chance to help the audience fight the bull, but the bear didn't see it that way and so tackled the stage and the bull the dressicle. But the Comstock sports were not caught napping. In an instant a score of 44 calibre "barkers" were out and a fusilade of bullets greeted the bull at the same time the stage hands were plunking lead into the bear. The awkward rush of the bull was met in good shape by volley after volley. He lowered his head, gave a short lunch sideways and struggled over the piano.

"Let him kill a few fiddles" shouted some one and a laugh went up. He demolished the piano in his death struggle and broke the arm of a trombone man. The bear made a wreck of the scenery, he tried to climb an Alpine mountain and went through it and thus reached the bar room, where he died. It took a dozen shots to finish him. The management offered the crowd their money back but they voted they had all the fun they paid for and all refused to take a cent.

If the bear and lion in Boones Arena should happen to get exited and cast the rules of wrestling to the wind, they might make things interesting before they could be seperated.

### THE PALACE GRILL.

Ex President Harrison comes to town now quite often, his object being to get a square meal at the Palace Grill, as the Palo Alto grub isn't up to his ideas.

### THE HAUNTED SWING.

This most wonderful illusion must be seen to be appreciated. Words fail to express the curious and realistic results obtained. Every one paying the Haunted Swing a visit will be more than satisfied. This is certainly one of the best shows in the Fair grounds. The admission is but 10 cents.

#### FOR SALE.

Minwinter Fair Souvenir Stationary, It is a complete novelty and souvenir of Californian, and is just the thing to use when writing to you friends. Five papers and five envelopes for 10 cents. 15 papers and 15 envelopes for 25 cents. Agents wanted, send 10 cents for samples and terms. Address Raph Clyde. This office.

### CAMP JOTS.

Its high time a claim jumping riot or a lynching bee was introduced in this camp to liven it up.

The boys are wondering when the election is coming off. Better sober up old Judge Moses and call the prisuries.

The Camp was full of children on Chronicle day who were well pleased with everything they saw.

Carmen and Camolla are now the rival queens of the fandango, they each represent different schools of dancing, and each have their backers and admirers.

On Monday Col. Boone celebrated his 50th birthday. Although cut with sabers, plowed with bullets, and clawed with bears, the old veteran is about the toughest man on the Fair grounds to-day.

The Nevada Cafe on the roof of the Nevada Building continues to be the resort for people who love good grub and moderate prices.

Ned Foster is still worked to death supplying the demand for tamales.

#### ON HIS MUSCLE

The other day Little Bingham one of the Fandango dancers pretended to faint from exhaustion in the dance house, hoping that Manager love would revive him with a glass of '40 whisky. Slim Jim however dashed a pail of water over him. Water sets Little Bingham wild and springing to his feet he mopped the floor with Jim and then sot on him while he was resting. After this people will think twice before they approach Bingham with a water proposition.


THE AUCTION LUNCH.

ESTABLISHED 1849.

BY

FLOOD & O'BRIEN.

CAPTAIN LOUIS BAGLIETTO

Proprietor.

DEALER IN

Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

511 Washington st.

Bet. Montgomery and Sansome Streets, San Francisco Cal. 12

A MARVEL.

THE

CALIFORNIA AMALGAMATOR.

The California Amalgamator is a thoroughly practical machine, possessing simplicity, durability and effectiveness.

It not only has no superior, but no equal.

It is the cheapest and best in existence.

It will save all floured mercury from Stamp and Huntington mills.

It will save all fine gold from Snake river sands and other similar deposits.

It will save all fine gold from beach or black sands.

It will save every particle of gold that floats in water, no matter how fine. It will save flake gold so fine that it will not settle in still water in ten seconds.

Call and examine it at the Mechanic Arts building, Midwinter Exposition: It has no equal.

California Amalgamating Co.,

602 MARKET STREET,

State Board of Trade] San Francisco, Cal

**Nevada Apples.**

Best on Earth

700 BOXES

FOR SALE BY

Gould & Jaudin.

312 WASHINGTON STREET.

San Francisco Cal. 13

Our Name Is Known

and when on cork, capsule or label of wine or liquor, is a positive guarantee of the purity and excellence of the contents.

Medicinal Liquors

for Physicians' Prescriptions a specialty.

Old Stock Bourbon

at $1.50 a bottle has no equal.

GOLDBERG + BOWEN AND LEBENBAUM

BOYS!

DRINK THE GOOD OLD

DAYS OF '49

WHISKY.

For Sale

All Over the

Camp.

Meyerfeld, Mitchell & Co.,

SOLE AGENTS,

116 Front Street, San Francisco.

COLONEL HAFFORD'S

ARIZONA

EXHIBIT

Of all the Birds, Animals and Reptiles of the Territory.

The most Complete Private Collection in the World.

The Colonel has taken twenty-five years to Amass this Collection.

South Drive, in rear of the Administration Building.

ADMISSION ..... 25 CENTS.

MISS PLUNKETT'S

—EMPLOYMENT BUREAU,—

424 SUTTER STREET,

Between Stockton and Powell, San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone No. 5472.

The most reliable male and female help furnished on short notice.

Special attention paid to country orders.

☞ Sutter and Powell street cars pass the door.

### A GREAT OFFER.

The trick of the big dailies offering their subscribers a chance to vote coupons for various prizes is merely a sly game to induce people to take their paper. They take in the nickels and the gullible public.

The APPEAL makes an offer in the cut, just like which enables cash purchasers to get more than bottle his money back, here is the plan:

[illegible]

[illegible]

If interested come see some of This Fair.

Now the APPEAL guarantees to pay $100 each to the first respectable saloon allowing its cause to appear in the same paid printed in many issue. If any of our causes attract a large crowd of customers to the saloon, as aaaaa paying 5 cents for the drinks he only to take the coupon to the saloon and get a 15 cent drink. The one hundred dollars paid the saloon keeper who first takes advantage of this offer is to guarantee him against loss. In case several parties accept the same day the most respectable one will be selected. This offer is a business one and we advise people to keep a good lookout for next weeks issue as it will contain a bona fide order of the kind we describe.

If you buy one of the big dailies you are out 5 cents and only get a coupon. In our case we return more than double your investment.

### NEVADA APPLES SLIGHTED.

The Committee of awards never examined the apple display at the Fair, but gave the premiums to California apples. If the Committee will walk over to the Nevada Building and see the apples that took first premium against the world at Chicago, and these apples are just as fresh now as the day they were picked they will realize their blunder. Nevada took the first premium on apples at Philadelphia, New Orleans, and Chicago, but the exhibit here was not even judged in San Francisco.

A Colorado paper speaks flippantly of a three foot ledge "going $300 to ton per ton in free gold," and predicts good times "when capitalists come in and mills are built." What's the matter pounding up such stuff in a plug-hat with a potato-masher? An industrious man ought to make good wages at it.

### THE IMPRESSIONISTS SCHOOL.

There hangs in the art gallery three paintings by a French artist and are catalogued as belonging to the Impressionists School. These pictures look as if some children had amused themselves with paint. The paint has a dull washed out look, and the whole work "seamped" to the last degree.

It is an insult to the intelligence of art lovers to hang such rotten daubs in a gallery.

A dash of yellow is made to do duty as a field and some dull stripes of blue are supposed to be trees. A woman trying to make a masse shot at a billiard table is a fair specimen of this same school. She is sitting on a table with one foot on the floor. A woman would have to be about seven feet high to accomplish this. She is grabbing the cue with the thumb up and grasping it as if she was trying to jab a hole through the table.

We are under the impression that this school of art should be kicked out of the gallery and set up in the Midway for visitors to pelt rocks at.

### FOR STATE PRINTER.

The interior press has settled on Scipio Craig for State Printer. He is every inch a master printer, and his paper typographically is not surpassed in the United States. If the interior press stands solidly for this nomination, the Republican State Convention will do a very foolish thing to ignor such a demand.

### OLD TIME THEATRICALS.

In this weeks issue old Jim Armstrong of the '49 Camp begins some very ancient theatrical reminescences. Mr. Armstrong is an old theatrical man, and is living at 709 Kearney street. Any old time "points" left with him will be appreciated.

The man who writes poetry for the Stockton Mail is growing on the public. His last, "My Brother 'ill be all Right," is a touching and delightful piece of work, and the man would have very little feeling who could read it with unmoistened eyes.

### "OLD TIMES." ROCKS.

#### Old Pioneer Reminiscences of Early Theatricals Boiled Down By Jim Armstrong.

#### THE FIRST THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE.

It is thus recorded by a member of "Stevenson's Regiment," The stirring events in California gave the theatrical star an chance to become the rock and bunker. But when "Stevenson's Regiment arrived home and was stationed in barracks, the want of amusement soon started by talent which lay hidden away among the soldiers, and Santa Barbara was the first place to have the honor of introducing the English drama on the Pacific Slope. This was in the month of August 1847. The company consisted of R. A. Lee and his brother, Lieutenant, Rowe and others of the regiment. Written bills announced that they would give an entertainment in a large adobe house, which they had fitted up regardless of expense. The bill of the evening promised Bulwers "Lady of Lyons." "Comic Songs," Dancing and Farce." The part of "Claude Melnotte," by Mr. C. V. Lee. "Colonel Damas," Mr. Gannon. "Pauline," Mr. J. Rowe.

The first theatre in California was on the corner of Pacific and Decatur streets Monterey, in an adobe building. This property belonged to Jack Swan, a notable pioneer of 1843, and was dedicated as a theatre by C. E. Bingham, Ned Bingham, and a company largely composed of Stevenson's disbanded regiment. In 1847, prior to the opening of Swans adobe as a theatre four volunteers Matt Gormly, Bill Tyndall, Jake Morgan, and Long Lee came to Monterey from Santa Barbara on military duty, and in conjunction with three local characters called "Tips," "Taps," and "Tops," gave two theatrical performances.

The next theatre in California was the "Eagle Theatre" in Sacramento in 1849, back of the round tent on Front street, a noted gambling establishment. In fact the entrance to the theatre was through the tent. So it was evidently a man's affair. The theatre cost $75,000 although it was only 30x90 feet; the lumber for the frame work cost $700 per thousand feet; the canvas for the scenery came at $1 a yard, and those who sewed the canvas were paid $16 per day. The roof was of sheet iron and tin, and when the rains set in the noise was so deadening that the actors could not be heard, upon which the audience would adjourn to the gambling tent. There were no dressing rooms, and but three sets of scenery, a wood, street, and chamber, which with the drop curtain was painted by George Wilson, and it is commontory on the taste of the times that while the canvas stitchers were paid at the princly figures named above, the poor artist was put off with $50 for the entire job. The auditorium consisted of a so called dress circle and parquet. Seats were of rough boards, the bare ground serving as a floor. As an entrance to the second tier, or gallery, a step-ladder was provided outside the building, and in deference to ladies, canvas was nailed beneath it. Admission was $2 and $3 and was opened amid great excitement in October 18, 1849, with the following company: J. B. Atwater at $60 per night; Charles P. Price $150 per week; J. H. McCabe $100 per week; Harry Daly $60 per week; Lieutenant Wright $80 per week; Mr. and Mrs. Ray [the only woman in the company] $275 per week and their board and washing free, this last being a consideration, as washing was $12 a dozen. The orchestra received $60 a day, but for some unaccountable reason the salaries of the officials in the front of the house were about the same as they are to-day, and yet the stage carpenters were paid $115 per week. As might be expected the expenses were enormous, and some idea of the disadvantages under which the company labored may be gathered from the one fact that all the plays had to be changed and rewritten to meet the exigency of the one woman. Sacramento had no levees at that time and when the rains came on the water flooded the theatre, covering the parquet seats, the flood played havoc with the chimney building and it was closed January 4th, 1850.

The first concert in San Francisco was on Monday June 22 1849, by Stephen C Massett, better known as "Jeems Pipes of Pipesville." The entertainment was given in an old building on the north west corner of the plaza, since named Portsmouth Square. The building served as a dual purpose, Judge Almond's court and it was also used as a public school. Massett was the only performer. The only piano in Alta California was loaned for the occasion by the owner Mr. E. Harrison, who was collector of the port. The little room was crowded. Front seats were reserved for ladies, of whom there were four present. The programme consisted of "Songs," "Recitations," and "Imitations." Admission $5; Tickets to be had at Dr. Robinson's Clement and Druggist on the plaza, and at the office of Colonel J. D. Stevenson. The receipts were over $600.

Continued in next number.

### AN OLD TIMER.

The Camp received a visit last week from Dr. L. P. Silvester of Angels Camp, one of the first of the old time miners in the state. He has lived in Angels Camp nearly fifty years. The Dr. sat down on an empty powder keg in the APPEAL office and talked of old times. He was born in Boston in 1800 and says that Peakes Beanery has the regular Boston bake on. Said he:

"Captain York and myself put the first pick in Hobben's garden in Tolumne county, near Sonora. A party of us turned the stream of the Stanislaus in 1850 to dig up the bed of the river. I made one big strike in Jimtown, I remember. I turned up one nugget that weighed four and three-quarter pounds.

It was nearly all pure gold and I sold it for $17 an ounce. Most of the rock found yielded about $100 in quartz. Oh, like all the old boys I have had my ups and downs. I have made plenty of money and lost plenty. Nearly all the money I made in gold I dropped in copper. I have lived at Angel's and Altaville since 1849. About eight years ago I made my first trip home to Boston I saw my brother then. He was 86 years old at the time. My grandfather lived to be 110, and I expect to equal his record. I have never abused myself, and the only thing the matter with me now is that my eyes sometimes water at night.

"I can dance a jig or a hornpipe with the best of them. I wanted to dance to day at the '49 Camp, but they would not let me. Oh, I'm all right. I saw a girls dance here, and she had her eye on me, I tell you. The first place I came to see was this camp. I wondered whether I would see any of the boys here. I did, too. I met a man named Dodge, who was here in '49. I knew Colonel Stevenson well, and all the old timers."

Dr. Silvester will remain in the city about a week. He thinks it will take him fully that long to see the Fair, and he intends to do it thoroughly. Though he has had three matrimonial experiences, he thinks about getting married again. During his stay in San Francisco, he says, he will keep his eye open and endeavor to find a fitting mate for the next twenty years or so.

### A VENERABLE GOOSE.

Alex Badlam captured a wild goose at his place one day last week, near Napa, and attached to its leg in a very thin piece of brass, an inch long, and half as wide. On this is punchiet with a pointed instrument, "Freemont Party, Sept. 1846. A. W." It is presumed that the initials are those of Alex Waugh, well known around here, who was a member of the Fremont expedition when they passed that region fifty years ago. The venerable Alex is still on deck somewhere in San Francisco. Maybe he remembers having turned a tagged goose loose in '46. The bird will be presented to the California Pioneer Society, after being exhibited at the Fair.


### MINE FOR SALE.

A gravel hydraulic mine rich from grass roots down. 70 feet deep. Deposit covers 120 acres and is in a region of the finest water supply in the state. Terms easy. Apply at this office.

### FOR SALE.

The original Mrs. O'Leary's cow, with all the paraphernalia exhibited at the Chicago Fair with financial success. Price, $300.00. For further particulars inquire of

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San Rafael, Cal.

**J. K. DALMAS,**
**CARPENTER and BUILDER**
FOR THE
'49 CAMP '49
Particular attention paid to Fitting up and placing exhibits at the Midwinter Fair.
TERMS MODERATE.
GOOD AND QUICK WORK.
Orders left at
1201 Market St., Corner Eighth,
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

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CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF MERCY.
Luke Robinson, M. D., Senior Physician and Gynecologist.
Alexander Leonard, M. D., Senior Surgeon.
Walter S. Thorne, M. D., Michael Fatjo, M. D., Physicians.
Bailey, M. D., Resident Physician.
George H. Powers and William Hopkins, Oculists and Aurists.

THE HEADQUARTERS
FOR THE
FORTY-NINERS
And all the '49 Mining Camp boys when they stray from the Camp is at the
LA ROSE,
213 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Mount & Storey, - - Proprietors.
6

**HOWD'Y?**

We have fitted up our best front room for the country editor. It is to be his city office. Pursuing creditors and libeled constituents will not get beyond the front door. Chris Evans has been engaged at an enormous salary as doorkeeper. A pepper-box and a razor with a white bone handle in the stationary drawer. Come in and put your feet on the mantelpiece and make yourselves at home.

Pacific States Type Foundry,
409 Washington Street, San Francisco. 6

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CORNER EDDY AND MASON.
CLIFF PHILLIPS, Proprietor and Manager.
Vaudeville Performances
Every Evening and Saturday and Sunday Matinees at 2 O'clock P. M.
Admission - - - - Free.
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Manufacturers of
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Works—Trenton, N. J.
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DR. LUELLA COOL,
DENTIST,
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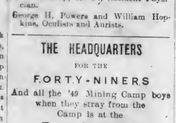
Rooms 2 and 3.
Fridays—Stanford University. 5

PALO ALTO STABLES, E. R. MILES, Proprietor.



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FIRST-CLASS LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE. SADDLE HORSES AND VEHICLES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
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Official Photographer
CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER
—INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION—
1894.
Studio on Central Court, Exposition Grounds, between the Administration and Mechanical Arts Buildings.
—ALSO—
121 Post Street,
Between Kearny and Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.
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**'49**
**MINING CAMP.**
A FAITHFUL REPRESENTATION OF THE OLD-TIME FEATURES OF A NEW DIGGINGS IN '49.
Mining Strikes, Hydraulic, Sluice and Quartz Mining Faithfully Represented.
Mining Riots, Pistol Arbitration, Lynching Bees and Claim Jumping Riots Realistically Enacted.
The Postoffice, Justice's Office and Mayor's Office, All in the same Saloon Open Night and Day.
The Tiger With His Teeth Pulled Will be There in Mimic Representation of Old Times.
STAGES RUNNING BETWEEN THE CAMP AND FRISCO DAILY.
Good Tavern Accommodations and Mule Corrals.
Mrs. Woods' Souvenir Paintings of Camp Cabins.

Halstead's Horses on Snow Shoes.

PRECIPITOUS FLUMES AT THE FOOT OF MT. SHASTA.
GRAND PANORAMIC EXHIBIT, SHOWING MT. SHASTA FIFTY MILES AWAY.
The Millionaire Cabins of Early Days.
John Mackay's Cabin, Built by Him, and in Which He Lived When He Made His First Big Strike in Alleghany, Sierra County.
U. S. Senator Perkins' Cabin, Built by Him 33 Years Ago at Thompson's Flat, Butte County.
The Original Downie Cabin, Reproduced From a Cabin built by Major William Downie, the founder of Downieville.
The Oro Fino Concert Hall. Old-time Ballads and All Kinds of Terpsichorean Novelties.
Typical '49 FANDANGO with forty sweet-faced Senioritas dancing to the strains of the famous Mexican Orchestra.
A REGULAR NEWSPAPER OFFICE ON THE GROUND.
ADMISSION - 25 Cts.
RUSS HOUSE,
MONTGOMERY ST., EXTENDING FROM PINE TO BUSH,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Business center of the city, convenient to all banks, insurance offices and places of amusement during the Midwinter Fair.
Containing 300 Rooms.
J. S. YOUNG - - - - PROPRIETOR
TERMS:
$1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 Per Day.
Still lower terms for excursion and other large parties. Superior accommodations for families at very moderate rates.
Hotel coach in waiting at all boats and trains to convey guests to and from the house free of Charge.
For further particulars apply at '49 Camp.
J. T. MURPHY. J. E. DELEHANTY.

The Gilroy.
NEVADANS TAKE NOTICE.
Hot Lunch constantly on hand.
43 EDDY STREET, southeast corner


### OUR JACKASS CORRESPONDEOT.

Jackass Ravine, April 4th.

I am afraid that your humble servant will have to throw up his job as special correspondent, there being a little unpleasantness up here that willmilitate against my telling the truth in future. You must understand no one can stand up against an army of desperadoes all heeled and ready to do up any good man, and it was all because I suggested that you send Pussy up to this camp. The boys down your way got jealous and I have lost a finger and a part of my left ear. A little slowness on my part resulted in only three of the toughs being laid out. Bob Smith lost an eye. Jim Love has a hole in his shoulder, while Gene Hahn is walking on crutches owing to a bullet hitting his right leg.

Peanut Annie and Big-eyed Jess came into Camp Thursday and got tangled up in their lower extremities from indulging in too much "Oh Be joyful." A public fandango on the main street caused them to be taken care of by Deputy Sheriff De Camp, who happened to drop in from Angels.

A small riot ensued at the Star and Garter last week because a chap named Jimmy Dubois (sometimes called Pea and Ink Jimmy) called for British Beer. Exceptions were taken by some of those present to the order and in a few seconds every other man had his gun out; Southampton Jim was badly worsted but is out again. Si White had a narrow escape, one shot going through his hat.

I met old Alex Thom, a few days ago, he was at one time the leader of the 400 at Downeyville. The ex foundry-man is as spry as ever and confident that Sierra Is the banner gold bearing county of the State

Bill Kellogg of Quiney is talking of starting a law shop in your Camp, and as the Senator is well up at all the tricks of the trade, he should be a valuable acquisition. Give him a case and see how he spouss.

While a lot of the boys were talking of how many drinks there should be in a bottle of hug juice, at the Grub Gulch saloon, Squint Eyed Bob happened in and offered to decide any wager that might be made. Monte Joe, and Duce Under the Ace Charley put up a slug each and a bottle was handed Bob who then finished the quart at one fell swoop. Dock Arnold brought him around but said that it was only the excellent quality of the liquor that saved his life. I sincerely trust that the article sold at your Camp is of the right sort for I will pay you a visit before long.

Piute Annie increased the population of this place last Sunday by giving birth to a bouncing boy. Next Sabbath day the miners will hold an election to decide on an name for the kid. Every voter will have to put up a dollar as he deposits his ballot, the sum total to go to the mother, who is a very respectable woman of her kind.

Your picture last week of how I left Hangtown, corrected from the week before, is correct in all particulars except one, the incident referred to instead of occuring at the place stated is one of the stories told about me at the old Sam Noal ranch in the Sacramento Valley. Being out of fresh meat we wanted to replenish our larder and unfortunately arrived at Sam's place in the middle of the night and never thought about asking the proprietor for permission to kill a steer, and the steer objected. That was all there was to it.

GRIM.


THE ORO FINO
—CONCERT HALL.—
'49 MINING CAMP
Songs, Ballads, Skirt and Serpentine Dancing,
And Every Other Terpsichorean Novelty Known.
Old-time Jigs and Reels.
New Talent this Week—Come and hear the One Man orchestra.
New Novelties Every night.
W. J. Burnes Proprietor.


### THE PRINTER'S TOWEL.

When I think of the towel- the old-fashioned towel,
That used to hang up by the printing-house door,
I think that nobody in these days of shoddy
Can hammer out iron to wear as it wore.

The tramp who abused it, the devil who used it,
The comp. who got at it when there two were gone;
The makeup and foreman, the editor, poor man,
Each rubbed some grime off, while they put a heap on.

In, over and under t'was blacker than thunder.
'Twas harder than poverty, rougher than sin;
From the roller suspended it never was bended,
And it flapped on the wall like a banner of tin.

It grew thick and rougher, and harder and tougher,
And daily put on a more inkier hue;
Until one windy morning, without any warning,
It fell to the floor and was broken in two.

THE KID.

### CARSON IS HURT.

#### Hard Times Bronght on by a Creamery and a Keeley Cure,

"Carson must be in a bad way," said K. B. Brown leaning up against his favorite cabin in the Mining Camp yesterday. "John Sweeney the rancher told me about it the other day. A deadly fight has settled down on the saloon industry of Nevada capitol city.

"The first blow was struck when some wealthy Dutchmen went out to Pizen Switch in Mason Valley and started a creamery. Maybe you can't see how that hurt Carsons liquor trade. I'll tell you. Before the creamery was started the ranchers in all the country about Genoa used to go to Carson to sell their butter and cheese, and they'd spend most of the proceeds before they'd start back. Now things are different. The farmers sell their milk at their own doors and as they stay at home, Carson saloon men never see a cent of their money.

"This was bad enough goodness knows, but somthing worse has happened. A branch of the Keeley cure has been inaugurated there by Dr. Lee and more than half of the able-bodied drinkers of the place are filling up on chloride of gold instead of taking their regular supply of whisky and beer. No wonder the bar-keepers complain of hard times and move their shops to San Francisco."


HAVE YOU MET
Miss Gertie Tackley
of the
Butte Cabin?
If you have not do not fail to call on her in her cosy little home.
SHE
Is the Sweetest girl in the '49 Camp
And has the most interesting Collection of souvenirs and photographs of the Camp that you might want to look at.
12

JONES BEER JOINT
AT THE
'49 CAMP.
BUFFALO BEER
5 Cents.
THIS IS THE ONE AND ONLY PLACE WHERE YOU CAN GET 5 CENT BEER.
BUFFALO BEER POSITIVELY ON TAP.
Call and see us at the left of the '49 Gamp.
12

CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY
Age and Genuineness Guaranteed By the Canadian Government By Certificate With Each Bottle.
ASK PAPA PEAKES FOR IT
9

MRS. S. S. BOWERS
The Washo Seeress and Astrologer
AT THE
'49 CAMP
The Past and Future revealed and the veil lifted.
I am located at the '49 Camp on SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS ONLY
Would be pleased to have my friends call and see one of the most reliable seeresses on the Pacific Coast.
My parlors, 4 and 5, 105 Stockton St.
Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. 9

Tamales.
2 For 25 Cents,
—OR—
1 For 25 Cents,
Including a Bottle of National Prize Beer, with a napkin, plate and fork.
The grocries are from Goldberg, Bowen & Lebenbaum.
The peppers and corn from John J. English.
The chickens are from Roberts & O'Brien.
No seagull business here. Genuine chickens and turkeys, and don't you forget it.
NED FOSTER'
TAMALE COTTAGE.

GEORGE GOODMAN,
—Patentee and Manufacturer of—
ARTIFICIAL STONE
In all its branches. Schillinger's patent sidewalk. Garden walk a specialty.
Office—307 Montgomery street, Nevada block, San Francisco. 7 1m

THE
NEVADA ROOF GARDEN CAFE AND ITS VIEWS
IN THE
Nevada State Building
(Next to '49 Camp)
Meals, Lunches and Refreshments (solid and liquid) Served.
NEVADA CREAM AND BUTTER A SPECIALTY.
The bar is stocked with nothing but Gier Eschen Liquors and Wines, foreign and domestic, from Sherwood & Sherwood. Our Cigars are Al.
The prices will astonish you.
H. P. FLANNERY, Proprietor
GIVE US A CALL.

LOUIS SUTTER,
Formerly of Virginia City, Bodie, Aurora and Pickhandle Gulch, has pitched his tent on the northwest corner of Polk and Sutter streets, where he runs a regular old-time saloon for old-time friends.
If you want to get real good liquor call and see us and have a chat about old times.

If You Don't Buy
THE
Official
Catalogue
You Don't See
THE FAIR.

J. T. MOORE,
Express Business,
Corner Seventh Avenue and D Street, Opposite Midwinter Fair Grounds.
At terminus of Geary, McAllister and California-street cable lines, San Francisco, Cal.
Furniture and Articles of Every Description Moved at Lowest Possible Rates.
All Orders Promptly Executed. 6

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Novelties in Millinery at the
. . . WONDER . . .
1024, 1026, 1028 Market Street.
NEW HATS, NEW FLOWERS, NEW FEATHERS, NEW ORNAMENTS,
RIBBONS, LACES, VELVETS, ETC.,
FOR THE
SPRING TRADE
THE LARGEST STOCK AND BEST ASSORTMENT IN THE COAST.
BRANCH STORE, 999 MARKET STREET, COR. SIXTH
Also Branch Stores in Oakland, and San Jose.
Goods sold at wholesale and retail.

FOR THE BEST FRENCH OR ITALIAN DINNER
GO TO
"The Sparta" Dining Saloon,
N. W. Corner Sansome and Merchant Sts.,
San Francisco, Cal.
D. G. CAMARINOS, Prop.
Mr. Camarinos is also the Proprietor of
THE
HAWAIIAN PALACE CAFE
(BRANCH OF THE SPARTA)
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Table Wines and Brandies
The Standard of
Excellence and Purity.
Grown and bottled at the celebrated
INGLENOOK VINEYARDS
Rutherford, Napa County, Cal.
San Francisco Agency, 101 Front St.
California's Choicest Production 9

REST FOR THE WEARY!
Food and Feed for Man and Beast.
Baked Beans Cooked in the Ground. None Better.
OLD PAPA PEAKES, the Well-Known Caterer, Will Personally Superintend the Management.
Jim's '49 Theatre
And Midwinter Dance House.
The Grandest Catch on the Exposition Grounds.
Take Metropolitan Electric Cars. First Place of Amusement After Passing South Gate.
Plantation Melodies and Dancing Every Evening.
The Spectators Allowed to Dance Free After Each Performance.
JAMES MCCONOHY
Manager. 13

"Meet Me at the Cafe Royal,"
One hears this a thousand times daily because it is a
Sporting Center.
It is hardly necessary to say that the CAFE ROYAL is on the corner of Fourth and Market, and that JIM ORNDORFF and AL HALL will steer the destinies of the place.
We merely make the remark to fill this space

A. COHN.
SAN FRANCISCO, PEOPLE
Who cannot get suited in the price and quality of San Francisco clothing will find
Abe Cohn's
In CARSON CITY the place to buy to advantage.

RUSS HOUSE
BARBER SHOP AND BATHS.
—Fresh and Salt Water, 25 Cents.—
217 Montgomery street, between Bush and Pine.
Shaving, 15c. Hair Cutting, 25c. Baths, 25c. First class in all particulars.
SEPTICH & KLEINJANS, Proprietors.
Ladies' entrance next to Rose House elevator. 4

Cross, Hall, Ford & Kelly,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS,
NO. 101 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.
TELEPHONE NO 1519.

Mining Exhibit.
Don't Fail to Visit the Exhibit
OF THE
Western Mining Exchange
In the Mechanical Arts Building.
If you wish to invest in mining property, or if you have mining property to sell, you will find it to your advantage to deal with us.
Office, 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal. 4

McAfee Bros.
If you miners want to invest your money in a
SURE THING
Call around after your regular clean-up and see
McAfee Brothers,
Who have some of the BEST ORANGE LAND in Palermo for sale at terms that a miner can get off at. Don't gamble off your dust or blow it in at the handy joints, but stick it into a
Sure Thing
And have something to fall back on in your old age.
McAfee Bros.,
108 Montgomery Street. 6

# THE MIDWINTER APPEAL

## AND JOURNAL OF FORTY-NINE.

VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1894. NUMBER 15

THE MIDWINTER APPEAL AND JOURNAL OF '49.

Published Weekly at 429 Montgomery stree San Francisco California.

BY SAM DAVIS.

$2.50 Per Annum. $1.50 Six Months.

## THE COW—PIG FEVER.

PRENTICE MULFORD'S UPS AND DOWNS AS A STOCK RAISER.

Bovines Mad for Salt, Wrought Wide-spread Havoc—Sales That Marched Home at Night to Roost, and That Incidentally Aroused the Miners' Ire.

(Copyrighted by the Author.)

IV

ABOUT this time (1861) a cow fever began to rage throughout the state. It got hold of people, and impressed them with a burning idea that the road to fortune was a cow path, and that fortunes lay in keeping cattle. The cow fever reached the seclusion of Sweetz's Bar. We

invested all our spare cash in cows and waited for results. Cattle were spoken of as a sure card for fortune. Keep cattle. Buy improved breeds. Raise them. "Cross" them. Feed them for nothing on the native grass. Buy cows. Cows give milk. People can live on milk. Milk then to us was a luxury.

It paid the milkman to travel up and down the rough and rocky ledges of the Tuolumne ringing his bell at miners' cabins half a mile apart. Indeed he could not so travel without carrying his milk à la panier on a donkey's back, and by the time it had reached its place of destination it would have been agitated to butter. So all of us miners went in for cows. Improved cows. We bought each an improved cow. We hauled this cow by ropes across the raging, eddying, furious river to our side. Frequently she arrived more dead than alive. Then came a season of hope and expectation as to fortunes through cows.

We arose at 5 in the morning, built the fire for breakfast, went out and sought our cows, generally feeling or reposing a mile or more from our cabins, caught these cows, milked them, returned to the cabin, finished the cooking of either a burned or cold breakfast, went forth and labored in the claim till noon, came home, cooked dinner, went forth again at 1 p. m., labored till 6, went back to the cabins, chopped wood for fuel, traveled 500 feet or yards to the spring for water, returned, mixed our bread, put it in the oven, went out and milked the cow, then bent over the hot stove for an hour until bread was baked, and then, heated, flushed, perspiring, exhausted from the day's labor, and with nerves quivering by reason of such exhaustion, we arranged the miner's table, sat down to the meal, and wondered why we had so little appetite.

Keeping cows proved laborious work for miners. Whom in addition to kindling the fire in the morning, cooking your own breakfast, coming home at night wet and tired after working all day in the ground sluice, then hacking away at some old stump to get wood enough to cook the supper, traveling maybe an eighth of a mile to the nearest spring for a pail of water, and bending and bothering with meat frying and bread making, you add chasing night and morn, milk pail in hand, some contrary cow all over the flat in order to milk her you pile too heavy a load on any man's back, because in the matter of housekeeping we had ceased the co-operative system. We dwelt all apart, each a hermit in his own cabin. We were diverse in habit, and could not get along with each other's peculiarities. The neat man couldn't abide the slovenly man. The economical man couldn't sit patiently by and see his partner cut potato parings a quarter of an inch in thickness. The nervous man was exhausted by his partner's whistling or snoring, and all these and numberless other opposing peculiarities at last caused each man, hermitlike, to retire into his own cell.

We had other trouble with our cows, for they were ravenous after salt. We neglected to "salt them." Result. If any article containing the least incrustation of salt was left outside our cabins the entire herd would gather about it at night, lick it, fight for its possession and keep up a steady grunting, stamping, lowing and bellowing. They would eat clothing left out over night on the clothes line to dry. In such manner and for such reason also would they eat through the cotton walls of our houses. Once, when away for three days attending a county convention at Sonora, on returning to my cabin I found it a scene of ruin and desolation. A cow had eaten through the cloth wall on one side, and eaten her way out at the other, and had stopped long enough inside to eat up all my flour, rice and vegetables. Once, when moving my household effects from one cabin to another on a wheelbarrow, I left it near the middle of the flat for a few minutes.

On returning I saw a cow making off with my best coat. She held it in her mouth by one sleeve. On seeing me she started off on a run, still thus holding the sleeve in her mouth and making violent efforts to eject it. The coat sleeve was a ruin when I did get it. She had chewed it for salt's sake to the likeness of a fish net. Keeping cows did not make our fortunes at Sweetz's. Then everybody said: "Keep hogs. They will feed on acorns and increase very rapidly. In a few years the plains and hills will groan under the burden of your pork." So I bought hogs. I bought a sow and seven pigs. They gave me much to think of.

Before I had owned them a week complaints concerning them came from neighboring miners, who owned no hogs. These pigs of mine broke through the cloth walls of the cabins, and would consume the miner's entire weekly stock of provisions in a few minutes. Then they would go outside and root from out the hot coals—his "Dutch oven," wherein his bread was baking while he labored afar in his claim, and this bread when cooled they would also devour. I had, on buying these animals, engaged that they should "find themselves."

There was no reasoning with the suffering miners in this matter. I argued that my pigs had a right to run at large, and that they should make their homes more secure. The miners argued that, right or not right, they would shoot my pigs even if found near their cabins. If that was not sufficient they might shoot me. Their positiveness in this matter was of an intense and violent character. There was no such thing as discussion with them on legal or equitable grounds. I think now that I and the pigs had law and right on our side, but the miners were in the majority and had might. Nor was this all. Those pigs, seemingly recognizing my ownership, came home at night to sleep. They slept in a pile just outside my cabin door, and as the night air wafted down from the higher Sierra summits became cooler the pigs on the outside of the pile became uncomfortable. Being uncomfortable they tried to get inside the pile. This the warm pigs inside resisted. The resistance was accompanied with squealing and grunting, which lasted all night long and disturbed my sleep.

The pig pile consisted of a rind of cold and uncomfortable pigs and a core of warm and comfortable pigs, and there was a continual effort on the part of the cold porcine rind to usurp the places of the warm and comfortable porcine core. They gave me no rest for when, with the warm morning sun, this uproar ceased, there came the season of complaint and threat from my plundered neighbors. Finally a cold storm chilled half of these pigs to death. I sold the remainder as quickly as possible to a ranchman who better understood the hog business.

During the receding of the waters after one of the annual spring freshets I saw several hundred dollars in gold dust washed out near the base of a pine tree on the river's bank between Hawkins' and Sweetz's Bar, where probably it had years before been buried by some unknown miner. That is, I saw it after it had been washed out and found by another more fortunate miner. In all probability there are many thousands of dollars in dust so dug by hard working hands and so buried in California, there to remain until the last day, perhaps longer. Where's the utility of resurrecting the "root of all evil" on the last day, just at the time when people in heaven or elsewhere are presumed to be able to get along without it? Yet it is a mysterious Providence that impels any poor fellow to dig his pile, bury it for safe keeping, and then go off and die in some out-of-the-way place without being able to leave any will and testament as to the exact hole where his savings lay.

Regarding buried treasure, there is a hill near Jamestown concerning which, years ago, there hovered a legend that it held somewhere thousands of dollars in dust, buried in the early days by a lone miner, who was, for his money's sake, murdered in his cabin. They said that by the roots of many trees on the hillside if had been unnecessarily dug for. Anyway, the miner left a memory and a hope behind him. That's more than many do. If you want to leave a lasting recollection of yourself behind drop a hint from time to time ere you depart for "The Bright and Shining Shore" that you have interred $10,000 somewhere in a quarter section of land; you will then long be remembered and your money dug for.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

Wash and be Clean

WHEN AT THE FAIR.

If you want to wash your hands, and get a good drink, go to

ROME HARRIS'

AMERICAN BAR.

At the rear end of the Vienna Prater. A door has been opened between the bar and the concert hall so that guests can pass to the bar and return without extra charge. 12

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VIAVI.

Which translated means THE ROAD TO HEALTH.

Very necessary to womankind
In a thousand and one ways
And by our cures we quickly
Verify the claim that VIAVA is
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TO ALL WANDERERS on the rocky road of sickness, we will furnish a Guide to the City of Health and happiness in life, where woman with her ever increasing burden can throw off and lay aside the weight of destroying disease and lift up her head in

Perfect Health.

Upon the pages of feminine history appear a thousand testimonials from thankful hearts of wives, mothers and daughters whose ills have been banished by VIAVI. All disease falls before its potent influence and slow destroyers give way to vigorous health, happiness and physical comfort, not for a day, but always.

Nothing but competent and patient ladies in attendance to consult and comfort those who need our aid.

No Charge For Consultation.

Call on or Address

2301 VAN NESS AVENUE, CORNER VALLEJO.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.

DONT LEAVE CAMP!

Until You Have Seen SMITH'S EXHIBIT of An Old '49 Camp Store.

Admission Free.

Ask for a copy of their Catalogue, or mail one to your friends, and before you leave town drop in and see their down town Establishment.

No. 414-416-418 Front street, San Francisco 12

Centrifugal Roller Quartz MILL.

This mill can be seen in operation in the MECHANICAL ARTS BUILDING.

F. A. Huntington,

Manufacturer, 213 and 219 First street, San Francisco.

Illustrated Pamphlet on application.

WHEELAND & COLLINS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Old French and London Dock Brandies,

Port Wines, Sherries and all the Choicest Brands of Champagne, Apple Jack, Pisco, Arrack, Cordials, Liquors, etc.

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THE VIENNA PRATER,

THE ONLY PLACE OF AMUSEMENT AT THE EXPOSITION.

THE IMPERIAL VIENNA PRATER ORCHESTRA, COURT DIRECTOR, FRITZ SCHEEL.

STRING CONCERT AND MILITARY CONCERT, DAILY FROM 3 TO 11 P. M. AT THE KAISER FRANZ JOSEPH HALL. - - MIDWINTER FAIR.

Joshua Hendy Machine Works.

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Works: Corner Bay, Kearny and Francisco Streets.

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Importers and Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Boilers, Engines, Pumps and Machinery

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Specialties of Hydraulic Mining, Quartz Mining and Milling Machinery, Hydraulic Gravel Elevators, Hydraulic Giants, Automatic Ore Feeders.

Shoes and Dies and All Castings furnished promptly upon order. 6

AFTER LEAVING CAMP CALL AT THE Colorado Gold Mine AND TAKE A Ride Through the Mine.

See a Gold Mine in full operation in all its details.

The finest educator of the day.

Indorsed by the Denver Mining Exchange, Colorado School of Mines and thousands of others.

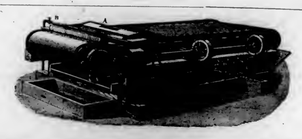
After you enter the tunnel you can easily imagine yourself 1000 feet underground.

PRICE OF ADMISSION . . . 25 CENTS
CHILDREN . . . . . 10 CENTS
4

WANTED.

A GOOD QUARTZ OR GRAVEL MINE.

Address C. H. FORD, Crocker Building, room 5, with full particulars, price, etc. 6



FRUE ORE CONCENTRATOR

Over 4000 in actual use.

Manufactured under Patents of April 27, 1880, July 24, 1888, and March 31, 1891

SAN JACINTO ESTATE, LIMITED, Office of the General Manager. P. O. Address, South Riverside, San Bernardino county, Cal. CAJALCO, December 18, 1891.

FRUE VANNING MACHINE CO., 122 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.—GENTLEMEN: After a continuous trial of different Concentrators (comprising the Frue Vanner, the "Holland," "Paradox," "Triumph" and the "Woodbury" Concentrators), extending over several months, we find that we prefer the Frue Vanner, as it is easier of adjustment, runs smoother, has less wear and tear, and—having a positive travel—gives less trouble than the other more complicated and ever-changing machines now in use here. The Frue Vanner not only saves a cleaner concentrate, but has less loss in the tailings, and is in several ways preferable to the other Concentrators here. I am, my Dear Sirs, yours faithfully,

S. HARRIS, Manager.

Price of 4-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner.....$550, f. o. b.
" Improved Belt Frue Vanner.....800, f. o. b.
" 6-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner.....800, f. o. b.

For any information, or for pamphlets, or for circulars or testimonials, call on or address us at our office.

H. J. SUMMERHAYES, Successor to ADAMS & CARTER. Agent Frue Vanning Machine Comoany
NO. 132 MARKET STREET.....SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## BY PONY EXPRESS

### NEWS BROUGHT IN BY OUR CAYUSE.

A NEW WITNESS FOUND.

Washington, April 12—It is rumored here to-day that a new witness has been found who could have given important testimony for Congressman Breckenridge in the Pollard suit. It was the coachman who took the couple from the Seminary. He says that after Miss Pollard had taken him into the coach he heard Breckenridge scream and call for help twice when about a mile from the Seminary. His voice seemed smothered as if a hand had been placed over his mouth. He did not interfere, but thinks had he done so in time he might have saved Breckenridge from his awful fate. The coachman is a brother in law of a Congressional porter, and at one time was agent for Beecher's "Life of Christ."

A DISGUSTED CONGREGATION.

Hangtown, April 12—Some months ago James Fair the well known preacher was established here as pastor of the First Methodist Church. He became very popular and finally asked for a vacation. He has now been away several weeks and the town is drying up for want of spiritual sprinkling. When his flock found he had been mixed up with Smith the absconding insurance man their faith was shaken. There is talk of sustituting him from the pulpit and inviting Max Popper to fill the vacancy.

A LAWYER HANGED.

Dirty Mans Bar, April 12—A man was caught here yesterday with a fine horse in his possession and he turned out to be a lawyer who had been retained in a case at Marysville and took the horse as fee for legal advice. He had advised his client to jump his bail and took the horse for his fee. He was strung up in front of the Black Jack saloon. When asked if he wanted to say his prayers he said he didn't know any.

DONT SABE MULES.

On Tuesday last Jake Wallace the Banjo man escoyed a ride on a mule. The little animal was about the size of a grass-hopper, but it gathered itself up and after letting go its extremities in several directions Wallace landed on his head. He was so badly hurt that he played the banjo with great difficulty.

HAFFORD'S ILLUSION.

All the illusionists are making money now. The latest is "Luna the Maid of the Moon," in Hafford's Arizona Museum. It is a dazzlingly beautiful woman cut square in two at the waist and placed on a swinging board. The half of the beautiful creature hangs in midair, and even passes a fan under her severed waist to prove that the lower half of her body is not there. Crowds go to see this wonderful spectacle every day.

DOWN ON HIS LUCK.

### IT'S OUR TREAT.

Every One Who Invests Gan Drink at Our Expense.

On Monday last twelve leading liquor establishments applied to the APPEAL office to take advantage of the offer made by the APPEAL to treat our suscribers. The proposition made by Diamond and McCarthy No 311 Bush street was accepted by the APPEAL. The following coupon if taken to the saloon will be recognized on delivery and promptly redeemed.

Any person presenting this coupon at Diamond and McCarthy's, 311 Bush street, before the first of July 1894 will receive ONE DRINK.

James C. Diamond.
Joe McCarthy.
311 Bush St.

This enterprising firm has also ordered 5000 copies of the APPEAL to be mailed to acquaintances in the country, that they may know where to come when they visit the Fair.

The APPEAL is the only paper in the state that has been considerate enough of its thirsty readers to treat them during the Fair. Save these conpons, they will come in handy on a hot day.

Alex Waugh will positively be on hand to redeem these conpons.

THE THEATRE TROUBLE.

Wednesday night Slim Jim and Puss visited the Oro Fino theatre and tried to run the place. Not being satisfied with box B which was tendered them by Ketchup Billy, they wanted to throw Nosey Frank out of box A, when the manager wanted to interfere. After a lively scuffle Jim pulled his gun, and in self defense Billy had to use a bowie knife and stuck Jim in the abdomen. Puss put her finger in the hole to stop the blood, until Jake Wallace was called, but before he got there Jim died. Jake then played a funeral march on his banjo. Jim was carried out and the show went on as usual. Ketchup Billy says he will run the Oro Fino if he has to kill every man in Camp.

A NEW SCHEME.

The Wardrobe Renovating Co. has opened an office on 121 Stockton street to keep gentlemens clothes clean and in good shape for a $1.50 a month. The business that has responded to this offer has been beyond all expectations of the promoters of the scheme. It is a great thing for bachelors and married men who's wives dont like the bother of caring for clothes. A branch office will be started in Oakland.

Mrs. Burns wife of Manager Burnes of the Oro Fino theatre presented him with a ten pound daughter the other day, then Mrs. Wocks the wife of the piano player came to the front with an eight pound baby. The sign "Dont shoot the piano player, he's doing the best he can," still hangs on the wall.

### AT THE ORO FINO.

Some of the Quaint Sayings on the Wall.

The Oro Fino theatre is a great attraction to the Eastern tenderfoot. Here are some of the quaint sayings on the wall, painted with a marking brush.

"We run this show to suit ourselves, if it dont suit you get out.

Hollor, shoot, whistle and stomp your feet and yell, but don't get fresh.

The feature of our show is that the ghost walks every Saturday night, stop and see it.

If you aint satisfied tell your trouble to the Counstable' we haven't time to listen.

Dont strike the piano thumper, he's doin the best he can.

Weer here fur money if you had to cum in take what you get and say nuthin, we serve lead free and have a good supplie fur kickers so beware of Ketchup Billy manager.

Our graveyard is not full yet, if you want a burth in it just git fresh with the guris.

WATTERSON DROPS IN.

Yesterday Henry Watterson the wall-eyed goddess of reform who wants to reform everything in the United States outside up with Smith the editor of the APPEAL office and sitting down on an ink keg proceeded to discuss historic questions. The office boy not happening to be acquainted with Mr. Watterson finally said:

"Here now old boss stop this clatter, and if you want some grub distribute some type first and strike us later on."

Mr. Watterson rose from the keg and handed the kid a ticket to his next lecture on "Money and Morals," striking out toward Hangtown.

THE HAUNTED SWING.

This most wonderful illusion must be seen to be appreciated. Words fail to express the curious and realistic results obtained. Every one paying the Haunted Swing a visit will be more than satisfied. This is certainly one of the best shows in the Fair grounds. The admission is but 10 cents.

FOR SALE.

Minwinter Fair Souvenir Stationary. It is a complete novelty and souvenir of Californian, and is jost the thing to use when writing to you friends. Five papers and five envelopes for 10 cents, 15 papers and 15 envelopes for 25 cents. Agents wanted, send 10 cents for samples and terms. Address Raph Clyde. This office.

THE DAYS OF '49.

This taking piece of music composed by Miss France entitled "Days of '49" is for sale at the '49 Camp. It is becoming very popular at the California theatre Miss France singing in the fourth act of "The New South." She also sings one of her latest compositions "The Sweetheart of all the Year," in a way that is sure to popularize the melody.

### CAMP JOTS.

The fight for a 25 cent admission is still going on.

Col. Dyer of Lundy, the home of "Lying Jim Townsend," was in Camp Tuesday.

The riots in the streets of Cairo are liable to brake out again at any moment.

A sort of Midway has been started at the Mechanics Pavilion and is drawing large crowds.

Delinquent subscribers are requested to come in and settle, as our collector is oiling up his six-shooter for the town on Monday next.

Spanish Gabe was fined twenty dollars for beating his wife last Thursday. She was fined $40 for thrashing him the day before.

A University student who won two dollars at Harvey's on Monday is talking of entertaining his class to a big blow-out of pop corn and root beer.

Deputy Sheriff Sprecksels was licked at Jones' saloon yesterday for trying to turn a jack from the bottom of the deck in a euere game. His victim pounded him over the head with a bung starter,

In the fourth act of the "New South" at the California theatre Miss Vining sings a composition by Miss France entitled "Sweethearts of all the Year" with great effect. Miss France is also the author of "Days of '49" for sale at the '49 Camp.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The public are notified that Gen. Bouton and his son Victor Bouton have no connection with this office, and are not authorised to collect money or transact business.

CARRIED HIS OWN BAR.

The other day a stranger came into Jones saloon, and business being a little dull Jones invited him to play a game of cards for the drinks.

The stranger stood in and after pedro was pegged up the stranger had lost, whereupon he coolly pulled a flask of '49 whisky and treated Jones and drank himself. He said times were so hard that he carried his own bar.

GOLDBERG BOWEN AND LEBENBAUM

Our Name Is Known

Medicinal Liquors

for Physicians' Practice. Send for Quotations of the Purity and excellence of the contents.

Old Stock Bourbon

and when on cork, capsule or label of bottle is a positive guarantee of the purity and excellence of the contents.

at $1.50 a bottle

and no equal.

THE AUCTION LUNCH.

ESTABLISHED 1849.

BY

FLOOD & O'BRIEN.

CAPTAIN LOUIS BAGLIETTO

Proprietor.

DEALER IN

Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

511 Washington st.

Bet. Montgomery and Sansome Streets, San Francisco Cal. 12

OREGON
HYDRAULIC MINING EXHIBIT
OUR MOTTO
"WE FLY WITH OUR OWN WINGS"
MEDAL AWARDED AT WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO, 1893
WASHING GOLD FROM GENUINE PAY DIRT

This exhibit gives a thorough and practical demonstration of

Hydraulic Mining,

As carried on in Oregon and California.

In Operation All the Time.

OPPOSITE THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE SCENIC RAILWAY.

Washing Gold from Genuine Pay Dirt brought Direct from the mines

That this exhibition is well worth seeing is proved by the fact that

Gold Medal Was Awarded at the World's Columbian Exposition.

C. W. Ayers,
J. S. Spencer, } Proprietors.
J. W. Miller,

ADMISSION - - - 25c. | CHILDREN - - - 10c.

### THE HEATH CASE.

A second time Dick Heath's neck has been saved from the gallows. Heath is a poor mustabout fellow without a cent to his name, yet he goes twice to trial with high price lawyers to defend him, and money flows like water to save him. This is because he was the hired assasin for wealthy men who will prevent his conviction. Whenever a jury has the sand and honesty to convict him, he will tell the whole story, and the public will know just who the rascals are behind him.

It is time that wealth on this coast was taught that it cannot hire assassins to put enemies out of the way.

If the authorities of San Jose would arrest and try the man who hired the three assasians to kill Henry Plantz it would start the ball rolling, and some of the wealthy men of this state whos fortunes are steeped in murder would be brought within the reach of the law. It is time that the gallows tree bore a crop, for it has been in the language of the agriculturist "a shy grower" of late.

There are plenty of men stalking about California who's connection with dark and bloody murders are well known, but no steps are taken to try them as the law seems to bow in terror before their riches.

### The Madri Gras.

To Colonel Andrews is due the credit of inaugurating the Madri Gras festival. This splendid fete has always been a good thing for New Orleans. One year it brought ten million dollars into the city and last year with the times dull it brought the city seven millions.

Colonel Andrews has secured a concession from the city for fifty years, and when the people get educated up to the Madri Gras it will remain a great card with the business men. The city will be turned into a grand carnaval next week, and it will be the biggest thing the Fair has yet seen. The attendence for the three days is estimated at 300,000.

People blame Colonel Breckenridge for recommending Miss Pollard to the Government officials as "a person of good moral character." The big government departments are known to Washington people as vast harems where the mistresses of public men are provided for at the expense of Uncle Sam, and a man in Washington would be considered no man at all who would refuse to give his mistress a certificate of good moral character.

The Commercial Traveler has the following:

"The threat of business men to resent the malicious attacks of certain newspapers on the Fair and its management, if not discontinued immediately, has had the effect of silencing the slanderous tongues of those defaming journals. When ads drop out and subscriptions are withdrawn, it begins to look as if it does not pay to let envy and jealousy dictate the policy of a public paper. The business men cannot be blamed for taking a hand in this affair, for just at present the Exposition is the hen that is laying the golden eggs, and as these are hatched and raised it, they are not to stand quietly by and see it killed."

The fight against the Fair management seemd to have died out, and the only attack now being made is at the 50 cent rate admission.

### JOKE ON THE BARKER.

Barker Green the other day was out on the stage coach when he saw quite a crowd of people whom the driver thought might be steered into the Camp. "Make the spell of your life" said he, "heres the chance for nearly fifty people." Green got up on the hurricane deck of the stage, and pouring fourth his oratory accompanied by a wealth of elocution and gesticulations. The crowd paused and stood there with open mouths, but never made a move. Green exhausted himself and fell back. No one stirred and a kid yelled out, "You're a d——d fool these people are deaf and dumb." The portion of the crowd not belonging to the deaf and dumb contingent howled, and Green taking in the situation, stood up again and began talking on his fingers. In two minutes the whole crowd was headed for the '49 Camp.

The Fair accounts have been exported and pronounced O. K.

### OUR JACKASS CORRESPONDETT.

Jackass Ravine April 12th

Is it realy so Mr. Editor that there will be free drinks for the coupons out out of this edition of the APPEAL? If the rumor is true send me at least a dozen extra copies, for the boys over this way simply dote on good liquor when it comes along without a protective tarriff.

Red headed Kate was severely burned Monday night trying to light a match man fashion. Poor Kate used one of those new-fangled matches and the head came off, and also making a long tear in her undergarments. Kate says sulpher gives one an idea of the future state.

A new bar keeper has made his appearance claiming to come from Vienna Prater, wherever that may be and the boys are all familiar enough already to call him "Rome" Harris. He's working for Cockey McGee and turnes out a good article of mixed goods which are very tasty. Last Tuesday Scotty wanted a milk punch just to try the new comer, but Rome was equal to the occasion, for although there has not been a pint of the lacteal fluid in camp for a month the mixologist opened a can of condensed stuff and poured in a fair sized sniffer and at the point of a gun made Scotty chin the improvised stuff.

Talking about Sciplo Craig for State Printer, whats the matter with the Editor of the APPEAL standing in providing the people across the divide do not want him. No one knows where he belongs, so there can be no dispute as to his residence. Make a fight for it Sam and all Jackassians will stand by you.

Now about that goose, I know all about it. Long Alex flattened out a cartridge shell and pricked the holes to which you refer to in your last issue. It was up on the Trinity when we were striking for Oregon, to find the land of milk and honey reported by Cy Mulky who had come out the year previous. In conversation with Cy only yesterday, he said that my memory was at fault as the flattened cartridge shell was fastened to a pellican, and not a goose. Well maybe he is right and I am inclined to believe that he is for where is there any proof that Badlum knows a goose from a pellican.

Old John Creen was on the war path last week and offered to bet Jim Dorroff that he could bent him playing old sledge, one hundred a side was the wager put up and the pair sat for twenty-four hours. Sardines and soda crackers made their meanls, but the boys quit even, so there is no telling who is champion. Geo Fox of Angels wants to play either of them for the same stakes.

Papa Penkes is putting on a lot of style about his baked beans, but we have a couple of greasers here who are chain lightning on frijoles and can beat anybody living cooking the named product. Papas leans may do "way down in Maine" but they amount to nothing when compared with the dark colored ovals. Have the old gentleman cook you some of the Mexican vegetable.

Jersey Jim and Spanish Pete have matched their horses $250 a side owners to ride, distance six hundred yards. Al Whitney and Johnny Farley are conditioning Jersey's nag, while Harry Louden and Simion Seymour are taking care of the cayuse. The first named has the call in betting, although little outside money has been as yet put up.

GRIM.

It now stands Miss Odette Taylor in hand to hunt up the record of the thieving Gould family.

Remember that this our treat number.

E. A. Rockwell has a fine collection of pictures at her studio, Phelan building room 124 Market street, cor. O'Farell. Persons wishing to carry back East fine views of California scenery, sketches, studies, elegant oil paintings, are invited to call. Oil portraits and colored crayons a specialty.

### FOR SALE.

The original Mrs. O'Leary's cow, with all the paraphernalia exhibited at the Chicago Fair with financial success. Price, $300.00. For further particulars inquire of

A. C. MCALLISTER,
San Rafael, Cal.

### THE BEAR AND LION.

**The big Nevada Grizzly is Here.**

Crowds of people are now visiting Boone's Arena to see the big Nevada grizzly that has been brought down to contend for championship honors with the big lion. It will be the greatest sporting event ever seen on this coast. The Society for the prevention of cruelty of animals are beginning to put in their oar. They are assuming a very ridiculous attitude. "Parnell", the lion, has badly lacerated several men and killed one. We didn't see the anti cruelty society taking any hand to stop that.

The grizzly is a ferocious animal that for years before he was caught was killing and devouring stock on the eastern slope of the Sierras.

The question arises, would an injury to those animals constitute cruelty? Both are so constructed as to be insensible to pain. The event will be a big betting proposition, though the general opinion is that as a fighter as fierce and quick as "Parnell" is would make the odds long. Were "Romeo" or "Sultan" matched against the bear it would even up things considerably and make the winner more difficult to pick.

The bear is as well known from a raners point of view as the lion. He has long been known as "Old Brin" and his depredations have been carried on from the Glenbrook side of Lake Tahoe to Hell Hole on the California side. For many years trappers and hunters have endeavored to catch or kill him. Old mountaineers say they will back "Old Brin" against any lion that goes in the ring. "Parnell" preferred.

### A Packed House.

Last Tuesday night the Vienna Prater management sold tickets after the hall was packed to suffocation. Col Andrews appeared on the scene at this juncture and not only closed the box-office but insisted that all who could not find seats should receive their money back. The management at once cashed the returned tickets at the box office.

### The Mystic Maze.

The country people who visit the Fair think the day hasn't begun until they have walked about the Mystic Maze awhile. When they once get in they decline to go out and often the place is full of people who are having such a good time that they hate to quit. The place is packed all the while and the people get more solid fun out of the place than anything in the Midway.

### STALE CORPSES.

We would advise the coroner to sober up and hold an inquest, for there are four bodies now at the morgue fast going to pieces. The man killed in our office last week is badly bloated, and smells like a house afire, while Rufe Love's last victim, who has been dead ten days, can be distinguised from the rest of the stiffs as far as the post office. We dislike to find fault with the officials, but think it wise to dispose of these cadavers before the hot weather sets in. Aside from this there are several men in camp we wish to kill and can't do so while there is so little room at the morgue.


### MINE FOR SALE.

A gravel hydraulic mine rich from grass roots down. 70 feet deep. Deposit covers 120 acres and is in a region of the finest water supply in the state. Terms easy. Apply at this office.

### FULTON
### Engineering and Ship Buibding Works.

SUCCESSOR TO
FULTON IRON WORK.

Engineers, Machinists and Iron Founders.

Office and Branch Works:
213 FIRST STREET.—MAIN WORKS: HARBER VIEW
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

15

### St. Mary's Hospital,

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

Luke Robinson, M. D., Senior Physician and Gynecologist.
Alexander Leonard, M. D., Senior Surgeon.
Walter S. Thorne, M. D., Michael Fatrell, M. D., Physicians.
T. E. Bailey, M. D., Resident Physician.
George H. Powers and William Hopkins, Oculists and Aurists.

### THE HEADQUARTERS
FOR THE
FORTY-NINERS

And all the '49 Mining Camp boys when they stray from the Camp is at the

LA ROSE,
213 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Mount & Storey, - - Proprietors. 6

### HOWD'Y?

We have fitted up our best front room for the country editor. It is to be his city office. Pursuing creditors and libeled constituents will not get beyond the front door. Chris Evans has been engaged at an enormous salary as doorkeeper. A pepper-box and a razor with a white bone handle in the stationary drawer. Come in and put your feet on the mantelpiece and make yourselves at home.

### Pacific States Type Foundry,
409 Washington Street, San Francisco. 6

### PEOPLE'S PALACE MUSIC HALL.
CORNER EDDY AND MASON.
CLIFF PHILLIPS, Proprietor and Manager.

Vaudeville Performances

Every Evening and Saturday and Sunday Matinees at 2 O'clock P. M.

Admission - - - - Free. 6

### JOHN A. ROEBLING'S SONS CO.,
Manufacturers of
Wire Rope, Wire Cloth, Insulated Electric Wire, Telegraph Wire, Fence Wire, Galvanized Fruit Drying Cloth, Galvanized Wire Netting.

Works—Trenton, N. J.
WAREHOUSES,
117 Liberty street, New York.
171 Lake street, Chicago.
25 Fremont street, San Francisco. 5

### DR. LUELLA COOL,
DENTIST,
—112 Kearny street, near Post.—
Rooms 2 and 3.
Fridays—Stanford University. 5

### PALO ALTO STABLES, E. R. MILES, Proprietor.

220 O'FARRELL STREET,
Two Blocks From Baldwin Hotel, San Francisco.
FIRST-CLASS LIVERY AND BOARDING. SADDLE HORSES AND VEHICLES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
TELEPHONE, 2615.

### TABER
PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.
Official Photographer
CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER
—INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION—
1894.
Studio on Central Court, Exposition Grounds, between the Administration and Mechanical Arts Buildings.
—ALSO—
121 Post Street,
Between Kearny and Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal. Jan1tf

### '49
### MINING CAMP.

A FAITHFUL REPRESENTATION OF THE OLD-TIME FEATURES OF A NEW DIGGINGS IN '49.

Mining Strikes, Hydraulic, Sluice and Quartz Mining Faithfully Represented.

Mining Riots, Pistol Arbitration, Lynching Bees and Claim Jumping Riots Realistically Enacted.

The Postoffice, Justice's Office and Mayor's Office, All in the same Saloon. Open Night and Day.

The Tiger With His Teeth Pulled Will be There in Mimic Representation of Old Times.

STAGES RUNNING BETWEEN THE CAMP AND FRISCO DAILY.

Good Tavern Accommodations and Mule Corrals.

Mrs. Woods' Souvenir Paintings of Camp Cabins.

Halstead's Horses on Snow Shoes.

PRECIPITOUS FLUMES AT THE FOOT OF MT. SHASTA.

GRAND PANORAMIC EXHIBIT, SHOWING MT. SHASTA FIFTY MILES AWAY.

The Millionaire Cabins of Early Days. John Mackay's Cabin, Built by Him, and in Which He Lived When He Made His First Big Strike in Alleghany, Sierra County.

U. S. Senator Perkins' Cabin, Built by Him 38 Years Ago at Thompson's Flat, Butte County.

The Original Downieville Cabin, Reproduced From a Cabin built by Major William Downie, the founder of Downieville.

The Oro Fino Concert Hall. Old-time Ballads and All Kinds of Terpsichorean Novelties.

Typical '49 FANDANGO with forty sweet-faced Senioritas dancing to the strains of the famous Mexican Orchestra.

A REGULAR NEWSPAPER OFFICE ON THE GROUND.

ADMISSION - 25 Cts.

RUSS HOUSE,

MONTGOMERY ST., EXTENDING FROM PINE TO BUSH,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Business center of the city, convenient to all banks, insurance offices and places of amusement during the Midwinter Fair.

Containing 300 Rooms.
J. S. YOUNG - - - - PROPRIETOR
TERMS:
$1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 Per Day.

Bill lower terms for excursion and other large parties. Superior accommodations for families at very moderate rates.

Hotel coach in waiting at all boats and trains to convey guests to and from the house free of Charge.

For further particulars apply at '49 Camp.

J. T. MURPHY. J. E. DELBRANTY.

### The Gilroy.

NEVADANS TAKE NOTICE.

Hot Lunch constantly on hand.
43 EDDY STREET, southeast corner


### "OLD TIMES." ROCKS.

**Old Pioneer Reminiscences of Early Theatricals Boiled Down By Jim Armstrong.**

THE FIRST THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE.

"The New York Serenaders" were the next in the amusement world of "Frisco." The originator was W. H. Bernard then known as W. H. White. The company consisted of W. H. Bernard, Interlocutor; J. Lee, Bones; J. Price, Tambo; J. Nash, Tenor; J. Kitts, Baso; and C. Cushing, Banjo. They performed in the Parker House on the site now occupied by the Old City Hall. They commenced early in 1849 and met with good success.

The first theatrical performance in San Francisco was given by "The Eagle Theatre Company" of Sacramento, in Washington Hall, Jan. 16th, 1850. The play was "The Wife," and an after piece called the "Sentinal or the Deserted Post." Messrs Atwater, Wright, Daily, Mc Kay, and Mr. and Mrs. Ray, were the principal actors. Washington Hall was in the second floor of a building at the rear of the old "Alta California" office on Washington street, about midway of the plaza. Messrs Atwater and Madison were managers. The company prospered for a few days under great difficulties, plays being written out from memory. Sixteen dollars was gladly paid for a stray copy of "Box and Cox." But on January 23'd, 1850, treasurer Mattenson reported that he had lost all the company funds the night before at monte. Then the company disbanded.

"The Old Bella Union," (Temple of Chance) was on the plaza on the north side of Washington street, a few doors above Kearny street, and was in the days of '49 and '50 thronged with men playing against the various games of chance, from 11 o'clock in the morning until day-light next morning. There one get in they decline to go out and often the place is full of people who are having such a good time that they hate to quit. The place is packed all the while and the people get more solid fun out of the place than anything in the Midway.

"The Adelphia No 2" was originally erected as a French theatre, on the west side of Dupont street north of Clay. It opened in 1851, under the Management of Robinson and Wessenthal. Here the great comedian William Barry made his first appearance in San Francisco.

"The Dramatic Museum" located on California street near Montgomery, was opened on May 3'd 1850, with a new local farce. Dr. Robinson and James Evrard were the managers. The following: "Faint Heart Never won Fair Lady," "Roy Gomez" Mr. Hayward; "King Charles" Mrs. Evrard; "Duchess" Mrs. Mestayer; "Marquis" Mr. Vinson; "Servant" Edwards; "Duccinna", Mrs. Madden; and Dance by Miss Josephine, after which the comedy of "Simpson & Co." was played.

"The First Jenny Lind Theatre" was opened in September 1850. It was located over Maquire's Parker House Saloon, on Kearney street near Washing. Mr. and Mrs. James Stark managers. The building cost Tom Maguire $180,000 and covered a space 60x100 feet. It was destroyed by fire May 4th, 1851.

### A SOCIAL SURPRISE.

**Our Contemporary Receives a Visit from a Relative.**

Two weeks ago the APPEAL chronicled the marriage of the editor of the "Bilthouse" to a Spanish Flat woman, who runs the roulette game at the saw-dust corner. Hardly had the honey-moon ceased to wane when a woman comes into the Camp from New Jersey and declares herself to be the lawful wife of our esteemed coniemporary. When she came in she reached for the editors hair and began hauling him about the room. His Spanish Flat wife then materalized and there was a grand scene. The Jersey woman cleaned out the office, and this is why the "Bilthouse" is fate this week. Society is very much excited over the event. We feel heartily sorry that the morals of the Campshould be so outraged, but it can not be helped when every strange printers tramp with ink on his mug and a few hands full of type are picked up by politicians and backed to run a newspaper. We hope the tar and feather party will pause before doing anything rash. Give the man a chance to skip.

A Kansas editor says that when the merchants of his town, and other fellows, want a little advertising or other work done, they go around and solicit bids for the same, and the lowest bidder gets the work. The editor is now ready to receive sealed bids for a sack of flour, a pair of pants, a hat, and a cord of wood and the pulling of an aching tooth, also a pair of brogans for his six month old baby.—Ex.


### HAVE YOU MET
Miss Gertie Tackley
of the
Butte Cabin?

If you have not do not fail to call on her in her cosy little home.

SHE
Is the Sweetest girl in the
'49 Camp

And has the most interesting Collection of souvenirs and photographs of the Camp that you might want to look at.

12

### JONES BEER JOINT
AT THE
'49 CAMP.
BUFFALO BEER
5 Cents.

THIS IS THE ONE AND ONLY PLACE WHERE YOU CAN GET 5 CENT BEER.
BUFFALO BEER POSITIVELY ON TAP.
Call and see us at the left of the 49 Camp.

12

### BOYS!
DRINK THE GOOD OLD
DAYS OF '49
WHISKY.

For Sale
All Over the
Camp.

Meyerfeld, Mitchell & Co.,
SOLE AGENTS,
116 Front Street, San Francisco.

### MRS. S. S. BOWERS
The Washo Seeress and Astrologer
AT THE
'49 CAMP
The Past and Future revealed and the veil lifted.

I am located at the '49 Camp on SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS ONLY

Would be pleased to have my friends call and see one of the most reliable seeresses on the Pacific Coast.

My parlors, 4 and 5, 105 Stockton St.
Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. 9

### Tamales.
2 For 25 Cents,
—OR—
1 For 25 Cents,

Including a Bottle of National Prize Beer, with a napkin, plate and fork.

The groceries are from Goldberg, Bowen & Leibenbaum.

The peppers and corn from John J. English.

The chickens are from Roberts & O'Brien.

No seagull business here. Genuine chickens and turkeys, and don't you forget it.

NED FOSTER!
TAMALE COTTAGE.

### GEORGE GOODMAN,
—Patentee and Manufacturer of—
ARTIFICIAL STONE
In all its branches. Schillinger's patent sidewalk. Garden walk a specialty.

Office—307 Montgomery street, Nevada block, San Francisco. 7 1m

### WONDER! WONDER!
Novelties in Millinery at the
. . . WONDER . . .
1024, 1026, 1028 Market Street.

NEW HATS, NEW FLOWERS, NEW FEATHERS, NEW ORNAMENTS,
RIBBONS, LACES, VELVETS, ETC.,
FOR THE
SPRING TRADE

THE LARGEST STOCK AND BEST ASSORTMENT ON THE COAST.

BRANCH STORE, 999 MARKET STREET, COR. SIXTH
Also Branch Stores in Oakland, and San Jose.

Goods sold at wholesale and retail.

FOR THE BEST
FRENCH OR ITALIAN
DINNER
GO TO
"The Sparta" Dining Saloon,
N. W. Corner Sansome and Merchant Sts.,
San Francisco, Cal.
D. C. CAMARINOS, Prop.
Mr. Camarinos is also the Proprietor of
THE
HAWAIIAN PALACE CAFE
(BRANCH OF THE SPARTA)
Opp. Mechanics Arts Building.
Midwinter Fair Grounds.

INGLENOOK
Table Wines and Brandies
The Standard of
Excellence and Purity.
Grown and bottled at the celebrated
INGLENOOK VINEYARDS
Rutherford, Napa County, Cal.

San Francisco Agency, 101 Front St.

California's Choicest Production 9

THE
### NEVADA ROOF GARDEN CAFE AND ITS VIEWS
IN THE
Nevada State Building
(Next to '49 Camp)

Meals, Lunches and Refreshments (solid and liquid) Served.

NEVADA CREAM AND BUTTER A SPECIALTY.

The bar is stocked with nothing but Guy Eduard Liquors and Wines, foreign and domestic, from Sherwood & Sherwood. Our Cigars are Al.

The prices will astonish you.

H. P. FLANNERY, Proprietor
GIVE US A CALL.
9

### LOUIS SUTTER,
Formerly of Virginia City, Bodie, Auroraand Pickhandle Gulch, has pitched his tent on the northwest corner of Polk and Sutter streets, where he runs a regular old-time saloon for old-time friends.

If you want to get real good liquor call and see us and have a chat about old times.

### If You Don't Buy
THE
Official
Catalogue
You Don't See
THE FAIR.

### J. T. MOORE,
Express Business,
Corner Seventh Avenue and D Street, (Opposite Midwinter Fair Grounds).
At terminus of Geary, McAllister and California-street cable lines, San Francisco, Cal.
Furniture and Articles of Every Description Moved at Lowest Possible Rates.
All Orders Promptly Executed. 6

### REST FOR THE WEARY!
Food and Feed for Man and Beast.

Baked Beans Cooked in the Ground, None Better.

OLD PAPA PEAKES, the Well-Known Caterer, Will Personally Superintend the Management.

### Jim's '49 Theatre
And Midwinter Dance House.
The Grandest Catch on the Exposition Grounds.
Take Metropolitan Electric Cars. First Place of Amusement After Passing South Gate.
Plantation Melodies and Dancing Every Evening.
The Spectators Allowed to Dance Free After Each Performance.
JAMES MCCONOHY Manager. 13

### "Meet Me at the Cafe Royal."
One hears this a thousand times daily because it is a
Sporting Center.

It is hardly necessary to say that the CAFE ROYAL is on the corner of Fourth and Market, and that JIM ORNDORFF and AL HALL will steer the destinies of the place.

We merely make the remark to fill this space

### A. COHN.
SAN FRANCISCO PEOPLE
Who cannot get suited in the price and quality of San Francisco clothing will find

Abe Cohn's
In CARSON CITY the place to buy to advantage.

### RUSS HOUSE
BARBER SHOP AND BATHS.
Fresh and Salt Water, 25 Cents.
217 Montgomery street, between Bush and Pine.
Shaving, 15c. Hair Cutting, 50c. Baths, 25c. First class in all particulars.
SEPPICH & KLEINHANS, Proprietors.
Ladies' entrance next to Russ House elevator. 4

### Cross, Hall, Ford & Kelly,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS,
NO. 101 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.
TELEPHONE NO 1519.

### Mining Exhibit.
Don't Fail to Visit the Exhibit
—OF THE—
Western Mining Exchange
In the Mechanical Arts Building.

If you wish to invest in mining property, or if you have mining property to sell, you will find it to your advantage to deal with us.

Office, 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal. 6

### McAfee Bros.
If you miners want to invest your money in a
SURE THING
Call around after your regular clean-up and see
McAfee Brothers,
Who have some of the BEST ORANGE LAND in Paterson for sale at terms that a miner can get off at. Don't gamble off your dust or blow it in at the beardy joints, but stick it into a
Sure Thing
And have something to fall back on in your old age.
McAfee Bros.,
108 Montgomery Street. 6

## AFTER THE STARTER.

### A Touts Deathbed Described by Louis Harrison.

I have hesitated about giving to print the following true story of a deathbed scene which occured in this city. I had the description directly from the doctor in attendance. He had lately left New York to continue his profession elsewhere, I am constrained to tell the story as he described it, suppressing all names.

The cold rain dashed through the death chilling atmosphere in wild waves. The wind moaned a dirge among the telegraph wires. A solitary hackman, driven from his set by the warring elements, had ensconced himself inside his mournful looking vehicle and tapped against the glass to attract the attention of belated night owls.

In a dingy looking house on twenty third street a young man weak and emaciated tossed restlessly upon a bed. He was a race track tout, and the great mental strain he had been subjected to for years in naming sure winners had left him an absolute wreck. His sunken cheeks, his eyes ablaze with fever and his corpselike pallor all denoted that he had but a few hours to live. A professional nurse, with the cold, hospital stretcher look they all possess, sat in the corner of the darkened room and whiled away the time figuring out how the undertaker would manage to get the coffin around that narrow turn in the stairs.

The doctor had been summoned, and when he rang the bell the tout waved his bony arms and shrieked: "There's off! Tenny in a walk! Tenny gets all the money, and Salvator won't be one, two, six!"

He fell back on the bed exhausted as the doctor entered the room. The doctor removed his greatcoat and the nurse shook the rain from it.

"Doctor, this is a rough night. I suppose you are wet through?"

The tout regained consciousness and muttered: "The track will be heavy to-morrow, and I've got a copper riveted, lead pipe, copyrighted, air tight, cinch. Frienze in the mud—she swims in it—She can make the pace so hot that the track will be dry before she does the first quarter."

The doctor approached the bed, and touching the patients pulse said, "How do you feel?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he replied, "just how I feel about this. The Spreckels stable is next to ours, and they tell me everything. Dolph told me this morning that Blackjack would win in a horrible canter. You see, the parties that own him wants to make a hockilling, and no one knows that he's out for the steff."

Turning to the nurse the doctor inquried, "Have you notified his friends of his condition?" The tout started up and yelled: Of course I have! I want to let 'em all in on the ground floor. Why its a little sure money. I saw him tried at daylight this morning. He made the first quarter in 0:21¼, and the second in 0:7, and the third was so fast that it broke my stop watch and loosened three of my teeth. How can he loose it? Why, it's just like falling through the roof of a mint."

The doctor looked very serious and said. "He will be dead in an hour."

Oh, no' he wont, " the tout sneerd. "There's not a dead one in the hint. If any of 'em were stiff I'd know it. I tell you Blackjack is full of Tobasco sauce, and he'll leave all them other plugs at the post. Why phoohh's he? Do you know his pedigree? Blackjack is ont of Dark Lantern, by Blackwell's Island, and he's a born cracker."

The doctor felt his pulse again and sighed. "I can do no more; I must be going." The tout caught his arm, and drawing his head down close to the pillow, whispered: "After the Blackjack race meet me in the paddock. If you win I've got to give fifty dollars to the trainer, twenty-five to the jockey, and twenty to the stable boys. I'll put what's left on the next race, and if the horse wins you're in on it. So meet me at the paddock and I'll cash your ticket."

The doctor took the dying man's hand and said. "My poor boy, are you prepared to meet the Great Judge?" The tout gasped, "I don't want to meet the judge; the man I'm after is the starter."

The physician pressed the attenuated hand, and, as the moisture gathered in his sympathetic eyes, said. "Now turn your face to the wall, my boy, and go to sleep." "I will," the tout muttered. "I'll get next the rail so that when I turn the corner they can't foul me. There's a telegram I just received from the owner. There's 50 to 1 on Blackjack, get it quick before they cut it down. I'll win"—

But he didn't. He quit in the stretch and lost by a breath.—Louis Harrison.


MISS PLUNKETT'S
—EMPLOYMENT BUREAU,—
424 SUTTER STREET,
Between Stockton and Powell, San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone No. 5472.
The most reliable male and female help furnished on short notice.
Special attention paid to country calls.
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THE ORO FINO
—CONCERT HALL.—
'49 MINING CAMP
Songs, Ballads, Skirt and Serpentine Dancing,
And Every Other Terpsichorean Novelty Known.
Old-time Jigs and Reels.
New Talent this Week—Come and hear the One Man orchestra.
New Novelties Every night.
W. J. Burnes Proprietor.

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ABELL & PRIEST.
131 Post Street

Wash and be Clean
WHEN AT THE FAIR.
If you want to wash your hands, and get a good drink, go to
ROME HARRIS'
AMERICAN BAR.
At the rear end of the Vienna Prater. A door has been opened between the bar and the concert hall so that guests can pass to the bar and return without extra charge. 12

Nevada Apples.
Best on Earth
700 BOXES
FOR SALE BY
Gould & Jaudin.
312 WASHINGTON STREET.
San Francisco Cal. 13

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THE
CALIFORNIA AMALGAMATOR.
The California Amalgamator is a thoroughly practical machine, possessing simplicity, durability and effectiveness.
It not only has no superior, but no equal.
It is the cheapest and best in existence.
It will save all flonred mercury from Stamp and Huntington mills.
It will save all fine gold from Snake river sands and other similar deposits.
It will save all fine gold from beach or black sands.
It will save every particle of gold that floats in water, no matter how fine. It will save flake gold so fine that it will not settle in still water in ten seconds.
Call and examine it at the Mechanic Arts building, Midwinter Exposition. It has no equal.
California Amalgamating Co.,
602 MARKET STREET,
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Which translated means
THE ROAD TO HEALTH.
Very necessary to womankind
In a thousand and one ways
And by our cures we quickly
Verify the claim that VIAVA is
Indispensable to you all.
TO ALL WANDERERS on the rocky road of sickness, we will furnish a Guide to the City of Health and happiness in life, where woman with her ever increasing burden can throw off and lay aside the weight of destroying disease and lift up her head in
Perfect Health.
Upon the pages of feminine history appear a thousand testimonials from thankful hearts of wives, mothers and daughters whose ills have been banished by VIAVI. All disease falls before its potent influence and slow destroyers give way to vigorous health, happiness and physical comfort, not for a day, but always.
Nothing but competent and patient ladies in attendance to consult and comfort those who need our aid.
No Charge For Consultation.
Call on or Address
2301 VAN NESS AVENUE,
CORNER VALLEJO.
ALL COMMUNICATIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.

DONT LEAVE CAMP!
Until You Have Seen
SMITH'S EXHIBIT
of
An Old '49 Camp Store.
Admission Free.
Ask for a copy of their Catalogue, or mail one to your friends, and before you leave town drop in and see their down town Establishment.
No. 414-416-418 Front street, San Francisco 12

Centrifugal Roller Quartz MILL.
This mill can be seen in operation in the MECHANICAL ARTS BUILDING.
F. A. Huntington,
Manufacturer, 213 and 219 First street, San Francisco.
Illustrated Pamphlet on application.

WHEELAND & COLLINS,
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
Old French and London Dock Brandies,
Port Wines, Sherries and all the Choicest Brands of Champagne, Apple Jack, Pisco, Arrack, Cordials, Liquors, etc.
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THE VIENNA PRATER,
THE ONLY PLACE OF AMUSEMENT AT THE EXPOSITION.

THE IMPERIAL VIENNA PRATER ORCHESTRA,
COURT DIRECTOR—FRITZ SCHEEL.
STRING CONCERT AND MILITARY CONCERT DAILY
FROM 3 TO 11 P. M. AT THE
KAISER FRANZ JOSEPH HALL. - - MIDWINTER FAIR.

Joshua Hendy Machine Works.
PROPRIETORS OF THE CITY IRON WORKS.
Works: Corner Bay, Kearny and Francisco Streets.
Principal Office: No. 15 Fremont Street.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Importers and Manufacturers of and Dealers in
Boilers, Engines, Pumps and Machinery
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Specialties of Hydraulic Mining, Quartz Mining and Milling Machinery, Hydraulic Gravel Elevators, Hydraulic Giants, Automatic Ore Feeders.
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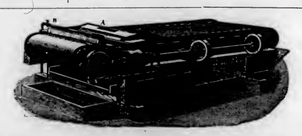

FRUE ORE CONCENTRATOR
Over 4000 in actual use.
Manufactured under Patents of April 27, 1880, July 24, 1888, and March 31, 1891.
SAN JACINTO ESTATE, LIMITED, Office of the General Manager.
P. O. Address, South Riverside, San Bernardino county, Cal.
CAJALCO, December 18, 1891.
FRUE VANNING MACHINE CO., 132 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.—GENTLEMEN: After a continuous trial o different Concentrators (comprising the Frue Vanner, the "Holland," "Paradox," "Triumph" and the "Woodbury" Concentrators), extending over several months, we find that we prefer the Frue Vanner, as it is easier of adjustment, runs smoother, has less wear and tear, and—having a positive travel—gives less trouble than the other more complicated and ever-changing machines now in use here. The Frue Vanner not only saves a cleaner concentrate, but has less loss in the tailings, and is in several ways preferable to the other Concentrators here. I am, my Dear Sire, yours faithfully,
S. HARRIS, Manager.
Price of 4-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner..... $550, f. o. b.
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" 6-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner..... 800, f. o. b.
For any information, or for pamphlets, or for circulars or testimonials, call on or address us at our office.
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NO. 132 MARKET STREET..... SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

AFTER LEAVING CAMP
CALL AT THE
Colorado Gold Mine
—AND TAKE A—
Ride Through the Mine.
See a Gold Mine in full operation in all its details.
The finest edicator of the day.
Indorsed by the Denver Mining Exchange, Colorado School of Mines and thousands of others.
After you enter the tunnel you can easily imagine yourself 1000 feet underground.
PRICE OF ADMISSION - - - 25 CENTS
CHILDREN - - - - - - - - 10 CENTS

WANTED.
A GOOD QUARTZ OR GRAVEL MINE.
Address C. H. FORD, Crocker Building, room 5, with full particulars, price, etc. 5



# THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
## AND JOURNAL OF FORTY-NINE.

VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1894. NUMBER 16

THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
AND JOURNAL OF '49.
Published Weekly at 69 Montgomery stree San Francisco California.
BY
SAM DAVIS.
$2.50 Per Annum. $1.50 Six Months.


## BY PONY EXPRESS

## NEWS BROUGHT IN BY OUR CAYUSE.

### LOCAL ROW AT WASHINGTON.

Washington, April 16—To-day the Womens Local Purity Club met at the parlors of the Willard Hotel to take steps toward reforming public men and causing them to lead purer lives. Mrs. Primrose on taking the chair said that the time had come when the courts could no longer bar women from hearing testimony in divorce cases. There was loud applause. The clearing of the court room during the Breckenridge trial was pronounced an outrage on the sex. She also read a number of extracts from the newspapers to show the low tone of morals among the editorial fraternity. Over one hundred papers in the vicinity of Washington held that a man could be immoral and still be an excellent public official. She thought that indicated a deplorable state of morals among newspaper men. The meeting then adjourned.

[It has since been learned that these editors are all candidates for public office.—ED APPEAL.]

### ROW IN WASHINGTON.

Washington, April 18—Grover Cleveland got on a drunk yesterday and thrashed Senator Carsile and Bill Stewart. The rumor that he licked his mother-in-law is not verified.

### STRUNG UP.

Hangtown, April 19—Alex Waugh the bar keeper for Diamond and McCarty was strung up by the vigilance committee here last evening. Nothing particular was charged against him, just strung up on general principals.

### HEADED THIS WAY.

Stockton, April 18—The newspapers and politicians of San Jauquin county have formed an Industrial Army and are headed for San Francisco under the leadership of Ed Colan the editor of the Stockton Mail.

### KEAST'S GOLD MINE.

Nothing on the Midway draws more steadily or keeps up with the public favor any better than Keast's representation of a Colorado Gold Mine. It is a splendid object lesson for old and young and always does a good business.

A story is told of an Irishman who being beastly intoxicated fell asleep in a grave yard. The sun was shining brightly when he woke. Suddenly springing to his feet he exclaimed: "Faith and be jabbers, its the resurrection morning, and I'm the first man out. Hurrah for Ireland."

Remember the girls at the Camp, pick out the favorite and cast a vote for her.

During the hot days at the Fair drop around to the Camp and tackle Jones' 5 cent beer.

WRITING A LETTER HOME

## THE GAMP FAVOITE.

### A Practical way of Testing the Question.

During the last few weeks there has almost been a riot in the '49 Camp over the question of who is the favorite. In order to settle this beyond all dispute, the APPEAL will let the Camp vote on the proposition, and give a suitable prize to the beauty who gets the most votes between now and the time the big mining edition comes out, which will be about the middle of next month. The ballot box will be at Smith's Cash Store. Cut out your coupon and deposite it at Smith's Cash Store Exhibit across the street from the APPEAL office.

Favorite Girl in '49 Camp.

Name.....

Fill out the blank.

Parties voting will please write plainly so that there can be no mistake. A record of the vote will be published each week.

The prize will be a gold bracelet from the Diamond Palace.

### BEAR VS LION.

The sporting men have now began to bet on the Lion and Bear fight and a good many more backers of the grizzly have come to the front than was expected. There has been a good deal of talk about the bloody temper of the lion "Parnell," but men who understand the grizzly figure on his terrible vitality and toughness. The lion will think he is chewing a piece of rubber before he gets through, and a grizzly in a rage is the king of all brute creation.

### BURGALRY.

On Thursday night Barker Green's new candy store was entered and robbed of about $5 worth of French confectionary. There is no clue to the party who made the raid, but Flood the Oro Fino manager is very fond of sweets, and although there is not a particle of evidence against him, he is more likely to have made the clean up than anybody else, except perhaps Jones the beer man.

E. A. Rockwell has a fine collection of pictures at her studio, Phelan building room 124 Market street, cor. O'Farrell. Persons wishing to carry back East fine views of California scenery, sketches, studies, elegant oil paintings, are invited to call. Oil portraits and colored crayons a specialty.

All the swell military men now have their uniformes renoviated to look like new at the Wardrobe Renovating Co 121 Stockton street.

### FOR SALE.

Owing to departure two elegantly furnished Dental offices for sale cheap. Apply to Dr. Luella Cool, Kearney near Post street.

The Grismer's are doing a fine business at the California.

### HAFFORD'S ILLUSION.

All the illusionists are making money now. The latest is "Luna the Maid of the Moon," in Hafford's Arizona Museum. It is a dazzlingly beautiful woman cut square in two at the waist and placed on a swinging board. The half of the beautiful creature hangs in mid-air, and even passes a fan under her severed waist to prove that the lower half of her body is not there. Crowds go to see this wonderful spectacle every day.

### THE HAUNTED SWING.

This most wonderful Illusion must be seen to be appreciated. Words fail to express the curious and realistic results obtained. Every one paying the Haunted Swing a visit will be more than satisfied. This is certainly one of the best shows in the Fair grounds. The admission is but 10 cents.

### FOR SALE.

Midwinter Fair Souvenir Stationary. It is a complete novelty and souvenir of Californian, and is just the thing to use when writing to you friends. Five papers and five envelopes for 10 cents. 15 papers and 15 envelopes for 25 cents. Agents wanted, send 10 cents for samples and terms. Address Raph Clyde. This office.

### THE DAYS OF '49.

This taking piece of music composed by Miss France entitled "Days of '49" is for sale at the '49 Camp. It is becoming very popular at the California theatre. Miss France singing in the fourth act of "The New South." She also sings one of her latest compositions "The Sweetheart of all the year," in a way that is sure to popularize the melody.

The Nevada Roof Garden Cafe is becoming the most popular eating resort at the Fair. Good grub and cheap prices does this.

The Camp shooting gallery is becoming a great resort for young ladies who are good shots. The other day a pretty girl astonished the miners by ringing the bell three times running about as fast as she could pull the trigger.

In the fourth act of the "New South" at the California theatre Miss Virginia sings a composition by Miss France entitled "Sweethearts of all the Year" with great effect. Miss France is also the author of "Days of '49" for

The '49 Camp is now advertised all over the world.

### FOR SALE.

The original Mrs. O'Leary's cow, with all the paraphernalia exhibited at the Chicago Fair with financial success. Price, $300.00. For further particulars inquire of
A. C. McALLISTER,
San Rafael, Cal.

## CAMP JOTS.

New bill at the Oro Fino.

Tomato Mouth Sal thrashed a dude on Tuesday who was calling her nick names,

Jones' Beer Joint is doing a great business.

The Firth Wheel is moving in a roundabout way.

The APPEAL office was closed all day Tuesday, the printer all being drunk with Rex.

A stick of firewood exploded in the APPEAL office stove last week. We didn't know it was loaded.

The Concessionaires are still fighting for a two bit admission fee for at least one night in the week.

Senator Jones and Lon Hamilton were in the Fandango Hall last Monday. The police had to drive them out with clubs when the place closed up.

Ed Green the barker at the '49 Camp is often taken for Joe Grismer. Mrs. Grismer rushed up to Green the other day at the Camp saying: "I say Joe where did you get those cowboy togs?"


McAfee Bros.
If you miners want to invest your money in a
SURE THING
Call around after your regular clean-up and see
McAfee Brothers,
Who have some of the BEST ORANGE LAND in Palermo for sale at terms that a miner can get off at. Don't gamble off your dust or blow it in at the hardy joints, but stick it into a
Sure Thing
And have something to fall back on in your old age.
McAfee Bros.,
108 Montgomery Steet. 6

Our Name Is Known
and when on cork, capsule or label of wine or liquor, is a positive guarantee of the purity and excellence of the contents.
Medicinal Liquors
for Physicians' Prescriptions a specialty.
Old Stock Bourbon
at $1.50 a bottle has no equal.
GOLDBERG BOWEN AND LEBENBAUM

THE AUCTION LUNCH
ESTABLISHED 1849.
BY
FLOOD & O'BRIEN.
CAPTAIN LOUIS BAGLIETTO
Proprietor.
DEALER IN
Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars,
511 Washington st.
Bet. Montgomery and Sansome Streets, San Francisco Cal. 12

This exhibit gives a thorough and practical demonstration of
Hydraulic Mining,
—As carried on in Oregon and California.—
In Operation All the Time.
OPPOSITE THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE SCENIC RAILWAY.
Washing Gold from Genuine Pay Dirt brought Direct from the mines
That this exhibition is well worth seeing is proved by the fact that Gold Medal, Was Awarded at the World's Columbian Exposition.
C. W. Ayers,
J. S. Spencer, } Proprietors.
J. W. Miller,
ADMISSION - - - 25c. | CHILDREN - - - 10c.

## ARMSTRONG'S REMINISCENCES.

In this number Jim Armstrong completes his old time theatrical reminiscences. They are the most complete and condensed account of early times theatrical doings ever compiled. Jim speaks from actual knowledge, having grown up among the scenes he so accurately depicts.

There has been a great demand for the paper among theatrical people. The entire series will be republished in the Miners Edition. Next week Jim will reproduce in the Argus, the programme of the "First Grand Ball of Liberty How Co No. 2," which took place at Gilbert's Melodian, corner of Clay and Kearney streets. May 4th 1850. It contains the name of many leading citizens of San Francisco, who can now count their millions but then were counted as "one of the fellows," and ran "weld de machine."

### THE FAIR A SUCCESS.

The Fair has now entered on its last half of life and with the constantly increasing attendance its success is assured. The city is rapidly filling up with strangers, and the railroads say that a big tide of travel is setting in. A great drawback to the Fair has been the attacks of the San Francisco press upon it. These criticisms while in many instances were justly needed had the effect of keeping people away. The criticisms have had a good effect on the material side of the case. But Jim put Seaman up, and he won with flying colors, much to the disgust of Spanish Peso adherents.

Much indignation was expressed up and down the Bay District last Tuesday. The judges ruled off Hackett for life. At first it was supposed that the offending jockey was an old trotting horse rascal. The indignation began to be expressed when it was discovered he was a mustang.

Obi Bill Schintzer is talking of starting a brewery here as he has been knighted by Rex Felix. Bill, however, is putting on lots of style since running with royalty and our boys are a little sore. He will have to square a few of us or the Wieland Beer will do him up.

Jim O'Brien of Smartsville paid the city a visit last week, but he came home with a jag that did credit to Col. Rockwell. What kind of benzine are you selling at the 'dp Camp?

Sheriff Brandt and ex-superintendent Foss of Plumas county have been having a monkey and parrot time during the past week. It has been hard to tell which is the prisoner, but both seem to enjoy the company of the other.

One Scott, a natural born jay, was over here Saturday and had a high old time with the boys. Jay is one of our own kind of people and Fresno people are their pile on the sheriff.

Warren Sexton a native son of an illustrous sire was down from Oroville a few days ago and reports the Ex. N. S. G. W. in a healthy condition, but his tales of fabulous wealth in the Butte county mines needs confirmation.

GRIM.

### SPANISH PUSS ASSAULTED.

On Sunday last a cowardly employee of the Dance House named Diaz got into a an altercation with Spanish Pete and gave her a cuff that was her reeling to the floor. And as she fell her head struck the corner of a bench, and for a time it was feared that there had been a concussion of the brain. The fellow was discharged, and later in the evening a friend of the injured woman built a beautiful head on Diaz. If he ever shows his face in Camp again it will not be recognized as his when he comes out.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

The public are notified that Gen. Bouton and his son Victor Bouton have no connection with this office, and are not authorised to collect money or transact business.

The incomparable Mojeska at the Baldwin next week.


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## OUR JACKASS CORRESPONDENT.

Jackass Ravine, April 17th.

Fit Trayner came down to this Camp last week hunting for a fellow who said he resembled murderer Fredericks, with the exception of cutting off of Dandy Jim's ear Fit did little harm.

Billy Kellog has opened up his mine again at Elizabethtown, but is still sticking to the law business as well. The rumor that he has neglected Blear Faced Annie's case has no foundation, in fact she got three months and Bill was well satisfied.

Charley Hogard has opened up a balsam factory close to Quincy and is now well on the road to fortune.

Say, if you dont return two miserfisticated youths from the 49 Camp old hades will pop. Billy Edwards and attorney Webb were last seen in your delusion, illusion I mean, hobnobbing with the fandago girls and gin, and they should have been home three days ago. Put tags on them and ship C. O. D. to Quincy.

Cy Mulkey is a veritible Californian. He tells of having weighed out all for gold in the days of '49, with as much gusto as he trains Deputy Sheriff Sprockels horses, with real ability.

The horse race I spoke of last week came off Wednesday. Jersey Jim's mare was not considered a probable winner, as she was suffering from natural causes prevalent at this season of the year. But Jim put Seaman up and he won with flying colors, much to the disgust of Spanish Peso adherents.

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## THE VIGILANTES.

### What Led to Their Organization in San Francisco.

Continued lawlessness, unchecked by the usual processes of law, made life and property in San Francisco insecure. Criminals of every grade, from the penal colonies of New South Wales and Australia, the Sandwich Islands, and other Pacific ports, had flocked to San Francisco, allured by the prospects of plunder and robbery in a community then living in a state of almost Arcadian simplicity and security. In a twelve-month, murder, arson, burglary, and other crimes against person and property were exceedingly common. The police were inefficient, and like the courts, suspected of collusion with the law-breakers. The jails were insecure, juries were bribed, and the whole course of justice clogged.

Finally one Bardue, caught redhanded in a murderous assault on a Mr. Jansen, a reputable merchant, was taken to prison and put under lock and key. The people, as if convinced that this wretch would escape, as others like him before had, ailently surrounded the jail, and determined to keep watch over the subsequent proceedings.

William T. Coleman drawn here by mild curiosity, saw that the common thought and object of the assemblage was the speedy punishment of the criminal. As the temper of the crowd waxed more intense he broke the silence and besought them not to proceed to any violence, but to organize a court and try the man then and there. If Bardue was innocent, then he should go free; if he were guilty then he should be hanged before the sun went down. This was agreed to, and although, by a strange misarriage of justice, the would-be murderer escaped, and the Vigilance Committee of '51 was born. Later in that Summer, May and June, '51, two great and destructive fires, undoubtedly set by pillagers, swept the city with the besom of ruin. Millions of dollars worth of properery and one hundred lives were lost in these fires.

The incendiaries were indicted. Under hair-splitting technicalities they evaded punishment.

This was the occasion of the formal organization of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee, which had previously had an inchoate existence, with William T. Coleman as one of its active members. The names of some two hundred substantial business men were enrolled on the books of membership, and these citizens pledged themselves "to watch, pursue, and bring to justice the outlaws infesting the city, through the regular constituted courts if possible, though more summary process if necessary." The first offender caught was one Jenkins, taken in the act of carrying off the safe from a store. He was tried, convicted, and hanged while an hour. Other arrests followed, and during the thirty days of active operations of the Committee four men were hanged, and about thirty were deported beyond the seas by outgoing vessels, under the threat of death if they returned. In every case the proceedings of the Vigilantes were characterized by decorum; and every accused man was granted a fair trial by jury, competent counsel being assigned him.


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## THE RED MOUNTAIN BAR

### IT IS GRAPHICALLY DESCRIBED BY PRENTICE MULFORD.

An Unappreciated Paradise—A Settlement in Nowhere Small, in Individuality Large—Some Queer Characters and Events—"Old Mac" and Bloody Hill.

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V.

HE California mining camp was ephemeral. Often it was founded, built up, flourished, decayed and had weeds and herbage growing over its site and hiding all of man's work inside of ten years. Yet to one witnessing those changes it seemed the life of a whole generation. Of such settlements Red Mountain Bar was one. Red Mountain lay three miles above Sweet's Bar, "up river." I lived "off and on" at the "Bar" in its dying days. I saw it decay gently and peacefully. I saw the grass, trees and herbage gradually creep in and resume their sway all over its site as they had done ere man's interruption.

I lived there when the few "boys" left used daily, after the close of an unsuccessful ever season, to sit in a row on a log by the river's edge, and there, surveying their broken dam, would chant curses on their luck. The Bar store was then still in existence. Thompson was its proprietor. The stock on hand had dwindled down to whisky. The bar and one filled bottle alone survived. On rainy nights, when the few miners left would gather about the stove, Thompson would take down his fiddle and fiddle and sing "What can't be cured must be endured," or "The king into his garden came; the spices smelt about the same"—a quotation of unknown authorship. Of neighbors, living in their cabins strung along the banks for half a mile above the store, there was Keen Fann, an aged mercantile and mining Chinaman, with a colony about him of lesser and facially indistinguishable countrymen of varying numbers. Second, "Old Harry," an aged negro, a skilled performer on the bugle and a singer who offered at times to favor us with what he termed a "little ditto." He was the Ethiopic king of a knot of Kanakas gathered about him. Third, "Bloody Bill," so called from his frequent use of the sanguinary adjective, and, as may be guessed, an Englishman. Fourth, an old Scotchman, one of the Bar's oldest inhabitants, who would come to the store with the little bit of gold dust, gathered after a hard day's "crevicing," complaining that gold was getting as scarce as "the grace of God in the Heelands of Scotland." Fifth, McFarlane, a white bearded old fellow, another pioneer, who after a yearly venture into some strange and distant locality to "change his luck," was certain eventually to drift back again to the Bar, which he regarded as home. Down the river, nestled high up in a steep and picturesque gulch, stood the hackeye embowered cabin of old Jonathan Brown, the ditch tender, a great reader of weekly "story papers," who lived like a boy in the literature of the Western Frontier Penny Awful, and who, coming to the store and perching himself on the counter, would sometimes break out in remarks about how "Them thar Indians got the better of 'em at last," to the astonishment of the "boys," who imagined at first that he referred to Indians in the locality, suggesting possibilities of a repetition of the great Oak Flat uprising of 1850.

At the "top of the hill," a mile and a half away, stood the "Yankee ranch," kept by a bustling, sneasy and rather uncomfortable man from Massachusetts, aided by his good natured, easy going son-in-law. One rainy winter's day the "boys" congregated about Thompson's store became seized with a whim for the manufacture of little pasteboard men turning grindstones, which, fastened to the stove, were impelled to action by the ascending current of hot air. So they smoked their pipes and wrought all day until the area of stovepipe became thickly covered with little pasteboard men busily turning pasteboard grindstones. Then George M. G., the son-in-law of the Yankee ranch, came down the hill to borrow an ax.

George was of that temperament and inclination to be of all things charmed with a warm stove on a cold, rainy day, a knot of good fellows about it, a frequent pipe of tobacco, maybe an occasional punch and the pleasing manufacture of hot air driven little pasteboard men turning pasteboard grindstones. He forgot his ax—sat down and began with the rest the manufacture of pasteboard men and grindstones. And he kept on till a late hour of the night, and staid at the Bar all night and all the next day and that next night, until the stovepipe was covered to its very top with little men, all working away for dear life turning grindstones; and on the second day of his stay the exasperated father-in-law suddenly appeared and delivered himself in impatient invective with regard to such conduct on the part of a son-in-law sent forty-eight hours previously to borrow an ax. Such was the circle oft gathered on the long, rainy winter's eve about the Thompson store stove. All smoked. Keen Fann frequently dropped in. He stood respectfully, as a heathen should in such a Christian assemblage, on its outer edge, or humbly appropriated some unoccupied keg, and for the rest—grinned. From his little piggy eyes to his double chin Keen's face was a permanently settled grin.

Keen Fann had learned about twenty words of English and would learn no more. In his estimation these twenty words, variously used, after a sort of grammatical kaleidoscopic fashion, seemed adequate to convey everything required. One of his presumed English expressions long puzzled the boys. Asking the price of articles at the store he would say, "Too muchee pollyfoot." At last the riddle was correctly guessed. He meant, "Too much profit."

For protection Keen Fann built his house opposite the store. The Mexicans were then attacking and robbing isolated bands of Chinamen. At one Bar a few miles below, then deserted by the whites, the Chinese had inclosed their camp with a high stockade of logs. But one night they were attacked. The Mexicans besieged their fortress for hours, peppering them from the hillside with revolvers, and at last they broke through the Mongolian works and bore off all their dust and a dozen or more revolvers. Keen Fann's castle was in dimensions not more than 12 by 16 feet, and in height two stories. Within it was partitioned off into rooms not much larger than dry goods boxes. The hallways were just wide enough to squeeze through, and very dark. It was intensely labyrinthian, and Keen was always making it more so by devising new additions. No white man ever did know exactly where the structure began or ended. Keen was a merchant, dealing principally in gin, fish and opium. His store was involved in this curious dwelling, all of his own construction.

In the store there was a counter. Behind it there was just room for Keen to sit down, and in front there was just room enough for the customer to turn around. When Keen was the merchant he looked imposing in an enormous pair of Chinese spectacles. When he shook his rocker in the bank he took off those spectacles. He was a large consumer of his own gin. I once asked him for the amount of his weekly allowance. "Me tink," said he, "one gallun bap" (half). From the upper story of the castle protruded a huge spear head. It one, after the manner of varying numbers. Second, "Old Harry," an aged negro, a skilled performer on the bugle and a singer who offered at times to favor us with what he termed a "little ditto." He was the Ethiopic king of a knot of Kanakas gathered about him. Third, "Bloody Bill," so called from his frequent use of the sanguinary adjective, and, as may be guessed, an Englishman. Fourth, an old Scotchman, one of the Bar's oldest inhabitants, who would come to the store with the little bit of gold dust, gathered after a hard day's "crevicing," complaining that gold was getting as scarce as "the grace of God in the Heelands of Scotland." Fifth, McFarlane, a white bearded old fellow, another pioneer, who after a yearly venture into some strange and distant locality to "change his luck," was certain eventually to drift back again to the Bar, which he regarded as home. Down the river, nestled high up in a steep and picturesque gulch, stood the hackeye embowered cabin of old Jonathan Brown, the ditch tender, a great reader of weekly "story papers," who lived like a boy in the literature of the Western Frontier Penny Awful, and who, coming to the store and perching himself on the counter, would sometimes break out in remarks about how "Them thar Indians got the better of 'em at last," to the astonishment of the "boys," who imagined at first that he referred to Indians in the locality, suggesting possibilities of a repetition of the great Oak Flat uprising of 1850.

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Of my stay under water I recollect only the thought, "You're in for it this time. This is no common baptism." The next I knew I was clinging to a rock half a mile below the scene of the submergence. I had been swept under water through the Willow Bar, the walls of whose rocky channel, chiseled by the current of centuries, were narrower at the top than on the river bed, and through which the waters swept in a succession of boils and whirlpools. Wet and dripping, I tramped to the nearest cabin, a mile and a half distant, and staid there that night. Red Mountain Bar, on seeing the mishap, gave me up for lost—all but one man, who was negative on that point, for the reason, as he alleged, that I was not destined to make the final exit by water. I reappeared the next morning at the Bar. When I told the boys that I had been swept through the Willow Bar they instituted comparisons of similarity in the matter of veracity betwixt myself and Ananias of old. It was the current impression that no man could pass through the Willow Bar alive.

Chinese Camp, five miles distant, stood as the metropolis for Red Mountain Bar. It contained but a few hundred people. Yet in our estimation at that time it bore the same relative importance that New York does to some agricultural village a hundred miles away. Chinese Camp meant restaurants, where we could revel in the luxury of eating a meal we were not obliged to prepare ourselves, a luxury none can fully appreciate save those who have served for years as their own cooks. Chinese Camp meant saloons, palatial as compared with the Bar grogery. It meant a daily mail and communication with the great world without; it meant hotels, where strange faces might be seen daily; it meant, perhaps, above all, the nightly fandango. When living for months and years in such out-of-the-way nooks and corners as Red Mountain Bar, and as were thousands of now forgotten and nameless flats, gulches and bars in California, cut off from all regular communication with the world, where the occasional passage of some stranger is an event, the limited stir and bustle of such a place as Chinese Camp assumed an increased importance and interest.

Chinese Camp justice presided at our lawsuits. Chinese Camp was the Mecca to which all hands resorted for the grand blow out at the close of the river mining season. With all their hard work and independent times were those after all! True, claims were uncertain to yield; hopes of making fortunes had been given over. But so long as $1.50 or $2 pickings remained on the banks men were comparatively their own masters. There was none of the inexorable demand of business consequent on situation and employment in the great city, where, sick or well, the toilers must file with mankind-like regularity at the early morning hour to their posts of labor. If the Red Mountainer didn't "feel like work" in the morning he didn't work. If he preferred to commence digging and washing at 10 in the morning instead of 7, who should prevent him? If, after the morning labor, he desired a siesta till 2 in the afternoon, it was his to take.

Of what nature could give there was much at the Bar to make pleasant man's stay on earth, save a great deal of cash. We enjoyed a mild climate—no long, hard winters to provide against, no soil that would raise almost any vegetable, a necessity or luxury, with very little labor; peas or figs, apples or potatoes; land to be had for the asking; water for irrigation accessible on every hand; plenty of pasture room; no crowding. A quarter of a section of such soil and climate within forty miles of New York city would be worth millions. Contrast such a land with the bleak hills about Boston, where the first year is spent in a struggle to provide for the other half. Yet we were all anxious to get away. Our heaven was not at Red Mountain. Fortunes could not be digged there. We were possessed with a strength in a scramble for a few ounces of yellow metal, while in the spring time the vales and hillsides covered with flowers argued in vain that they had the greatest rewards for our picks and shovels. But none listened. We growled in the mud and stones of the oft worked bank. Yearly it responded less and less to our labors. One by one the "old miners" left.

The boarding house of Dutch Bill at the farther end of the Bar long stood empty, and the meek eyed and subtle Chinaman stole from its sides board after board, the sides skinned off, they took joist after joist from the framework. None ever saw them so doing. Thus silently and mysteriously, like a melting snowbank, the great rambackle boarding house disappeared, until naught was left save the chimney. And that also vanished brick by brick. All of which material entered into the composition and construction of that irregularly built, smoke tanned conglomerate of Chinese huts clustered near the Keen Fann castle.

"Old Grizzly" McFarlane went away. So did Bloody Bill. So the Bar's population dwindled. Fewer travelers, dotlike, were seen climbing the steep trail over Red mountain. Miller, the Chinese Camp news agent, who, with mail bags well filled with the New York papers, had for years cantered from Red mountain to Morgan's Bar, emptying his sack as he went at the rate of fifty and twenty-five cents per sheet, paid the Bar his last visit and closed out the newspaper business there forever. Then the county supervisors abolished it as an election precinct, and its name no longer figured in the returns. No more after the Vote was polled and the result known did the


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Meals, Lunches and Refreshments (solid and liquid) Served.
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The bar is stocked with nothing but Gilt Edged Liquors and Wines, foreign and domestic, from Sherwood & Sherwood. Our Cigars are Al.
The prices will astonish you.
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Call and see us at the left of the
49 Camp. 12


active and ambitious partisan mount his horse and gallop over the mountain to Sonora, the county seat, twenty miles away, to deliver the official count, signed, sealed and attested by the local Red mountain election inspectors. Finally the Bar dwindled to Thompson, Keen Fann and his Mongolian band. Then Thompson left. Keen Fann grieved at losing his friend and protector. He came on the eve of departure to the dismantled store. Tears were in his eyes. He presented Thompson with a basket of tea and a silver half dollar, and bade him farewell in incoherent and lugrane latable words of lamenting polyglot English.

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Food and Feed for Man and Beast.
Baked Beans Cooked in the Ground, None Better.
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Manager. 13

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One hears this a thousand times daily because it is a
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It is hardly necessary to say that the CAFE ROYAL is on the corner of Fourth and Market, and that JIM ORNDORFF and AL HALL will steer the destinies of the place.
We merely make the remark to fill this space

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In CARSON CITY the place to buy to advantage.

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BARBER SHOP AND BATHS.
Fresh and Salt Water, 25 Cents.
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## "OLD TIMES." ROCKS.

### Old Pioneer Reminiscences of Early Theatricals Boiled Down By Jim Armstrong.

THE FIRST THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE.

The Second "Jenny Lind Theatre" was built on the site of the old one on Kearney street, and was under the management of Mr. and Mrs. James Stark, and opened June 13th 1851, with a good company. Prices of admission Dress-circle $5, Parquet $3, and $2 for other parts of the house. Scarcely were the walls of the house dry when it was devoured by flames June 22d 1851. The cost of this building was $155,000.

The Third "Jenny Lind Theatre" was built of brick, and had a seating capacity for 2000 persons. It opened October 4th, 1852. Junis Brutis Booth and his two sons Edwin, and J. B. Booth Jr., and the latters wife supported J. B. Booth. The performance was "Macbeth" and a local farce "A Trip to the Mission". It was J. B. Booth's farewell appearance, and last night of the Jenny Lind Theatre. It was sold to the city by Tom Maguire for $200,000 and became a part of the old city Hall.

"The American Theatre" opened its doors to the public October 20th 1851, on the N. E corner Sansome and Halleck streets. Dr. Robinson manager, and did a great business. "Rinaro Ianta," under the management of Geo Lesler, made her debut before a California audience. In this theatre Kate Hayes, Emily Coad, Miss Sophia Edwin, Miss Sue Robinson, (daughter of the manager) Lotty Thorne, Julia Pelby, Mr and Mrs W. H. Leighton, and a score of lesser celebrities filled engagements there.

"The Union Theatre" on Commercial street, opened in 1852 under the management of Miss Laura Keene.

"San Francisco Hall" on Montgomery street was opened by Mr. and Mrs. Chapman on December 24th 1852.

"Musical Hall" also on Montgomery street opened in 1852.

"Johnson's Free and Easy" on Montgomery street between Washington and Jackson. Joe Murphy made his first appearance at this house.

Rowe opened the "Olympic Theatre" on Kearney street with a company of English actors in 1856. In 1859 it was fitted out for stores.

"The Metropolitan Theatre" on the west side of Montgomery street between Washington and Jackson, opened Dec. 24th 1853, with Mr. Murdock and Catherine Sinclair in the School for Scandal. J. B. Booth Jr. manager, Charley Backus minstrel company appeared in 1854, Billy Birch, Ben Cotton and Lotta were members.

"Lyceum Theatre" on the corner of Montgomery and Washington streets, opened on November 3rd 1350. The California Juveniles, numbering twenty seven children ranging from five to fifteen years of age, made their first appearance in the "Brigands." The play-bill mentioned Master Vernon, aged fifteen. He was no other than Charles De Young founder of the Chronicle. Miss Lulu Sweet, aged twelve, was the leading lady. Their repertoire were: "The Brigands," "Black-Eyed Susan" and "Swiss Cottage."

"Maguire's Opera House" on the north side of Washington above Montgomery streets, opened Jan. 11th 1864.

"Maguire's Academy of Music" on the north side of Pine street below Montgomery, opened in 1864. In August 1864 Caroline and Peter Richings English Opera Troup made their farewell appearance. A few months later it was closed and the fixtures were sold at auction.

"The New Idea" was on the south side of Commercial street above Kearney, up stairs, opened in the spring of 1864.

"The Second Olympic" formerly Gilberts Melodian, opened in December of 1864, under the management of Billy Worrell and George W. Rider. The Worrell Sisters, Harry Coad stage-manager. Fred Woodhull, and Molly Archer. The opening piece was Cinderella. In the spring of 1867 Bill Worrell sold his interest, and G. W. Ryder and John Woodland were managers, they met with great success. Here Maggie Moore made her debut. Otto Burbank, Johny De Angles, Jake Wallace, Lew Rattler, Johnny Edwards, Foster, Jimmy Carton, Pete Stirling, Fanny Hanks, Jenny LaMonte, The Moore sisters, Minnie Fillmore, Ida Lisk, and Frank Prescot were in the Company. George Edwards leader of the orchestra. Joe Murphy played star engagements during 1865 and '66. Miss Ella LaRue made her debut at this house in 1866, in The Woman of the World, and crowded he house for over 14 nights.

"Temple of Music" after known as Shields Opera House, Congress Hall, and now the Standard Theatre, on the north side of Bush street below Kearney opened in February of 1866, Leslie Raynee and W. H. Smith Managers.

"The Alhambra Theatre" now the Bush street Theatre on the south side of Bush street below Kearney, opened in the fall of 1866 with the California Minstrels. In the company were Johny Mack, Johnny DeAnglis, Fred Sprung, Tommy Bree, H. Needham, Bamford, and others. W. H. Smith and Gus Henta managers. George Edmonds leader of ochastra.

"The California Theatre" under the management of Laurence Barrett and John McCullough opened on Monday evening January 18th 1869, the play selected for the occasion was Bulwer's comedy "Money". The last night of the old California was August 11 1888. Closed with a benefit for the attaches, Miss Jefferies Lewis appearing in Forget me Not. A farewell address was delivered by James Carden.

"Wade's Opera House, now the Grand Opera House, on Mission street a few doors west of Third street, opened in 1873. "Snow Flake" was the opening piece. Fred Bert manager. Minnetta Montagne, then the wife of James Ward and the most beautiful woman on the stage played the part of Queene.

"The Baldwin Theatre" opended March 6th 1876, with Barry Sullivan the great tragedian in "Richard III."

JIM ARMSTRONG.


FOR THE BEST FRENCH OR ITALIAN DINNER GO TO "The Sparta" Dining Saloon, N. W. Corner Sansome and Merchant Sts., San Francisco, Cal. D. G. CAMARINOS, Prop. Mr. Camarinos is also the Proprietor of THE HAWAIIAN PALACE CAFE (BRANCH OF THE SPARTA) Opp. Mechanics Arts Building. Midwinter Fair Grounds.

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2 For 25 Cents, —OR— 1 For 25 Cents.

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The groceries are from Goldberg, Bowen & Lebenbaum.

The peppers and corn from John J. English.

The chickens are from Roberts & O'Brien.

No seagull business here. Genuine chickens and turkeys, and don't you forget it.

NED FOSTER'S TAMALE COTTAGE.

THE ORO FINO —CONCERT HALL.— '49 MINING CAMP

Songs, Ballads, Skirt and Serpentine Dancing.

And Every Other Terpsichorean Novelty Known.

Old-time Jigs and Reels.

New Talent this Week—Come and hear the One Man orchestra.

New Novelties Every night.

W. J. Burnes Proprietor.

VIAVI. Which translated means THE ROAD TO HEALTH.

Very necessary to womankind In a thousand and one ways Used by our cures we quickly Verify the claim that VIAVA is Indispensible to you all.

TO ALL WANDERERS on the rocky road of sickness, we will furnish a Guide to the City of Health and happiness in life, where woman with her ever increasing burden can throw off and lay aside the weight of destroying disease and lift up her head in

Perfect Health.

Upon the pages of feminine history appear a thousand testimonials from thankful hearts of wives, mothers and daughters whose ills have been banished by VIAVI. All disease falls before its potent influence and slow destroyers give way to vigorous health, happiness and physical comfort, not for a day, but always.

Nothing but competent and patient ladies in attendance to consult and comfort those who need our aid.

No Charge For Consultation.

Call on or Address 2301 VAN NESS AVENUE, CORNER VALLEJO.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.

DONT LEAVE CAMP! Until You Have Seen SMITH'S EXHIBIT of An Old '49 Camp Store. Admission Free.

Ask for a copy of their Catalogue, or mail one to your friends, and before you leave town drop in and see their down town Establishment. No. 414-416-418 Front street, San Francisco 12

Centrifugal Roller Quartz MILL.

This mill can be seen in operation in the MECHANICAL ARTS BUILDING.

F. A. Huntington, Manufacturer, 213 and 219 First street, San Francisco.

Illustrated Pamphlet on application. 5

WHEELAND & COLLINS. Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Old French and London Dock Brandies, Port Wines, Sherries and all the Choicest Brands of Champagne, Apple Jack, Pisco, Arrack, Cordials, Liquors, etc. 329 MONTGOMERY and 311 CALIFORNIA Streets, San Francisco. 6

AFTER LEAVING CAMP CALL AT THE Colorado Gold Mine —AND TAKE A— Ride Through the Mine.

See a Gold Mine in full operation in all its details.

The finest educator of the day.

Indorsed by the Denver Mining Exchange, Colorado School of Mines and thousands of others.

After you enter the tunnel you can easily imagine yourself 1000 feet underground.

PRICE OF ADMISSION - - - 25 CENTS CHILDREN - - - - - - - - 10 CENTS 4

WANTED. A GOOD QUARTZ OR GRAVEL MINE. Address C. H. FORD, Crocker Building, room 8, with full particulars, price, etc. 6

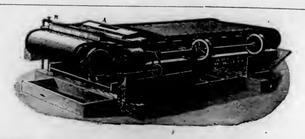
THE VIENNA PRATER, THE ONLY PLACE OF AMUSEMENT AT THE EXPOSITION.

THE IMPERIAL VIENNA PRATER ORCHESTRA, COURT DIRECTOR, FRITZ SCHEEL.

STRING CONCERT AND MILITARY CONCERT DAILY FROM 3 TO 11 P. M. AT THE KAISER FRANZ JOSEPH HALL. - - MIDWINTER FAIR.

Joshua Hendy Machine Works. PROPRIETORS OF THE CITY IRON WORKS. Works: Corner Bay, Kearny and Francisco Streets. Principal Office: No. 151 Fremont Street. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Importers and Manufacturers of and Dealers in Boilers, Engines, Pumps and Machinery OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Specialties of Hydraulic Mining, Quartz Mining and Milling Machinery, Hydraulic Gravel Elevators, Hydraulic Giants, Automatic Ore Feeders. Shoes and Dies and All Castings furnished promptly upon order. 6



FRUE ORE CONCENTRATOR

Over 4000 in actual use. Manufactured under Patents of April 27, 1880, July 24, 1888, and March 31, 1891.

SAN JACINTO ESTATE, LIMITED, Office of the General Manager. P. O. Address, South Riverside, San Bernardino county, Cal. CAJALCO, December 18, 1891.

FRUE VANNING MACHINE CO., 132 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.—GENTLEMEN: After a continuous trial of different Concentrators (comprising the Frue Vanner, the "Holland," "Paradox," "Triumph" and the "Woodbury" Concentrators), extending over several months, we find that we prefer the Frue Vanner, as it is easier of adjustment, runs smoother, has less wear and tear, and—having a positive travel—gives less trouble than the other more complicated and ever-changing machines now in use here. The Frue Vanner not only saves a cleaner concentrate, but has less loss in the tailings, and is in several ways preferable to the other Concentrators here. I am, my Dear Sirs, yours faithfully, S. HARRIS, Manager.

Price of 4-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner ..... $550, f. o. b.
" " Improved Belt Frue Vanner ..... 800, f. o. b.
" 6-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner ..... 800, f. o. b.

For any information, or for pamphlets, or for circulars or testimonials, call on or address us at our office.

H., J. SUMMERHAYES, Successor to ADAMS & CARTER, Agent Frue Vanning Machine Company NO. 132 MARKET STREET ..... SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.


# THE MIDWINTER APPEAL

## AND JOURNAL OF FORTY-NINE.

VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1894. NUMBER 17


THE MIDWINTER APPEAL AND JOURNAL OF '49.

Published Weekly at 629 Montgomery stre San Francisco California.

—BY— SAM DAVIS.

$2.50 Per Annum. $1.50 Six Months.


BY PONY EXPRESS.

NEWS BROUGHT IN BY OUR CAYUSE.

INGALLS BOBS UP.

Topeka Kas., April 28—Ex-Senator Ingalls the statesman without a job, spoke to the Industrials and common squealers last night from the court House steps. During his speech he was interupted by Mrs. Leese who slapped his mouth. Both are under arrest.

STEWART ON DECK.

New York, April 27—It is rumored here to day that Senator Stewart has joined the Industrial Army and will march to Washington bearing the banner of free silver. Several California stock brokers who are running peanut stands in Gotham since the panic, will accompany him on the tramp.

THE PRESIDENT ALARMED.

Washington April 26—The President has put double doors on his hen coop and ordered a new cyclone cellar to be built pending the arrival of the Industrial army. His wife has gone to the country with her mother.

Edward Cucuel a San Francisco raised boy is now in Paris studying art and is a leading member of the artists club. His clever sketches and bright writings are now found in the News Letter. If you want to read a Tobasco Sauce article peruse his description of the Artists Masquerade where several nude models were dancing on a table at one time to the strains of ochestral music. Cucuel is making his mark as a writer. and is sure of success as an artist.

NEW DANCE BOSS.

Jose Vincent the new dancing master has taken charge of the Dance Hall and some new dances have been added. The Fandango is now running full blast and continues to draw large crowds

Ralph Clyde our youthful assistant editor has disappeared and is supposed to be in Dead Mans Guleh running a swill cart. If he will return the office shot gun he can keep his advance salary.

The man who threw a sack full of skunks into our sanctum yesterday will get $30 reward if he will be man enough to come around and declare himself to the editor. We only want two minutes with him after his identity is established.

Spanish Jim who came into the office last week and fired two shots at us is now out of the hospital and has sent east for a cork leg. Jim will have some sense if he stays in this Camp and keeps sober.

Madam Modjeska is doing a fine business at the Baldwin, and her faultless acting draws an applauding audience. She will remain two weeks longer

THE MINER AND THE SPORT.

THE GAMP FAVOITE.

A Practical way of Testing the Question.

During the last few weeks there has almost been a riot in the '49 Camp over the question of who is the favorite. In order to settle this beyond all dispute, the APPEAL will let the Camp vote on the proposition, and give a suitable prize to the beauty who gets the most votes between now and the time the big mining edition comes out, which will be about the middle of next month. The ballot box will be at Smith's Cash Store. Cut out your coupon and deposite it at Smith's Cash Store Exhibit across the street from the APPEAL office.

Favorite Girl in '49 Camp,

Name.....

Fill out the blank.

Parties voting will please write plainly so that there can be no mistake. A record of the vote will be published each week.

The prize will be a gold bracelet from the Diamond Palace.

THE VOTE.

Miss Flossie Brown leads in the '49 Camp favorite contest with 105 votes, Carmen second and Spanish Puss third.

THE HAUNTED SWING.

This most wonderful illusion must be seen to be appreciated. Words fail to express the curious and realistic results obtained. Every one paying the Haunted Swing a visit will be more than satisfied. This is certainly one of the best shows in the Fair grounds. The admission is but 10 cents.

E. A. Rockwell has a fine collection of pictures at her studio, Phelan building room 124 Market street, cor. O'Farell. Persons wishing to carry back East fine views of California scenery, sketches, studies, elegant oil paintings, are invited to call. Oil portraits and colored crayons a specialty.

FOR SALE.

Minwinter Fair Souvenir Stationary, It is a complete novelty and souvenir of Californian, and is just the thing to use when writing to you friends. Five pacers and five envelopes for 10 cents. 15 papers and 15 envelopes for 25 cents. Agents wanted, send 10 cents for samples and terms. Address Raph Clyde. This office.

General Bouton and son who were our subscription agents have not been seen around here for some weeks. When they left they took all the bedding of the APPEAL office with them and the loose change in the drawer. People in the mountains who wish to unload their coin on this office will please send it direct to us.

CHIPS WERE A DOLLAR EACH.

This story was told the writer by a friend who was an itinterant Methodist missionary. His friend was working in the wilds of Arizona a good many years ago. One Saturday evening the missionary entered a mining Camp, whose inhabitants had lost all track of Sunday. He went to the biggest saloon in the camp and introduced himself to the proprietor, telling him that the following day was Sunday and that he would like to preach a sermon to the miners. The proprietors name was Jake

"All right," said Jake, "we'll be glad to have you. I'll fix it with the boys."

He did fix it and all the saloons were closed when it came time to deliver the sermon. The exercises were held in the big saloon and Jake made himself master of ceremonies. The missionary took his stand against the bar and delivered his discourse to all the idlers of the town who collected in the saloon. At the close of the address he timidly suggested that traveling was expensive, and while salvation was free, the gospel had to be provided for. He suggested the propriety of a collection.

"All right, parson, I will attend to that, shell out boys," cried Jake.

He passed his sombrero through the crowd and everyone threw in a large coin, until he came to a stranger in camp. The stranger put his hand in his pocket and felt around there awhile. Finally he pulled out a quarter and started to drop it into the hat. Jake drew back the hat and put his hand on the handle of a revolver.

"Look a-here stranger," he said, "edips are a dollar in this game and it is your ante."

The stranger played the limit and Jake's hand left the handle of his revolver. After that every one played the limit.—Sacramento Thamis.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The public are notified that Gen. Bouton and his son Victor Bouton have no connection with this office, and are not authorized to collect money or transact business.

HAFFORD'S ILLUSION.

All the illusionists are making money now. The latest is "Luna the Maid of the Moon," in Hafford's Arizona Museum. It is a dazzlingly beautiful woman est square in two at the waist and placed on a swinging board. The half of the beautiful creature hangs in mid-air, and even passes a fan under her severed waist to prove that the lower half of her body is not there. Crowds go to see this wonderful spectacle every day.

Several of the Midway Concessionaires purchased microscopes in Mechinery Hall on Odd Fellows day to examine their profits

FOR SALE.

Owing to departure two elegantly furnished Dental offices for sale cheap. Apply to Dr. Lucila Cool, Kearney near Post street.

Remember the girls at the Camp, pick out the favorite and cast a vot for her.


FOR THE BEST FRENCH OR ITALIAN DINNER GO TO "The Sparta" Dining Saloon, N. W. Corner Sansome and Merchant Sts., San Francisco, Cal. D. G. CAMARINOS, Prop. Mr. Camarinos is also the Proprietor of THE HAWAIIAN PALACE CAFE (BRANCH OF THE SPARTA) Opp. Mechanics Arts Building. Midwinter Fair Grounds.

GEO BODEWIG. FORMERLY OF THE UNION HOTEL NEVADA CITY. WINE & LIQUOR MERCHANT. WHOLESALE & RETAIL. 421 Montgomery St., Bet. Sacramento & California Sts. San Francisco Cal. Mining men and strangers are cordially invited to give us a call.

GRIZZLY BEAR AND LUNCH HOUSE Choice Wines Liquors & Cigars Fresh Crabs Daily-Freer with Lunch 239 & 241, EAST STREET, S. F. Cal. W. H. DAVIES PROPRIETOR. Opposite Oakland Ferry.

McAfee Bros.

If you miners want to invest your money in a SURE THING Call around after your regular clean-up and see McAfee Brothers, Who have some of the BEST ORANGE LAND in Palermo for sale at terms that a miner can get off at. Don't gamble off your dust or blow it in at the hurdy joints, but stick it into a Sure Thing And have something to fall back on in your old age.

McAfee Bros., 108 Montgomery Steet. 6

Our Name Is Known and when on cork, capsule or label of wine or liquor, is a positive guarantee of the purity and excellence of the contents.

Medicinal Liquors for Physicians' Prescriptions a specialty.

Old Stock Bourbon at $1.50 a bottle has no equal.

GOLDBERG BOWEN —AND— LEBENBAUM

THE AUCTION LUNCH ESTABLISHED 1849. BY FLOOD & O'BRIEN. CAPTAIN LOUIS BAGLIETTO Proprietor. DEALER IN Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars. 511 Washington st. Bet. Montgomery and Sansome Streets, San Francisco Cal. 12

This exhibit gives a thorough and practical demonstration of

Hydraulic Mining, As carried on in Oregon and California.

In Operation All the Time. OPPOSITE THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE SCENIC RAILWAY. Washing Gold from Genuine Pay Dirt brought Direct from the mines

That this exhibition is well worth seeing is proved by the fact that Gold Medal Was Awarded at the World's Columbian Exposition.

C. W. Ayers, J. S. Spencer, J. W. Miller, Proprietors.

ADMISSON - - - 25c. CHILDREN - 10c.

### WEALTH VS JUSTICE.

The death of poor old McGarrahan, the rightful owner of the New Adria quick silver mines, recalls one of the most flagrant instances of the sway of wealth over justice ever witnessed in America. The poor man was robbed of his rights by a wealthy corporation and for years, with a full knowledge of the justice of his claim he waged his battle against corporate wealth. Even after the general land office had pronounced his claim valid, after the Supreme Court had decided in his favor, after Abraham Lincoln had signed a document giving him his property, after two houses of Congress had decided in his favor, the men who had robbed him still had the power to compel President Harrison to do the meanest thing of his life and vetoed the bill which gave him his rights. The President committed an act of injustice to call it by no worse name, that ought to make him despise himself for the rest of his existence.

### DAGGETT AND THE BULL.

In this issue Joseph Goodmun formerly the editor of the Virginia Enterprise contributes one of his characteristic poems. It is a story of how Rollin M. Daggett, afterwards Congressman from Nevada, crossed the plains with some children who were saved from death by the miraculous appearance of a bull that carried his charge into Sutter's Fort and disappeared. Old residents of that vicinity still tell and believe the story which is of the wierd and wonderous order, but Mr. Goodman is the first to weave the tradition into verse.

### HE FEARED EXAGGERATION.

I heard an amusing story the other day from a New York journalist. In his youth he had been combined editor and staff of a paper that provided news for the wildest and most lawless settlements in the Rockies. Mr. was sitting in his office, and a wild looking person was shown in who said "Sir, I have called to see you with reference to a disturbance that took place at one of the hells last night. I had a row with a man last night, he filled me and I got excited and shot him, and, I regret to say, that in the excitement of the moment I scalped him, so I've called on you sir, to request that you will see that no exaggerated report of this finds its way into your newspaper.

### CROWLEY AND CANAVAN.

Crowley's sweep of the corrupt Police department calls to mind the exciting municipal primaries when he first asked for the nomination of Chief on the Democratic ticket in the early days. Matt Canavan was his opponent. Both men were prime favorite and the contest was so hot that the Presidential election was almost wholly lost sight of. Both men were fast friends and either would have scorned to take the slightest advantage. As the fight progressed, however, the principals discovered that the zeal of their followers was something appalling, and the fight at the primaries was a carnival of fights, intimidation, bribery, and ballot stuffing. In many precincts they voted up to midnight. Next morning the the two men met and canvassed the situation.

"Matt," said Crowley, "I do really believe that they have counted you out by the d——d lot of dirty work I ever heard of."

"Pat," said Canavan, "I am sure you won the fight, but my boys have stuffed ballot boxes 'till h—l wont have it. Its the toughest election I ever saw."

The two finally agreed to abide by the result, the looser to make no kick.

The party proclaimed Crowley the winner, and Canavan spent a week setting up champagne to ratify the nomination. The two men were the fastest friends up to the time of Canavans death. The election gave San Francisco an honest and fearless Chief of Police, but had the count been in favor of Canavan, it would have been the same, as he was a sterling man in all respects and honest to the core. The best evidence of Crowley's honesty is that his clerk has a $100,000 ranch and the chief, after opportunities to make millions, struggles along with a mortgage on his home.

Helena Modjeska and her company and the Grimer troup will visit the '49 Camp tomorrow.


## THE PRINCIPLES INTERVIEWED.

### PARNELL AND THE GRIZZLY

### Discuss the Coming Event.

BOTH ANIMALS CONFIDENT OF WINNING FIRST MONEY.

Yesterday an APPEAL reporter called on Parnell at Boone's Arena and was at once admitted to his cage. Parnell greeted the reporter with a hearty shake of his paw, as he dropped a buckets hind leg from his jaws.

"Am I ready for the fight—wreatle well yes I am quite ready and in good shape. The Colonel has taught me and Nelson and half Nelson back hold and the head hitch. I shall force the bout and am ready to bet money that I have my antagonist to the floor inside of ten minutes."

"What particular style will you wrestle in?"

"Well I am up in Greco—Roman, but if he wants any collar and elbow I'm there and dont you forget it. I am ready in all styles catch as catch can preferred.

"Do you anticipate any trouble?"

"Well, no, my instructions are square wrestling bind of course if Sullyon get funny I'll give him any game he wants. But he knows better, why I'd eat such a bear for breakfast and want more. I've thought all along that it was a heap of cheek for him to ask me to drop my regular theatrical engagements to fight—wrestle a bear with no record. I've got a record I have. I killed a bull in Sonora and my backers won $12,000, and I eat a tigers head off in Calcutta in '89. I bar no weight, when the bear challenged me I guess he thought I would draw the color line but I didn't. I wish I had a few more such soft snaps."

"They say that Harry Hamilton is betting on the bear."

"I shouldn't wonder he bet on the bull in Launa and had to borrow money of me to pay his wash woman. He's betting against me merely for spite, but you bet he dont go over ten dollars. McGrury let him to a stand still last night. Mac has nerve and knows where to place his seads. I'll give the bear a side let now of 4 lows," and the bear pulled out a wad of greenbacks from a hollow in his back teeth. "Tell him to put up or shut up. I'll knock him out, I mean throw him in two falls in three in fifteen minutes."

"Better be careful you know these grizzlies are hot stuff."

"Ah! you are of that crowd that that thinks a grizzly hot stuff eh? Well put up. I suppose you are here to pump me on my style of fighting, now you get out of here d——d quick or I'll swollow you. I'm sick of these interviewers anyhow intruding the privacy of my home."

The reporter thought it about time to leave and hurried over to see the bear. Sisklyou was in his cage having a wrestling bout with his trainer. In response to a question he said:

"You can bet every cent you have that I can do that lion up. A few years ago he was a great fighter, but now he's gone, when a fighter tackels the stage you can bet he's no use for the ring. He talks about a wrestling match, I want a regular finish fight and I'm going for it straight. I am from old Siskiyou where we mean business when we get into the ring. I've offered him odds on the side and he has never come to the front. He has been bluffing all along. I shall land left and right when he comes in and when I get my paws around him I'll squeeze the lights out of him and eat his head off besides. If people want to see Parnell before he dies they'd better hurry up."

"Are you going on the stage after the fight?"

"No I'm no punk actor, I'm in the ring for the stuff, see, and am ready to fight the earth. I hear they have an 1800 pound bear up north, well bring him along I'll do him up too quick. I want to show the earth that California bears are the king of beasts and that the championship title dont belong on the other side of the water. I'm an American I am. He talks about not drawing the color line. Why that lion is an African nigger and nothing else, I may be black but I'm a Californian, a regular Native Son of the Golden West, and I'm proud of my state. I'll fight all of Boone's lions in the same ring the same night if he'll bring 'em on. If I had the chance I'd fill that ring with lion meat and shower the spectators with blood. Thank you I dont smoke."

# '49 MINING CAMP.

### A FAITHFUL REPRESENTATION OF THE OLD-TIME FEATURES OF A NEW DIGGINGS IN '49.

Mining Strikes, Hydraulic, Sluice and Quartz Mining Faithfully Represented.

Mining Riots, Pistol Arbitration, Lynching Bees and Claim Jumping Riots Realistically Enacted.

The Postoffice, Justice's Office and Mayor's Office, All in the same Saloon. Open Night and Day.

The Tiger With His Teeth Pulled Will be There in Mimic Representation of Old Times.

STAGES RUNNING BETWEEN THE CAMP AND FRISCO DAILY.

Good Tavern Accommodations and Mule Corrals.

Mrs. Woods' Souvenir Paintings of Camp Cabins.

## Halstead's Horses on Snow Shoes.

PRECIPITOUS FLUMES AT THE FOOT OF MT. SHASTA.

GRAND PANORAMIC EXHIBIT, SHOWING MT. SHASTA FIFTY MILES AWAY.

The Millionaire Cabins of Early Days. John Mackay's Cabin, Built by Him, and in Which He Lived When He Made His First Big Strike in Alleghany, Sierra County.

U. S. Senator Perkins' Cabin, Built by Him 33 Years Ago at Thompson's Flat, Butte County.

The Original Downie Cabin, Reproduced From a Cabin built by Major William Downie, the founder of Downieville. The Oro Fino Concert Hall. Old-time Ballads and All Kinds of Terpsichorean Novelties.

Typical '49 FANDANGO with forty sweet-faced Senioritas dancing to the strains of the famous Mexican Orchestra.

A REGULAR NEWSPAPER OFFICE ON THE GROUND.

ADMISSION - 25 Cts.

RUSS HOUSE,

MONTGOMERY ST., EXTENDING FROM PINE TO BUSH,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Business center of the city, convenient to all banker, insurance offices and places of amusement during the Midwinter Fair.

Containing 300 Rooms.

J. S. YOUNG - - - - PROPRIETOR

TERMS:

$1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 Per Day.

Still lower terms for excursion and other large parties. Superior accommodations for families at very moderate rates.

Hotel coach in waiting at all boats and trains to convey guests to and from the house free of Charge.

For further particulars apply at '49 Camp.

## Cross, Hall, Ford & Kelly.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS,

NO. 101 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.

TELEPHONE NO 1813.

## St. Mary's Hospital,

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

Luke Robinson, M. D., Senior Physician and Gynecologist.
Alexander Leonard, M. D., Senior Surgeon.
Walter S. Thorne, M. D., Michael Fatrell, M. D., Physicians.
T. E. Bailley, M. D., Resident Physician.
George H. Powers and William Hopkins, Oculists and Aurists.

## THE HEADQUARTERS

FOR THE

FORTY-NINERS

And all the '49 Mining Camp boys when they stray from the Camp is at the

LA ROSE,

213 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Mount & Storey, - - Proprietors. 6

## HOWD'Y?

We have fitted up our best front room for the country editor. It is to be his city office. Pursuing creditors and libeled constituents will not get beyond the front door. Chris Evans has been engaged at an enormous salary as doorkeeper. A pepper-box and a razor with a white bone handle in the stationary drawer. Come in and put your feet on the mantelpiece and make yourselves at home.

Pacific States Type Foundry,

409 Washington Street, San Francisco. 6

## PEOPLE'S PALACE MUSIC HALL.

CORNER EDDY AND MASON.

CLIFF PHILLIPS, Proprietor and Manager.

Vaudeville Performances

Every Evening and Saturday and Sunday Matinees at 2 O'clock P. M.

Admission - - - - Free. 5

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Manufacturers of

Wire Rope, Wire Cloth, Insulated Electric Wire, Telegraph Wire, Fence Wire, Galvanized Fruit Drying Cloth, Galvanized Wire Netting.

Works—Trenton, N. J.
WAREHOUSES.
117 Liberty street, New York.
171 Lake street, Chicago.
25 Fremont street, San Francisco. 5

## DR. LUELLA COOL, DENTIST,

112 Kearny street, near Post,

Rooms 2 and 3.

Fridays—Stanford University. 5

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320 O'FARRELL STREET.
Two Blocks from Palace Hotel, San Francisco.
FIRST-CLASS LIVERY AND BOARDING. SADDLE HORSES AND VEHICLES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
TELEPHONE, 2615.

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Official Photographer
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Studio on Central Court, Exposition Grounds, between the Administration and Mechanical Arts Buildings.

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THE

## CALIFORNIA AMALGAMATOR.

The California Amalgamator is a thoroughly practical machine, possessing simplicity, durability and effectiveness.

It not only has no superior, but no equal.

It is the cheapest and best in existence.

It will save all floured mercury from Stamp and Hunnington mills.

It will save all fine gold from Snake river sands and other similar deposits.

It will save all fine gold from beach or black sands.

It will save every particle of gold that floats in water, no matter how fine. It will save flake gold so fine that it will not settle in still water in ten seconds.

Call and examine it at the Mechanic Arts building, Midwinter Exposition. It has no equal.

California Amalgamating Co.,

602 MARKET STREET,

State Board of Trade) San Francisco, Cal

## Nevada Apples.

Best on Earth

700 BOXES

FOR SALE BY

Gould & Jaudin.

312 WASHINGTON STREET.

San Francisco Cal. 13

## Wash and be Clean

WHEN AT THE FAIR.

If you want to wash your hands, and get a good drink, go to ROME HARRIS'

AMERICAN BAR.

At the rear end of the Vienna Prater. A door has been opened between the bar and the concert hall so that guests can pass to the bar and return without extra charge. 12

## MINE FOR SALE.

A gravel hydraulic mine rich from grass roots down. 70 feet deep. Deposit covers 120 acres and is in a region of the finest water supply in the state. Terms easy. Apply at this office.

## FULTON

Engineering and Ship Building Works.

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FULTON IRON WORK.

Engineers, Machinists and Iron Founders.

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J. T. MURPHY. J. E. DELEHANTY.

## The Gilroy.

NEVADANS TAKE NOTICE.

Hot Lunch constantly on hand, 43 EDDY STREET, southeast corner

## GEORGE GOODMAN,

—Patentee and Manufacturer of—

ARTIFICIAL STONE

In all its branches. Schillinger's patent sidewalk. Garden walk a specialty.

Office—307 Montgomery street, Nevada block, San Francisco. 7 1m

## THE MIRACULOUS BULL.

### An Adventure of Hon R. M. Daggett, as Related by a former partner at the '49 Camp.

So, you're tenderfoot comers to whom all is new?
Just consider you're full and free scope.
Be seated ma'am—only a campstool, it's true,
But you'll not scorn the offer, I hope.
Daughter, likely? No! Wife, maybe?
Wisat, neither the two?
Well, it's not the worst sin to elope;
And, if you two have done it, the best thing for you
Is to join in the swim on this Slope.
We old-timers, you bet you, are all at a loss
When you talk of that trip on the keers;
There has been a big change since we snailed it across
Them same plains with a lot of lean steers.
Any stories? Yes, some; but Rol Daggett's the boss
Of all yarns that one anywhere hears—
Rol was here when this camp wore its primeval glow,
And we roughed it together for years.

He was only a boy when he aimed to drift down
From the Miami, in Forty-nine,
And fall in with a train at some emigrant town
He could purchase an outfit and join;
But he jis-t took a hand at draw-poker for fun,
On his way by the river-boat line,
And he struck Independence with only his gun
And a dollar 'n-half in coin.

Most galoots would have weakened and crawfished right there;
It was almighty binding, you'll own;
But the fluke never brought Rol the least bit of care
Nor a thought that he should't push on:
He bought bar-lead and powder and
. that sort of ware
Till his dollar 'n -half was gone,
And then shouldered his rifle and roached up his hair
And pulled out on his journey alone.

I imagine it doesn't seem much of a stretch
When you'r snatched right along it by steam,
But just try to realize spanning that patch
By slow strides with an emigrant team—
On the hoof the whole day, half the night to stand watch,
On and on as you creep in a dream—
It would be the uncommonest kind of a scratch
If you hit upon how it would seem.

It was none of your junketing journeys on skates
For those fully provided and bold
And who made the rifle at last; but their fates
Are in no means the worst to be told:
There's many a fellow 'twixt here and the States
Whose delectable visions of gold
Will never come true till the crystal line gates
Of the heavenly city unfold.

But I'm scouring, a thing that should never be done
In relating a straightforward tale:
Rol erected his pompadour, shouldered his gun
And pulled out by himself on the trail;
And thus week in and over he kept pegging on
With no comrade to hearken or hail,
Steering straight through the wild for the lair of the sun
With a pluckiness nothing could quail.

Game was plenty at times; he'd abundance to eat,
And again there was none to be had,
But he'd cinch up his belt till his heart could scarce beat,
Like a gritty and sensible lad,
Or ramjee fearlessly into an Indian retreat—
The red devils that reason were bad,
But they treated Rol kindly, and gave him dried meat,
For they thought that the boy must be mad.

He didn't see much of the endless array
Of ox-teams, and kept off from the same,
For he hadn't a penny with which he could pay
And the emigrants frightened the game;
He was wedded, besides, to his vagabond way.
And considered their bullwhacking tame,
So he kept right ahead on his own private lay
And just let them flicker and flame—
Only sighted or hailed them and gave them the go
And kept lorging ahead to the west.
But he came upon one in a crisis whose woe
Wouldn't let him pass on like the rest:
The cholera was dreadful that summer, you know,
And the whole camp lay dead of the pest
Save a brother and sister, of seven or so,
And a babe at its dead mother's breast.

Death is solemn enough in a vivilized place
Where affectionate kindred are nigh
The poor mortal remains to becomingly case
And to tenderly close the dimmed eye;
But it's awful to see the unceremented face
Staring stonily up at the sky—
If for nothing in life, pray to God for the grace
Not to die as the animals die.

For the dead all assistance was valueless now,
And the scene wasn't tempting to stay,
So Rol yoked together a bullock and cow—
For the babe must be fed on the way—
Hitched them onto the lightest though cumbersome scow,
Heaped it full of provisions and hay,
Then, bestowing the children on top of the mow,
He moved forward in solemn array.

Thus for many weeks more he pressed onward in haste
With his caravan over the route,
The two children did well and behaved to bitetaste,
And the baby grew healthy and stout;—
But a fortnight or so after Bridgers was passed
The ox died and its yokemate gave out,
And Rol sat himself down in the desolate waste
With his heart full of anguish and doubt.

Do you know what a desert is like? It's a space
Where a curse seems spread out like a blot—
It's an image of death and despair, save a trace
Of past being or hope there is not—
It's a hell where prayers fail, for one feels that God's face
Never turned or will turn to the spot;—
Now imagine yourself, if you can, in the place
Of poor Rol and his terrible lot.

It was not for himself that he felt at a loss,
For he knew he could worry it through,
As he'd but to abandon the children and toss
O'er his shoulder his rifle anew;
But the youngsters had won on the pitiful case
Till he felt like a father thereto,
And with mountains to climb yet and deserts to cross,
What on earth could them innocents do?

Hope is strong in young bosoms, but even hope dies
When no promise of help is in sight;
And Rol sank down disheartened and tried to devise
What was best to be done in this plight,
And the merciful stars looked in peace from the skies
Ere he settled on what he thought right—
'Twas to wait till sweet slumber had . enstained their eyes
And then kill all the youngsters that night.

Wretch, ma'am? Why there wasn't as much as a hair
To be found among all on his head
But became sympathetic and soft, as it were,
At a word that was tenderly said;
Not a cry for assistance arose anywhere
—But the lad, was the first help that sped;—
If he'd had to abandon them innocents there,
He had better abandoned them dead.

Rol could curse more than pray, but he sort of half prayed
To be shown some escape from his doom.
Though the kids fell asleep, he delayed and delayed—
Until suddenly out of the gloom
A huge object appeared of an inkier shade
And continued to darken and loom
And advance toward the spot where he cowered dismayed
Till it stood within tangible room.

The lad's nerves were like steel, but he felt his brain rock
And a force at his heart clutch and pull,
For he thought it the devil who'd come there to mock
The petition he'd mumbled so dull,
Or a messenger sent from the heavenly flock
To rebuke what had entered his skull:
Either way, it was best he should sleep off the shock—
But, lo! daylight showed only a bull.

Yes, a bull; not an ornery bellowing brute,
But the kind a Europa would prize;
A magnificent front, a hue blacker than soot
And an amiable look in his eyes;
He outmeasured the tongue of the wagon a foot
And was built in proportion to size,
With as rounded a form and as shiny a coat
As if pastured in Paradise.

He stood perfectly still to be lashed to the tongue,
After which he just lighted out straight
And, as if but a toy, snaked the outfit along
O'er the sands at a galloping rate;
He seemed somehow to know he must buckle in strong,
For the season was getting on late,
And so, week after week, without let up, he flung
Himself loose at the same rushing gait.

He was kind to the kids from the moment they met
As a cosset they'd known all their days;
It was good as a circus to see them all get
On his back and their merry shouts raise,
And they cuddled all night by the side of their pet
Whose hot blood kept them warm as a blaze—
But he never once drank, and he never once eat,
And he hadn't an animal's ways.

Theso singular qualities puzzled Rol some,
But he wasn't quite certain what trait
To expect in a bull such a distance from home,
So he just let the beast keep its gait
And contented himself with appraising the sum
It would bring as a prize or by weight—
Till at Sutter's Fort, just as the winter had come,
The bull lauded the craft and its freight.

Not a mortal on earth ever saw that bull more
From the time they corraled him that night;
The whole valley was scoured as clean as a floor
But on never a trace could they light;
And Rol said many times, as we reasoned it o'er,
He believed, as he'd faith in God's might,
That it wasn't a bull but a spirit that wore
The appearance of one to his sight.

For if God—so he argued—would walk in the hush
Of the Garden to spy with squint lids,
Would appear as a cloud or as flame in a bush,
Plague the land of the pyramids
And commission archangels to pilot the rush
Of the old filibustering cids,
It is fair to suppose that he might make a push
To deliver three innocent kids.

And the children? Oh, yes, ma'am, I had nearly forgot,
They remembered the place they were from
And the first stake Rol made here he shipped the whole lot,
Babe and all, to their people back home;
As for him, for a long while he dritted about,
Mostly busted but not on the bum;
We were jards for a year or so; chums in and out,
And he then went away as he'd come.

He is camping this side of eternity yet,
But alas he is old and grows stout;
He's been rancher, has edited papers a bit,
Was a Member of Congress one bout,
Held the Ministership to Hawaii, and writ
Some good books—there his record gives out;
But I'm betting that some day the Lord will see fit
For his sake to repeat that first scout.

JOSEPH T. GOODMAN.

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Manager. 13

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Old time Theatricals and Dancing.

The following programme of a theatrical entertainment at Gilberts Melodeon in 1863 and ball after the show. The manuscript is furnished the APPEAL by Jim Armstrong.

Many of the names are still familiar to our citizens, but many have passed over to the silent majority.

The bill as it appears was set up from a programme used on the night of the entertainment.

"GILBERTS MELODEON"
N. E. Corner of Kearney and Clay Sts
Up Stairs

Behold the list of Mighty Names

The sisters Sophia and Irene Worrell, Miss Iota Crabtree, Little Jennie, W. Bernard, Miss Martha, Joe Murphy, Jake Wallace Johnny De Angelis, John Woodard, C. F. Shattuck, Harry Williams, W. Waterman, E. Frost, E. Wygant, G. Beckamp, F. Brown, W. Rogers, and the McClellan Brass Band.

Tuesday Evening June 9th, 1863.

Part First.

Introductory Overture ..... Full Band.
"Boy with Pink Hair." ..... Joe Murphy.
"I'm Leaving Thee In Sorrow Annie." ..... Miss Irene Worrell.
"Gentle Eve" ..... Miss Lotta.
"Sally Come Up." ..... Johnny DeAngelis.
"Far Upon The Sea." ..... C. F Shattuck.
"Linger in Blissful Repose." ..... Miss Martha.
"Mary Bell." ..... Miss Sophia Worrell.
Grand Medley Walk Around by the Entire Company.

Part Second.

Overture ..... Orchestra.
"Looking For Work."
Joe Murphy, Johnny DeAngelis, and W. Bernard.
Duet ..... Sophia and Irene.
Character Act. ..... Miss Lotta.
Solo Violin. ..... W. Bernard.
Comic Ballad ..... Little Jennie.
"Scene at Vances."
Joe Murpuy, Johnny DeAngelis and John Woodard.
Pas de Duex ..... Sophia and Irene.
Song. ..... Miss Lotta.
Comic Act ..... Little Jennie.
To conclude with the laughable sketch
"The School Room."

Master. ..... Johnny DeAngelis.
Dunce. ..... W. Bernard.
Jack. ..... Joe Murphy.
Students. ..... Shattuck and Company.

Lotta and the Worrell Sisters were great favorites and much admired by the miners, who expressed their pleasure by sending a shower of silver, with some drops of gold, on the stage after some favorite song dance or character act.

FIRST GRAND BALL.
BY LIBERRY HOSE CO. NO. 2.
MONDAY EVENING MAY 4TH. 1863.
AT
Union Hall on Howard street, between Third and Fourth Streets.
Honorary Committee.

| | |
|---|---|
| George Hyde. | Geo C. Johnson. |
| David Scannal | James Otis. |
| S. M. Wilson. | Capt. E. Nicholas. |
| J. H. Redington. | D. D. Colton. |
| J. G. Corson. | S. B Watson. |
| E. B. Angell. | Frank Evans. |
| John Sweet. | J. Ellsworth. |
| C. D. Connell. | Edward Jones. |
| G. W. Gibbs. | C. H. Akerson. |
| Eugene Casserly. | Claus Spreckels. |
| Eugene Casey. | J. H. Gardner. |
| M. O'Brian. | J. L. Dunkee. |
| J. H. Lyon. | E. B. Cotter. |
| Richard Ryland. | E. J. Pringle. |
| Cornelius Mooney. | P. H. Daley. |
| Geo Gordon. | F. E R. Whitney |
| H. D. Hudson. | Gustave Matie. |
| Chas McDann. | Robert Cushing. |
| M. D. Boruck. | William Shear. |
| P. Hunt. | Gregory Yale. |
| C. A. Crane. | Francis Berton. |
| Stephen Story. | Thomas Finnerty. |
| F. McCrellish. | Peter Donahue. |
| W. H. Dow. | H. A. Clase. |
| Chas Peters. | John Center. |
| H. Kester. | P. Forshan. |

Reception Committee.

| | |
|---|---|
| Thomas Sawyer. | H. Bockman |
| A. H. Cummings. | J. W. Reid. |
| H. Ranken. | P. O'Connor. |
| J. H. Fox. | H. McClelland. |
| F. Joost. | Robt Butler. |
| D. J. Lucy. | W. Buckingham. |

Floor Managers.

| | |
|---|---|
| Q. J. Caseboldt. | W. Nichols |
| W. C. Fox. | Robert Harlock. |

L. Stern.

Committee of Arrangements.

| | |
|---|---|
| W. C. Fox. | Q. J. Caseboldt. |
| L. Stern. | W. F. Tracy |

W. Nicholls.

Kidd's Celebrated Band has been engaged for the occasion.

Tickets. ..... One Dollar.

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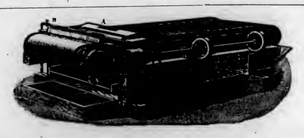
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# THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
AND JOURNAL OF FORTY-NINE.

VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1894. NUMBER 18

THE MIDWINTER APPEAL AND JOURNAL OF '49.
Published Weekly at 429 Montgomery street San Francisco California.
—BY—
SAM DAVIS.
$2.50 Per Annum. $1.50 Six Months.


BY PONY EXPRESS

NEWS BROUGHT IN BY OUR CAYUSE.

CLEVELAND IN OPERA.

Chicago, May 3—Eugene Field admits having wired Cleveland that he wants him to appear in his opera Queen Lil. Sunday Cleveland wired that he had referred the matter to the National Democratic Committee. Cleveland told Senator Carlisle that if he starred in opera a few months before the convention met it would enable him to feel the pulse of the public, and see whether or not it would be possible for him to run for a third term. The Chairman of the Committee thought well of it. John P. Irish, Clevelands adviser on this coast, was interviewed by a APPEAL reporter yesterday. He said: under no circumstance should he allow Cleveland to appear in tights, should Cleveland insist on tights and a skirt dance he will bring out a new candidate in 1896.]

SYMPATHY FOR BRECKENRIDGE.

Wassington May 5—Congressman Breckenridge is in daily receipt of flowers from ladies who sympathize with him as the unfortunate victim of the Pollard woman. He was moved to tears when he received a bunch of lillies this morning from Susan B. Anthony and some violets from Anna Dickerson.

COXEY IN HARD LUCK.

Washington, May 4—Coxey and his army took possession of the Capitol last night and slept in the House of Representatives. The army complained as they found the carpets on the floor saturated with Congressional tobacco juice, and smelling like a stable. Several of the men are sick. To-day Coxey and Brown will demand rooms at the White House.

Dolph Spreckels the incompetent Deputy Constable of this Camp, is still off duty but draws his pay regularly. It is said that he has to give up half of it to his brother John.

Old John Beggs who burglarized Smith's Cash Store last month, and shot Sandy Adams at Jackass Ravine last Spring, was hung one day last week. He owed this office six months subscription.

Samuel Johnson a colored gentleman says that if he allowed to feed "Monarch" the grizzly for three days he will go into the pit with the animal. He would soon find himself in the pit of the animals stomach.

Colonel Boone still insists that he will pull off the lion bear fight. Carroll Cook is his lawyer. The '49 Camp bear pit would be just the place for the mill.

Chief Crowley is still throwing out the police force and a star or two falls daily. Since the exposure Constable Spreckels has been sober twice and quit falling the other drunks.

Dr. O Donnell is again in the ring for Mayor.

The Renovatory Company at 121 Stockton street is becoming a great success, and the best class of people are patronizing it.

MAY DAY AT THE CAMP.

MAY DAY.

On May Day the Camp was crowded with the little folks who took the stage coach by storm. A special guard had to be appointed to prevent them feeding "Monarch" with each other. Mr. Swinerton of the Examiner was on deck and made the above sketch for the APPEAL.

THE CAMP FAVORITE.

The vote for the Camp favorite was quite lively this week. The vote now stands:

| | |
|---|---|
| Carmen | 140 |
| Flossie Brown | 136 |
| Trixie | 84 |
| Spanish Poss | 63 |

The rest are below 50.

Favorite Girl in '49 Camp.
Name.....
Fill out the blank.

SPITE WORK.

Word was brought in last night from Jackass Ravine that our special correspondent had been jailed for beating one of the Spreckels—Harvey gang with the but-end of a six-shooter. The only thing we regret is that he didn't use the other end of the gun. To-morrow being Sunday we intend to go to the long-ear'd burg and deposit bail enough to take him out of grasp of these Jim-Crow politicians.

Sebastain Miller who is at Foots Museum has challenged Sandow to a lifting match.

Major McLaughlin of Oroville is mentioned as a candidate for Govenor.

New case goods at the Nevada Roof Garden.

Papa Peakes had several holes shot through his ping hat on Wednesday. If a man will insist on wearing a dice box on his head he must take the consequences.

THE HAUNTED SWING.

This most wonderful illusion must be seen to be appreciated. Words fail to express the curious and realistic results obtained. Every one paying the Haunted Swing a visit will be more than satisfied. This is certainly one of the best shows in the Fair grounds. The admission is but 10 cents.

E. A. Rockwell has a fine collection of pictures at her studio, Phelan building room 124 Market street, cor. O'Farrell. Persons wishing to carry back East fine views of California scenery, sketches, studies, elegant oil paintings, are invited to call. Oil portraits and colored crayons a specialty.

FOR SALE.

Minwinter Fair Souvenir Stationary, It is a complete novelty and souvenir of Californian, and is just the thing to use when writing to you friends. Five papers and five envelopes for 10 cents. 25 papers and 15 envelopes for 25 cents. Agents wanted, send 10 cents for samples and terms. Address Raph Clyde. This office.

CAMP JOTS.

Great bill at the Oro Fino.

A pretty pianist and singer and some beautiful living statuary has been added to Haffords Illusion.

Hock Mason of Nevada wants to bet $100 that he has a horse that none of Buck Taylors men can ride.

It is whispered around Camp that there will be a Breckenridge scandal in court before long if the foreman on the sheet across the way dont settle.

The Colorado Gold Mine still keeps its little mule and car running into the tunnel, and it is a pleasant feature of the Fair Grounds. On Sunday it was crowded.

The Maid of the Moon still holds its own as one of the best paying Illusions on the Midway. Colonel Hafford will soon return from Arizona with more novelties.

In spite of our warning tenderfoot arrivals go up to Hang Town to play with the tiger. Two new arrivals who visited the place last week came back without their trunks and a large absence of jewelry.

If our sheet looks a little scared this week it is on account of the Pressmans and Printers Picnic. Our drunken comps have ruined $100 worth of paper sleeping on it since last Sunday.

The loose rocks in the road between here and Angels Camp are a terror to the people who wish to ride faster than walk. In several places also there are boulders that should be removed, and the bridges need fixing. A few days work would put the road in fair order. We don't wish to rob the county but we are entitled to our share of the output.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The public are notified that Gen. Bouton and his son Victor Bouton have no connection with this office, and are not authorised to collect money or transact business.

HAFFORD'S ILLUSION.

All the illusionists are making money now. The latest is "Luna the Maid of the Moon," in Hafford's Arizona Museum. It is a dazzlingly beautiful woman cut square in two at the waist and placed on a swinging board. The half of the beautiful creature hangs in mid-air, and even passes a fan under her severed waist to prove that the lower half of her body is not there. Crowds go to see this wonderful spectacle every day.

FOR SALE.

Owing to departure two elegantly furnished Dental offices for sale cheap. Apply to Dr. Luella Cool, Kearney near Post street.

HENRY C. DROGER,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER.
Room 2, Ninth Floor, Mills Building
San Francisco, Cal.
TELEPHONE 65.


A MARVEL.
THE
CALIFORNIA AMALGAMATOR.
The California Amalgamator is a thoroughly practical machine, possessing simplicity, durability and effectiveness.
It not only has no superior, but no equal.
It is the cheapest and best in existence.
It will save all floured mercury from Stamp and Huntington mills.
It will save all fine gold from Snake river sands and other similar deposits.
It will save all fine gold from beach or black sands.
It will save every particle of gold that floats in water, no matter how fine. It will save flake gold so fine that it will not settle in still water in ten seconds.
Call and examine it at the Mechanic Arts building, Midwinter Exposition. It has no equal.
California Amalgamating Co.,
602 MARKET STREET,
State Board of Trade Building San Francisco, Cal

GEO BODEWIG.
FORMERLY OF THE UNION HOTEL NEVADA CITY.
WINE & LIQUOR MERCHANT.
WHOLESALE & RETAIL.
424 Montgomery St. Bet, Sacramento & California Sts. San Francisco Cal.
Mining men and strangers are cordially invited to give us a call. 17

McAfee Bros.
If you miners want to invest your money in a
SURE THING
Call around after your regular clean-up and see
McAfee Brothers,
Who have some of the BEST ORANGE LAND in Palermo for sale at terms that a miner can get off at. Don't gamble off your dust or blow it in at the hurdy gurdy joints, but stick it into a
Sure Thing
And have something to fall back on in your old age.
McAfee Bros.,
108 Montgomery Street. 6

Our Name Is Known
and when on cork, capsule or label of wine or liquor, is a positive guarantee of the purity and excellence of the contents.
Medicinal Liquors
for Physicians' Prescriptions a specialty.
Old Stock Bourbon
at $1.00 a bottle has no equal.
GOLDBERG BOWEN AND LEBENBAUM

THE AUCTION LUNCH
ESTABLISHED 1849
BY
FLOOD & O'BRIEN.
CAPTAIN LOUIS BAGLIETTO
Proprietor.
DEALER IN
Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
511 Washington st.
Bet. Montgomery and Sansome Streets, San Francisco Cal.
12

This exhibit gives a thorough and practical demonstration of
Hydraulic Mining,
As carried on in Oregon and California.
In Operation All the Time.
OPPOSITE THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE SCENIC RAILWAY.
Washing Gold from Genuine Fay Dirt brought Direct from the mines
That this exhibition is well worth seeing is proved by the fact that
Gold Medal Was Awarded at the World's Columbian Exposition.
C. W. Ayers,
J. S. Spencer, Proprietors.
J. W. Miller,
ADMISSON - - 25c. CHILDREN - -10c.

### THE '49 WAY.

If Fuqua had been a bank failure in San Francisco how the men of the Pacific Bank, there would not have been so much lethargy and delay.

The crowd would have known the directors and bankers who are responsible for this failure out of their holes and string them up to the rock pile, ring their carcasses with lead to help sell weight to their rope and—Oh, then the thing is investigated to the minutest in the mess appears, yet the Austin feels safe in predicting that not a single one of those thieves will ever see the inside of a jail or restore a dollar. Since the failure a lot of liquid valorous have fattened themselves on the carcass of the bank, and are fast recovering it.

### TOO MUCH LAW.

It is becoming painfully apparent to one old miner that there is getting to be too much interfering law in this section.

The old days of sport seem to be over, no more bull fights or bear battings, even prize fighters are in the decline, and the gay gambler must sneak up the back streets if he wants to tussle with the tiger.

The authorities say that Boone shall not fight his bear and lion. But back in old Puritan Boston the other night a negro almost beat a white man to death in the presence of 5000 of the citizens of the town. Sports are getting quiet in the Western west and the eastern people are leaving all the fun. In a few years there will be a Sunday law in San Francisco.

### POLITICAL GOSSIP.

The town is full of buzzing politicians and the Governorship fight is on. There is also a big fight over the Superior Judgeship. There is talk of pressing old Judge Moses, partner of Joe Camp to the front.

The Vetzar is fertilizer him every time. He hasn't been sober for two months, and when he is sober takes lether from both sides. We dont mind a judge on a small salary making a little money on the quiet, but feels from both sides is bad, and we never will endorse such work. A man who never stays benight is known all over the country as a regular son of a butchelor, and honest litigants despise him. The Superior Bench of this state is tough enough now without adding Moses to the general judicial taint. Still if Moses is nominated this journal is for him first last and always, as we are square Republicans and know what party ethics are.

### COMSTOCK INVENTIONS.

An ingenious Virginia City mechanic has recently secured patents for three inventions which are destined to become quite popular. Following is a brief description of each.

1. A double deckerd combination plate. This is really a charming invention which is needed in every church. The plate has two bottoms and a sounding board between, which makes a falling ten-cent piece emit a sound exactly similar to the ring of a double-eagle. The noise can be heard at least ten pews off. The plate has an index finger which registers the number of coins put in. It is a sure check to ascertain who knocks down.

2. The Christian Card-player's Companion. No family with any pretensions to respectability can do without this. It consists of a reversable card-table, which on the sounding of a spring flops over, and in a second the cards fall into a slit, the bottom of the table turns up and in an instant an open bible lies before the players. On a Sunday evening such a contrivance is indispensable, and the time elapsing between a knock at the door and its opening is sufficient to turn it. Price, $6 50, with three sets of cards and counters, and a handsomely bound bible Oxford edition.)

3 Perishable Ink. This ink is a chemical compound which fades away in fourty-eight hours. You can write a love letter full of passionate declarations, and in a couple of days it is a blank sheet. You give a fellow your note, payable on demand, and in three days he thinks he has lost it.

Camarino has gone to the wall with his restaurant both at the Fair and in the city. Too much prosperity seemed to have unmanned his head, and when he began referring all bills to his clerk and his clerk referred all bill to him, his creditors closed down on him. His business methods do not seem to have been as good as his grub.

The jury has decided that Miss Pollard was damaged to the extent of $15,000, which must be flattering to the aged Colonel.—Lundy Index.

### SANDOW'S MUSCLES.

How the Ladies Admire his Athletic Developement.

Sachey has developed a great admiration for muscular developement. Sandow has already become the Idol of the fair sex. Sandow has been posing at the Vienna Prater for some time, and it has been the custom every evening after the show to allow twenty five people to inspect his muscles at a private reception.

Last Sunday evening Madam Modjeska along with a few society people were invited by Manager Stephens to inspect Sandows wonderful muscular developement in private. There was a circle of ladies and gentlemen about equal in number and they were all full of interest and expectation.

Presently Sandow stepped into the room in a dressing gown. Stepping under the glow of the lamp light at the end of the room he threw off his gown and stood before the company in tights and striped to the waste, the type of the modern gladiator. A buzz of admiration went round at the sight of the magnificent torso surmounted by a very handsome and intelegent face. He made a little talk explaining the different muscles of the human body, and proceeded to show muscles on his body not usually found on other people. Suddenly four ridges appeared across his stomach. These he explained were the abdominal muscles which ought to be on every properly developed man. "I want you all to satisfy yourselves regarding those muscles." He came down the line and grasping Madam Modjeska's hand, she being the nearest to him, pressed it down over his stomach. She drew back with an exclamation of astonishment. A moment later she remarked. "It feels like a gridiron." Such indeed was the case, about a dozen ladies in the circle could not refrain from smiling as they swept their hands over the torso muscles. When Nashta, Modjeska's Polish maid, was reached, she drew back bashfully and refused to touch Sandows naked flesh. "Oh, its all right," said Modjeska, but Nashta was firm and shrank behind Miss Procter, a member of the company. Then Sandow went down the line while they felt of the muscles across his breast. "Take a cobble stone," was the general verdict. The next time he came down the line was to show the muscles of his arm, and Modjeska with a smile at the ladies on her left, threw off her glove and all the gloves on the line were drawn off amid general laughter. He went down the line many times allowing all hands to feel of his abdomen, chest, upper arm, fore arm, shoulders, thighs and legs, and the examination lasted half an hour. At first the ladies, especially the single ones, were a trifle bashful, but after the second round they seemed to enjoy it and there was a great deal of hilarity all along the line. After he had resumed his dressing gown all the ladies came up to shake hands and thank him for the exhibition except the Polish maid.)

### THEY RAN THE COURT.

Yesterday Bean Pole Annie and Spanish Puss were arranged before Judge Moses for disturbing the peace in Jones' Beer Joint. Bean Pole Annie had hit the bar-keeper over the head with a bottle.

When called on to plead the two girls told his Honor to sober up before transacting business. Puss pulled a gun and ordered the proceedings squashed, which were done at once and his Honor took the girls for a drive to the Cliff House. His Honor makes some wild plays at times in court, but he is a good man at heart.

There is trouble among the Chinese Sunday Schools of Chicago, such as has already caused them to close in Virginia. The tendency of the Orientals to make love to the teacher is a matter so serious as to excite apprehension. The tendency of the teacher to be made love to is also viewed with disfavor.

Our assistant editor Ralph Clyde who was rejected last week as having located in Jackass Ravine writes us from 721½ Mission street that he is still in the ring, but has been laid up with a billious attack, and is still O. K. and perfectly sober.

The APPEAL has received an invitation to attend the wedding of George S. Barry to Miss Grace Dewing, who were married on April 30th.

### MODJESKA IN CAMP.

The Great Actress Spends a day with the 49'ers.

Last Sunday Madam Modjeska dropped in on the 49 Camp with her company. As soon as the party passed the gates they began expressing their admiration of the realistic scenic effects they encountered everywhere. The strains of music from the gambling hell attracted the attention of the visitors, and they were soon inside studying the mysteries of the Bookmakers wheel. Modjeska was soon at the table laying odds of 2 to 1 on her favorite color, and inside of five minutes the entire company were tackling the proposition. The Madam lost at first, but she was game and kept going down in her pocket for a shy at the long shots until she landed a ten to one and a five to one proposition and began to pull out ahead. She didn't bother with the even cards or 2 to 1 lay, plunged in on the 10 to 1 bets first and was about $200 ahead when she remarked: "What shall I do with the money?" "Keep it of course," said Manager Fernley. "But it seems too bad to take it away from handsome and intelegent face. He made a little talk explaining the different branches of the human body, and proceeded to show muscles on his body not usually found on other people. Suddenly four ridges appeared across his stomach. These he explained were the abdominal muscles which ought to be on every properly developed man. "I want you all to satisfy yourselves regarding those muscles." He came down the line and grasping Madam Modjeska's hand, she being the nearest to him, pressed it down over his stomach. She drew back with an exclamation of astonishment. A moment later she remarked. "It feels like a gridiron." Such indeed was the case, about a dozen ladies in the circle could not refrain from smiling as they swept their hands over the torso muscles. When Nashta, Modjeska's Polish maid, was reached, she drew back bashfully and refused to touch Sandows naked flesh. "Oh, its all right," said Modjeska, but Nashta was firm and shrank behind Miss Procter, a member of the company. Then Sandow went down the line while they felt of the muscles across his breast. "Take a cobble stone," was the general verdict. The next time he came down the line was to show the muscles of his arm, and Modjeska with a smile at the ladies on her left, threw off her glove and all the gloves on the line were drawn off amid general laughter. He went down the line many times allowing all hands to feel of his abdomen, chest, upper arm, fore arm, shoulders, thighs and legs, and the examination lasted half an hour. At first the ladies, especially the single ones, were a trifle bashful, but after the second round they seemed to enjoy it and there was a great deal of hilarity all along the line. After he had resumed his dressing gown all the ladies came up to shake hands and thank him for the exhibition except the Polish maid.)

BAKED BEANS.

After an hours monkeying around the place they visited "Peakes Beanery" and took supper. The Company agreed that no day at the Fair had been spent so pleasantly as the trip to the '49 Mining Camp.

The horse race at Spanish Flat did not come off as the backers got into a row. There was no money up, and being merely a job to rob the public through the pool box it fell through. Last week the editor of this journal was robbed of $60 on a ten to one shot by some of these swindling turimen. If the money isn't refunded by Saturday the doings of the entire gang will be exposed.


THE
NEVADA ROOF GARDEN CAFE AND ITS VIEWS
IN THE
Nevada State Building
(Next to '49 Camp)

Meals, Lunches and Refreshments (solid and liquid) Served.

NEVADA CREAM AND BUTTER A SPECIALTY.

The bar is stocked with nothing but Guy Enoch Liquors and Wines, foreign and domestic, from Sherwood & Sherwood. Our Cigars are A1.

The prices will astonish you.

H. P. FLANNERY, Proprietor
GIVE US A CALL.

St. Mary's Hospital,
CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

Luke Robinson, M. D., Senior Physician and Gynecologist.
Alexander Leonard, M. D., Senior Surgeon.
Walter S. Thorne, M. D., Michael Fatrell, M. D., Physicians.
T. E. Bailey, M. D., Resident Physician.
George H. Powers and William Hopkins, Qenists and Auriste.

THE HEADQUARTERS
FOR THE
FORTY-NINERS
And all the '49 Mining Camp boys when they stray from the Camp Is at the
LA ROSE,
213 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Mount & Storey, - - Proprietors.

HOWD'Y?

We have fitted up our best front room for the country editor. It is to be his city office. Parsnips creditors and H-beled constituents will not get beyond the front door. Chris Evans has been engaged at an enormous salary as doorkeeper. A pepper-box and a razor with a white bone handle in the stationary drawer. Come in and put your feet on the mantelpiece and make yourselves at home.

Pacific States Type Foundry,
409 Washington Street, San Francisco.

PEOPLE'S PALACE MUSIC HALL.
CORNER EDDY AND MASON.
CLIFF PHILLIPS, Proprietor and Manager.

Vaudeville
Performances
Every Evening and Saturday and Sunday Matinees at 2 O'clock P. M.
Admission - - - - Free.

JOHN A. ROEBLING'S SONS CO.,
Manufacturers of
Wire Rope, Wire Cloth, Insulated Electric Wire, Telegraph Wire, Fence Wire, Galvanized Fruit Drying Cloth, Galvanized Wire Netting.
Works—Trenton, N. J.
WAREHOUSES.
117 Liberty street, New York.
121 Lake street, Chicago.
25 Fremont street, San Francisco.

DR. LUELLA COOL,
DENTIST,
—112 Kearny street, near Post,—
Rooms 2 and 3.
Fridays—Stanford University.

PALO ALTO STABLES, E. R. MILES, Proprietor.

320 O'FARRELL STREET,
Two Blocks From Baldwin Hotel, San Francisco.
FIRST-CLASS LIVERY AND BOARDING. SADDLE HORSES AND VEHICLES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
TELEPHONE, 2615.

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PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.
Official Photographer
CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER
—INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION—
1894.
Studio on Central Court, Exposition Grounds, between the Administration and Mechanical Arts Buildings.
—ALSO—
121 Post Street,
Between Kearny and Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

WHAT DO YOU THINK
About The
Celebrated Coney Island FRANKFERTERS!!!
The people say that if you taste them once you will say they are MAGNIFICENT!
Fredericksburgh Larger Beer
5 CENTS A SCOONER.
Coney Island Clam Chowder, Every Kind of Lunch and Refreshments at City Prices.
A. LADANYI PROPRIETOR.
Near Boones Arena.

GRIZZLY BEAR AND LUNCH HOUSE
Choice Wines Liquors & Cigars
Fresh Crabs Daily—Freer with Lunch
239 & 241, EAST STREET, S. F. Cal.
W. H. DAVIES PROPHETOR.
Opposite Oakland Ferry.

Nevada Apples.
Best on Earth
700 BOXES
FOR SALE BY
Gould & Jaudin.
312 WASHINGTON STREET.
San Francisco Cal.

Wash and be Clean
WHEN AT THE FAIR.
If you want to wash your hands, and get a good drink, go to
ROME HARRIS'
AMERICAN BAR.
At the rear end of the Vienna Prater.
A door has been opened between the bar and the concert hall so that guests can pass to the bar and return without extra charge.

MINE FOR SALE.
A gravel hydraulic mine rich from grass roots down. 70 feet deep. Deposit covers 120 acres and is in a region of the finest water supply in the state. Terms easy. Apply at this office.

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Engineering and Ship Building Works.
SUCCESSOR TO
FULTON IRON WORK.
Engineers, Machinists and Iron Founders.
Office and Branch Works:
213 FIRST STREET.—MAIN WORKS: HARBER VIEW
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J. T. MURPHY. J. E. DELEHANTY.
The Gilroy.
NEVADANS TAKE NOTICE.
Hot Lunch constantly on hand.
43 EDDY STREET, southeast corner

GEORGE GOODMAN,
Patentee and Manufacturer of—
ARTIFICIAL STONE
In all its branches. Schillinger's patent sidewalk. Garden walk a specialty.
Office—307 Montgomery street, Nevada block, San Francisco.
7 1m

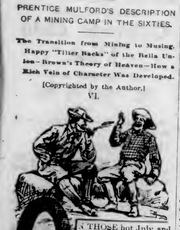

## ANNALS OF JIMTOWN.

PRENTICE MULFORD'S DESCRIPTION OF A MINING CAMP IN THE SIXTIES.

**The Transition from Mining to Musing. Happy "Tiller Banks" of the Bella Union—Brown's Theory of Heaven—How a Rich Vein of Character Was Developed.**

[Copyrighted by the Author.]

VI.



N THOSE hot July and August afternoons, when the air simmered all along, the heated term, and I was trying to keep awake in my seminary on the hill, and wrestling with the mercury at 100 degs. and my sixty polyglot pupils (for teaching school was among my numerous occupations in California), the grown up "boys" would be tilted back in their chairs under the portico and against the cool brick wall of the Bella Union. They did not work, but they spun yarns. How half the boys lived was a mystery—as much a mystery, I do believe, to themselves as any one else. Some owned quartz claims, some horses, and all ran regularly for office. They belonged to the stamp of men who worked and mined in earlier times, but, come what might, they had resolved to work in that way no longer.

And when such resolve is accompanied by determination and an active, planning, inventive brain, the mangos along somehow. It is speculation that makes fortunes, and plan, calculation and forethought for speculation require brains of body. A hard working, ten-hour-per-day digging, delving miner works all his brains out through his fingers' ends. He has none left to speculate with. When I was mining at Sweet's Bar there came one day to my cabin a long, lean, lank man looking for a lost cow. The cow and the man belonged near Jacksonville, twelve miles up the Tuolumne. I dined that man principally off some bread of my own making, and I had the name then of making the best bread of any one in the house, where I lived alone.

After dinner the man sat himself down on one bowlder and I on another, and I asked him if he had a good claim. That roused him to wrath. He had, it seems, just reached the last point of his

ANOTHER OLD TIMER

Dug up by Jim Armstrong.

BILL OF FARE.

WARD HOUSE, RUSSELL & MYER, Proprietors.

Thursday, December 27 1849.

SOUP.

Ox Tail $1.00

FISH.

Baked Trout, White and Anchovy sauce $1.50

ROAST

Beef $1.00
Lamb, Stuffed $1.00
Mutton, do. $1.00
Pork, Apple Sauce $1.25

BOILED.

Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce $1.25
Corned Beef and Cabbage $1.25
Ham $1.00

ENTREES.

Curried Sausage $1.00
Beef Stewed with Onions $1.25
Tenderloin Lamb, Green Peas $1.25
Venison, Port Wine Sauce $1.50
Kidney, Sauce de Champagne $1.25

EXTRAS.

Fresh California Eggs, each $1.00

GAME.

Curlew, roast, or broiled, to order $3.00

VEGETABLES.

Sweet Potatoes baked .50
Irish do. mashed .50
Irish do. boiled .50
Cabbage .50
Squash .50

PASTRY.

Bread Pudding .75
Mince Pie .75
Apple Pie .75
Brandy Peach $2.00
Rum Omelette $2.00
Jelly do. $2.00
Cheese .50
Stewed Prunes .75

WINES.

Champagne $5.00
Do. half bottle $2.00
Pale Sherry $3.00
Old Madeira $4.00
Old Port half bottle $1.75
Claret $2.00
Champagne Cider $2.00
Porter $2.00
Ale $2.00
Brandy per bottle $2.00

BREAKFAST.

From 7:30 to 11 o'clock A. M.

DINNER.

From 1:30 to 6 o'clock P. M.

TEA.

From 6:30 to 12 o'clock.

Museum & Valentine, Book and Job Printers.

AFTER 43 YEARS.

On Odd Fellows day William E. Howell who was Deputy Sheriff under Ned Irwin in Downieville in early days, and also Constable and Deputy under Bill Ford at Poker Flat, where Bret Hart located his "Outcasts," entered Smith's '49 Camp Store and wrote the following on the register. This store is an exact counterpart of a California Mining Camp of the days of '49, '50 and up to 1855. I am surprised that any one could possibly arrange such an exact and complete counterpart after 43 years, and for which much credit is due.

Wm. E. Howell.
Washington D. C.

Now at the Brooklyn Hotel San Francisco, Cal.

P. S. Was shipwrecked on the steamer Los Angeles on the 21st of April 1894, and got off on a raft. Was rescued by the steamer Eureka. This store was designed and arranged by George A. Turner an employee of Smith's Cash Store, 414-416-418 Front street San Francisco Cal.

NEW BARBER IN CAMP.

Professor Harrod the champion hair cutter of the United States, and who wears the belt of the earth, has opened a barber shop at the Camp, and shoots off whiskers in short notice. His ad will be found in another column.

Why dont the various strong men at the Fair get together and see who can lift the most? They are all doing a great deal of talking, but a grand public contest would soon settle the dispute.

A man who held four aces at Harvey's last evening was badly beaten with chairs. He left for Dutch Flat to get a gang to clean out this Camp.

BOYS!

DRINK THE GOOD OLD

DAYS OF '49

WHISKY.

For Sale All Over the Camp.

Meyerfeld, Mitchell & Co.,

SOLE AGENTS,

116 Front Street. San Francisco.

JONES BEER JOINT

AT THE

'49 CAMP.

BUFFALO BEER

5 Cents.

THIS IS THE ONE AND ONLY PLACE WHERE YOU CAN GET 5 CENT BEER.

BUFFALO BEER POSITIVELY ON TAP.

Call and see us at the left of the 49 Camp. 12

THE ORO FINO

—CONCERT HALL.—

'49 MINING CAMP

Songs, Ballads, Skirt and Serpentine Dancing,

And Every Other Terpsichorean Novelty Known.

Old-time Jigs and Reels.

New Talent this Week—Come and hear the One Man orchestra.

New Novelties Every night.

W. J. Burnes Proprietor.

Tamales.

2 For 25 Cents,

—OR—

1 For 25 Cents.

Including a Bottle of National Prize Beer, with a napkin, plate and fork.

The groceries are from Goldberg, Bowen & Lebenbaum.

The peppers and corn from John J. English.

The chickens are from Roberts & O'Brien.

No seagull business here. Genuine chickens and turkeys, and don't you forget it.

NED FOSTER

TAMALE COTTAGE.

INGLENOOK

Table Wines and Brandies

The Standard of

Excellence and Purity.

Grown and bottled at the celebrated

INGLENOOK VINEYARDS

Rutherford, Napa County, Cal.

San Francisco Agency, 101 Front St.

California's Choicest Production 9

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VIAVI.

Which translated means THE ROAD TO HEALTH.

Very necessary to womankind
In a thousand and one ways
And by our cures we quickly
Verify the claim that VIAVA is
Indispensible to you all.

TO ALL WANDERERS on the rocky road of sickness, we will furnish a Guide to the City of Health and happiness in life, where woman with her ever increasing burden can throw off and lay aside the weight of destroying disease and lift up her head in

Perfect Health.

Upon the pages of feminine history appear a thousand testimonials from thankful hearts of wives, mothers and daughters whose ills have been banished by VIAVI. All disease falls before its potent influence and slow destroyers give way to vigorous health, happiness and physical comfort, not for a day, but always.

Nothing but competent and patient ladies in attendance to consult and comfort those who need our aid.

No Charge For Consultation.

Call on or Address

2301 VAN NESS AVENUE,

CORNER VALLEJO.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.

DONT LEAVE CAMP!

Until You Have Seen

SMITH'S EXHIBIT

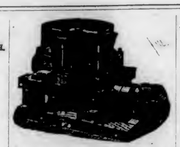
of

An Old '49 Camp Store.

Admission Free.

Ask for a copy of their Catalogue, or mail one to your friends, and before you leave town drop in and see their down town Establishment

No. 414-416-418 Front street, San Francisco 12



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This mill can be seen in operation in the MECHANICAL ARTS BUILDING.

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See a Gold Mine in full operation in all its details.

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THE IMPERIAL VIENNA PRATER ORCHESTRA,

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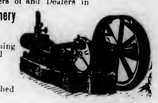

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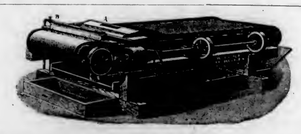
Shoes and Dies and All Castings furnished promptly upon order. 6



FRUE ORE CONCENTRATOR

Over 4000 in actual use.

Manufactured under Patents of April 27, 1880, July 24, 1888, and March 31, 1891

SAN JACINTO ESTATE, LIMITED, Office of the General Manager.
P. O. Address, South Riverside, San Bernardino county, Cal.
CAJALCO, December 18, 1891.

FRUE VANNING MACHINE CO., 132 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.—GENTLEMEN: After a continuous trial of different Concentrators (comprising the Frue Vanner, the "Holland," "Paradox," "Triumph" and the "Woodbury" Concentrators), extending over several months, we find that we prefer the Frue Vanner, as it is easier of adjustment, runs smoother, has less wear and tear, and—having a positive travel—gives less troubles than the other more complicated and ever-changing machines now in use here. The Frue Vanner not only saves a cleaner concentrate, but has less loss in the tailings, and is in several ways preferable to the other Concentrators here. I am, my Dear Sirs, yours faithfully,

S. HARRIS, Manager.

Price of 4-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner.....$550, f. o. b.
" " Improved Belt Frue Vanner.....800, f. o. b.
" 6-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner.....800, f. o. b.

For any information, or for pamphlets, or for circulars or testimonials, call on or address us at our office.

H. J. SUMMERHAYES, Successor to ADAMS & CARTER. Agent Frue Vanning Machine Company

NO. 132 MARKET STREET.....SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



# THE MIDWINTER APPEAL

## AND JOURNAL OF FORTY-NINE.

VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1894. NUMBER 19

THE MIDWINTER APPEAL AND JOURNAL OF '49.

Published Weekly at 470 Montgomery stre San Francisco California.

—BY—

SAM DAVIS.

$2.50 Per Annum. $1.50 Six Months.


BY PONY EXPRESS

NEWS BROUGHT IN BY OUR CAYUSE.

BREACH OF PROMISE.

Pawlens, May 10.—The woman who sues Lucky Baldwin for breach of promise is declared by the local press as being an adventuress. It appears that the only thing on which she bases her claim is that she traveled one season with Baldwin as one of his "nieces." Baldwin says that having introduced her as his niece she couldn't have possibly have been his wife.

CHARLEY ALL O. K.

New York, May 10—The report about Charley Fair hammering his wife over the head with a skillet is unfounded. Both parties were attending church the day the trouble occured, and the row was merely a squabble between the honse servants. Charley has started a Keeley Cure Institute on 23d street adjoining the Langtry property. Warren Sheridan of Virginia City has accepted a proprietorship in the Cure.

COXEYS TERRIBLE CRIME.

Washington, May 10.—Coxy finally weakened and is broken down with grief over his connection with a terrible crime. Last evening he broke down and made a full confession. He said he actually walked on the Capitol grass and sat down on a bench without asking the permission of a policeman. He wept bitterly during the terrible recital. His associates are expected to weaken in a few days, His wife still sticks by him, and refuses to believe in his guilt. It is not true that screws were used to wrest his confessions from him, although Cleveland did threaten to read one of his Congressional Messages to him if he didn't confess. There is no talk of lynching yet.

THE HAUNTED SWING.

This most wonderful illusion must be seen to be appreciated. Words fail to express the curious and realistic results obtained. Every one paying to go to see this wonderful spectacle every day.

Haunted Swing a visit will be more than satisfied. This is certainly one of the best shows in the Fair grounds. The admission is but 10 cents.

E. A. Rockwell has a fine collection of pictures at her studio, Phelan building room 124 Market street, cor. O'Farell. Persons wishing to carry back East fine views of California scenery, sketches, studies, elegant oil paintings, are invited to call. Oil portraits and colored crayons a specialty.

TOO FRESH.

Yesterday a cow-boy from Buck Taylors, show, rode into Harveys gambling house on a horse, and lassoing the red hot stove rode away and was just getting out of the gate when a bullet from Jake Wallace laid him out. Buck Taylor threatens to sue the Camp for funeral expenses, which will be over eleven dollars.

NEW STRIKE IN GOLD GULCH.

HELPING PUSS.

A Correspondent who is working on the sympathy dodge.

Hangtown, May 8.

EDITOR APPEAL:—Why dont you put a picture of the girls in your paper? Let the public see what Spanish Puss looks like, and she will get away with the prize "you kin bet your life." The history of the dancer she passed in company with the bear at Paps Peakes, as shown up in your paper, should get her every vote in your Camp. The fellow who left his boots without paying for his lodging should be drummed out of Camp.—JAMS.

The affair alluded to was the time Puss woke up one night and finding one of Boone's bears breathing in her face she hit it a slap on the nose remarking: Peakes get out of here!"

The bear was driven away and the gallant Colonel wrote Puss a letter of apology for the intrusion of the bear.

Voting has been very lively this week. The Spanish Flat voters are making a hard fight for Carmen, while the Americans are pulling for Puss and Miss Brown the pleasant little lady who sells souvenirs.

The vote now stands.

| | |
|---|---|
| Spanish Puss | 156. |
| Carmen | 148. |
| Flossie Brown | 140. |
| Trixey | 74. |

Favorite Girl in '49 Camp.

Name—

Fill out the blank.

HAFFORD'S ILLUSION.

All the illusionists are making money now. The latest is "Luna the Maid of the Moon," in Hafford's Arizona Museum. It is a dazzlingly beautiful woman cut square in two at the waist and placed on a swinging board. The half of the beautiful creature hangs in midair, and even passes a fan under her severed waist to prove that the lower half of her body is not there. Crowds

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The public are notified that Gen. Bouton and his son Victor Bouton have no connection with this office, and are not authorised to collect money or transact business.

BANQUET CHAMPAGNE.

This delicious beverage manufactured by the California Clarifing Company is clearing its way to the front as a popular wine. It has been introduced to the public at the Midwinter Fair, and judges of wine all admire and praise its fruity flavor. For sale on the Midway opposite streets of Cairo. L. A. Dool field agent.

Thursday was a great day at the Camp. A man was lynched in the morning for stealing from the sluice boxes. There were fireworks in the evening, and the Mexican Band took the dance house by storm.

CAMP JOTS.

Glass Eyed McCormick can be found at 147 Larkin street this week.

Since a Chronicle mans life was saved by a silver dollar our business men who expect trouble are carrying around a little silver. At least those who can get it.

It is agreed all round that Rudolph the man who tried to kill Elliott of the Chronicle was not much of a shot. He ought to go our to the Camp and take a few lessons from Slim Jim.

We are sorry to say that the first story we published as to the whereabouts of our assistant editor—Ralph Clyde is true. It is strange that one would sooner drive a swill-cart than a quill, but it is so in this case.

Blear Eyed Annie who threw a brick-bat through the office last Wednesday, was let off with a light fine by Judge Mosen of the justic court.

Tomato Mouth Sal is again in trouble. This time she smashed the night watchman of this office with a piece of roller composition about a yard long. When the man was found the next morning it was supposed he was sand-bagged. Sal was let off as she claimed it was a joke.

Things were very lively at the Camp last Thursday.

Next Sunday the two bit rate goes into effect and the concessionaires expect a large crowd.

George Nixon the Chairman of the Central Committe of the Silver Party, was in the Camp Thursday, with John Mack of Virginia City. They attended the ball, licked a policeman, and had a general all round good time.

Mr. Elliott of the Chronicle whose life was saved by having money in his pocket, may congratulate himself that he wasn't a space writer on a daily newspaper.

Sandow has matched his muscles against one of Boones lions. Now is the time for the Anti-Cruelty to Animals society to interfere in behalf of the lion.

The theatrical bill at the Oro Fino is changed every day, and always draws a large crowd.

There are several new dances at the fandango house, and it is crowded all the time. The two bit rate has been taken off and 25 cents admits the bearer to the Camp and everything inside except the theatre.

There is talk of a high kicking match among the fandango beauties. The prize is to be a photo of Alex Badlam.

Rudolph the man who tried to clean out the Chronicle office is out on bail. He has been banging his gun off at odd times a good deal of late years, and his proper place is in San Quintin.

One of Peakes fat, sassy, and pretty waiter girls is spelling for the beanery.

Professor Harrod's barber shop at the '49 Mining Camp, furnishes visitors with as good a shave as any of the down town establishments.


The eastern visitors who are coming in now all make a rush for Fosters Tamale Cottage as soon as they reach the Fair.

A MARVEL.

THE CALIFORNIA AMALGAMATOR.

The California Amalgamator is a thoroughly practical machine, possessing simplicity, durability and effectiveness.

It not only has no superior, but no equal.

It is the cheapest and best in existence.

It will save all floured mercury from Stamp and Huntington mills.

It will save all fine gold from Snake river sands and other similar deposits.

It will save all fine gold from beach or black sands.

It will save every particle of gold that floats in water, no matter how fine. It will save flake gold so fine that it will not settle in still water in ten seconds.

Arts building, Midwinter Exposition. It has no equal.

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Mining men and strangers are cordially invited to give us a call. 17

McAfee Bros.

If you miners want to invest your money in a

SURE THING

Call around after your regular clean-up and see

McAfee Brothers,

Who have some of the BEST ORANGE LAND in Palermo for sale at terms that a miner can get off at. Don't gamble off your dust or blow it in at the hardy joints, but stick it into a

Sure Thing

And have something to fall back on in your old age.

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Special attention paid to country orders.

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FLOOD & O'BRIEN.

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Proprietor.

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Furniture and Articles of Every Description Moved at Lowest Possible Rates.

All Orders Promptly Executed. 6

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Owing to departure two elegantly furnished Dental offices for sale cheap. Apply to Dr. Luella Cool, Kearney near Post street.

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J. F. Walsh H. J. Fortune

DEL CORONADO.

FORTUNE & WALSH

PROPRIETORS.

13 Third Street

### CHRONIC KICKER.

Last Thursday Major Frank McLaughlin of Oroville, came into the APPEAL office with two guns and Fred Davis as body guard. He came to make a row about the non-arrival of the APPEAL in Oroville. After his left ear was shot off, and his body guard was kicked clear across to the tenancy, he sat down and apologized for his intrusion.

The mailing clerk, who was killed early in the row, was a man easily dispensed with, and his corpse was dropped down the Last Chance prospect shaft.

We like old subscribers to come in and raise a kick when they don't get their paper, as it shows that they appreciate the sheet. McLaughlin belongs to the brigade of chronic kickers who think they own this office because they pay in advance. We wish there were more of them.

### BACK NUMBERS.

The calls for back numbers of the APPEAL are increasing every week. Of some editions we are exhausted but others can be found in the old log cabin at the Mining Camp where they are for sale. There has been a loud call for the old reminiscences of early days by Jim Armstrong, and in order to supply this demand his contributions to this office will be republished in the Mining edition on the 22d. The edition will be the largest paper of the kind published during the Fair, and will contain from 12 to 16 pages of reading matter and illustrations, with a handsomely illustrated cover. Orders can be received at this office.

### MCEWENS LETTER.

Arthur McEwens letter has suspended. It was the most independent publication that this city has ever seen. It was to be the organ of the public against what it termed 'the associate villianies.' The editors idea was that there being no regular organ for the downtrodden public, he would furnish one.

The public is always railing against the corporations, and the press that serves these corporations, but when anyone is willing to step in the field with a paper for the public the public applauds approvingly, but refuses to support it by patronage. In other words the public wants an organ that dont cost it anything.

An early grave always awaits a newspaper published in the interest of the public, and a man who attempts to publish such a sheet, may have good intentions, but he will have more good intentions than money if he keeps up his kick a year. A paper published on the "Public be damned" style is always sure of long life and prosperity. The corporations pay liberally for newspapers but the public does not.

Mr McEwen showed a commendable independence in his attack on the wealth and power that holds San Francisco in hand, and he suspended honorably by refunding every dollar due his 160 yearly subscribers.

Let it be recorded on the tombstone in the Call graveyard where all the dead newspapers are gathered, (one of ours has reeled there for over twenty year,) "It died game."

### THE CASE OF ETHEL BRANDON.

No soldier case has been presented to the public for years than that of Ethel Brandon. While she was starving, her husband was setting up the champagne to get "solid with the boys." He is now having a gay time in New York while his wife is in the hospital dying.

No actor for years ever had such backing and opportunities as this contemptible Stockwell, but he threw them all away, and has shown himself a monumental imbecile.

The theatrical profession is arranging a benefit for Mr. Stockwell, and when the event comes off, there should be a fitting string of resolutions adopted by the audience to show their contempt for Stock well, which should be as deep and public as possible.

### NEVADA DAY.

Nevada, the little state who years ago furnished the bullion to start San Francisco, will celebrate on the 18th, and all old sage-brushers will be on deck then to give the occasion proper eclat. All San Francisco should join in and make the celebration a banger.

While the Concessionaires complain of hard times on the Midway, there is one concession that always does a good business and makes money in season and out of season, and that is Keasts Colorado Gold Mine.

## EARLY SAN FRANCISCO.

### FIRST FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION IN THE PLACE.

**Other first things—First house built—First child born—First jury trial—etc.**

BY JIM ARMSTRONG.

In May 1836, Mr. Jacob Primer Leese arrived in the Cove of Yerba Buena with the intention of establishing a mercantile business at San Francisco, in partnership with Nathan Spear and W. S. Hinkley, whom were to remain at Monterey and manage the business of the firm there. Mr. Leese brought letters from the Governor of California, Don Marino Chico, to the Alcalde and Commandante of San Francisco, desiring them to render all the assistance in their power in arranging a location and other matters.

Mr. Leese at once fixed on the beach of Yerba Buena Cove for his establishment, but the Mexican Goverment had the year previous determined to found a town on the Cove.

General Figueroa, then Govenor of California, passed an ordinance forbidding the Commandante of the Presidio of San Francisco to make any grants of land around the Yerba Buena Cove nearer than two hundred varas (about one hundred and eighty five yards) from the beach, without a special order from the Governor, the excluded portion being intended for a reserve for Government uses.

Before any steps could be taken for the survey and laying out of the town, General Figueroa died. The ordinance being still in force however, Mr. Leese could not procure an allotment nearer the beach than the two hundred varas. The Alcalde and Commandante were much pleased that Mr. Leese should come and settle among their people, and at once offered him a choice of two locations, one being at the mouth of Mission Creek and the other at the entrance of the bay near the Presidio. Mr. Leese, however, had made up his mind on the subject, and partly for his own business convenience, and probably foreseing the increased future value of sites around the Cove, and would accept no other grant but one in that quarter. In this the local authorities could not aid him, so Mr. Leese returned to Monterey with his story and complaint to Govenor Chico. On explanation the Governor informed him that he would instruct the Alcalde of San Francisco to grant an allotment within the limits of the Government reserve, and in the meantime authorized Mr. Leese to select the most convenient place he could find elsewhere.

Back to Yerba Buena Leese hastened Mr. Leese, and on the first day of July presented to the Alcalde his new letters. On the following day he landed boards and other materials for building, and immediately took possesion of a one hundred vara lot adjoining on the south side that on which Captain Richardson's tent was already pitched. Mr. Leese's lot was situated about two hundred and fifty yards from the beach, and is now the spot known as the south west corner of Clay and Dupont streets. Mr. Leese hastened the completion of his building which was finished the same day July 2 d 1836.

THE FIRST FOURTH OF JULY.

When the Independence of America was celebrated in California it was under the directions of Captain Richardson and Mr. Leese. The two houses belonging to these gentlemen were the first erected in Yerba Buena, and formed the beginning of the city of San Francisco. While Mr. Leese was erecting his mansion—which seems to have been rather a grand structure, being made of frame, 60x25 feet—Captain Richardson was proceeding across the bay to Sonoma, where he invited all the principal folks of that quarter to a banquet in the new buildings. Two events, each great in their way, were to be celebrated; that Independence Day, and next the arrival of Mr. Leese in the country; his welcome and house-warming. They made a great day of it. At this time there was lying in the Cove a American bark Don Quixote, commanded by Mr. Leese's partner Captain Hinkley, and on board of which there were their goods. There was also another American ship and a Mexican brig These vessels supplied every bit of colored bunting they could supply. Mr. Leese's hall was decorated in splendid style as a result. Outside the American and Mexican flags floated, the first time the former was displayed on the shores of Yerba Buena.

Captain Hinkley seems to have been somewhat extravagant in his passion for music, since he always traveled with a band of music on board. Through this cause the most stylish orchestra ever before heard in California was provided by him. This consisted of a clarionet, flute, violin, drum, fife and bugle, besides two small six-pounders to form the bass, and add their emphatic roar to the swelling din, when a toast of more than usual importance was given. These last however, were borrowed from the Presidio.

The feast was prepared, the minstrels met, and the guests began to assemble about three o'clock in the afternoon of the Fourth. They were about sixty in number, and included General M. G. Vallejo and all the principal families from the neighborhood of Sonoma, such as Castro, Martinez, etc., as well as the chief inhabitats of San Francisco. Besides the badgueting hall Mr. Leese had erected a simple r of small tents, in which to receive his numerous guests and provide for them comfortably. At five o'clock dinner was served, and immediately afterwards followed the toasts. First of all was given the union of the Mexican and American flags. How little did the carnival party then dream of the near advent of the sole and absolute sway of the Americans in the country! General Vallejo next paid the honors to "Washington." Then followed appropriate national and individual toasts in their order; but which is needless to particularize The guests were as happy as mortals could be, and in short, all went merry "as a marriage bell."

The abundance and variety of liquors seemed to tickle the Californians amazingly, one worthy gentleman took a prodigious fancy to lemon syrup, a tumbler full of which he would quaff at every toast. This soon made him sick, and sent him off with the colic, which was all a matter of mirth to the jolly company. By ten o'clock dancing and other amusements held sway. The ball was kept hot and rolling all that night, and it appears the following day; for as Mr. Leese observes in his interesting and amusing diary, "Our Fourth ended on the evening of the fifth." Many of the simple minded Indians had gathered about the place while the festivities were going on, and could not contain themselves for joy, but continually exclaimed, "Que buenos son los Americanos!" What capital fellows these Americans are! and dubtless the white gentry thought the same. But let a Yankee alone for knowing his own interests in spending money lavishly.

THE FIRST CHILD, ETC.

In a few days afterward Mr. Leese had concluded the landing of his twelve thousand dollars worth of goods, when he opened his store for business and gratified guests and all the people around at once flocked to purchase and trade. Business became brisk, and the most satisfactory prices were obtained.

Shortly after this event Mr. Leese, upon a hasty courtship, was married to a sister of General Vallejo; and from this union on the 15th day of April 1838, sprung their eldest child Rosalie Leese, who was the first born in Yerba Buena.

Captain W. A. Richardson was appointed by the Mexican Government the first Harbor Mastar, in the year 1835, and the same year he erected the first house or description of dwelling in San Francisco. It was simply a large tent, supported on four redwood posts, and covered with a ships fore sale. The Captains occupation those days seems to have been the management of two schooners, one belonging to the Mission of San Francisco, and the other to the Mission of Santa Clara.

THE FIRST JURY TRIAL.

The ship Brooklyn arrived in San Francisco Bay July 31st 1846, with a company of Mormons and other immigrants from New York. On landing at Yerba Buena, they immediately set up their tents among the sand-hills close to the beach. Very soon disputes began to arrise between the Mormon people and their leaders, which ended in an open rupture and secession from their body of several of the principal men. Mr. Samuel Brannan, one of the most prominent of the party was accused of many offenses as President of the association, and charges made against his manner of handling the funds. This caused the first jury trial ever held in California, in which Mr. Brannan was successful.


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**CARPENTER and BUILDER**
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Particular attention paid to Fitting up and placing exhibits at the Midwinter Fair.
TERMS MODERATE.
GOOD AND QUICK WORK.
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CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF MERCY.
Location Unsurpassed.
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Walter S. Thorne, M. D., Michael Fatrell, M. D., Physicians.
T. E. Bailey, M. D., Resident Physician.
George H. Powers and William Hopkins, Oculists and Aurists.

**THE HEADQUARTERS**
FOR THE
FORTY-NINERS
And all the '49 Mining Camp boys when they stray from the Camp is at the
LA ROSE,
213 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Mount & Storey, - - Proprietors. 6

**HOWD'Y?**
We have fitted up our best front room for the country editor. It is to be his city office. Pursuing creditors and libeled constituents will not get beyond the front door. Chris Evans has been engaged at an enormous salary as doorkeeper. A pepper-box and a razor with a white bone handle in the stationary drawer. Come in and put your feet on the mantelpiece and make yourselves at home.
Pacific States Type Foundry,
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CORNER EDDY AND MASON.
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Vaudeville Performances
Every Evening and Saturday and Sunday Matinees at 2 O'clock P. M.
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Works—Trenton, N. J.
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117 Liberty street, New York.
171 Lake street, Chicago.
25 Fremont street, San Francisco. 8

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DENTIST,
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Rooms 2 and 3.
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Two Blocks From Palace Hotel, San Francisco.
FIRST-CLASS LIVERY AND BOARDING. SADDLE HORSES AND VEHICLES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
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The people say that if you taste them once you will say they are MAGNIFICENT!
Frederickburgh Larger Beer
5 CENTS A SOOONER.
Coney Island Clam Chowder, Every Kind of Lunch and Refreshments at City Prices.
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Choice Wines Liquors & Cigars
Fresh Crabs Daily—Free with Lunch
239 & 241, EAST STREET, S. F. Cal.
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Best on Earth
700 BOXES
FOR SALE BY
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312 WASHINGTON STREET.
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Wash and be Clean
WHEN AT THE FAIR.
you want to wash your hands, and get a good drink, go to
ROME HARRIS'
AMERICAN BAR.
At the rear end of the Vienna Prater. A door has been opened between the bar and the concert hall so that guests can pass to the bar and return without extra charge. 12

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A gravel hydraulic mine rich from grass roots down. 70 feet deep. Deposit covers 120 acres and is in a region of the finest water supply in the state. Terms easy. Apply at this office.

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NEVADANS TAKE NOTICE.
Hot Lunch constantly on hand.
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—Patentee and Manufacturer of—
ARTIFICIAL STONE
In all its branches. Schillinger's patent sidewalk. Gardiner walk a specialty.
Office—307 Montgomery street, Nevada block, San Francisco. Telephone 3 Box 1m


## THE WEDDING OF AH SAM

A MONGOLIAN MADRIGAL IN PROSE, BY PRENTICE MULFORD.

**Abduction of the Blushing Lady in the Case and Her Rescue from a Hascoop. The Green Necks Out, but Is Backed in Again—Marriage Rites at Jimtown.**

[Copyrighted by the Author.]

VII.

HE culminating events of the following tale occurred in "Jimtown" during my pedagogical career, and I was an indefatigable assistant in the details as below stated.

Ah Sam loved Miss Hi Sing. Ah Sam was by profession a cook in a California miners' boarding house and trading post combined, at a little mining camp on the Toulumne river. Following infinitely the culinary teachings of his employer, having no conception of cooking save as a mere mechanical operation—dead to the pernicious mental and physical effect which his ill dressed dishes might have on the minds and stomach of those he served—Ah Sam, while dreaming of Hi Sing, fried tough beef still tougher in hot lard, poisoned flour with saleratus, and boiled potatoes to the last extreme of soddenness, all of which culinary outrages promoted indigestion among those who ate; and this indigestion fomented a general irritability of temper—from whence Swett's camp became noted for its frequent sanguinary moods, its battles by midnight in street and barroom, with knife and sixshooter, and, above all, for its burrying ground, of which the inhabitants truthfully boasted that not an inmate had died a natural death.

Hi Sing was the handmaid of old Ching Loo. Her face was broad, her nose flat, her girth extensive, her gait a waddle, her attire a blue sacque reaching from neck to knee, blue trousers, brass rings on wrist and ankle, and wooden shoes whose clattering heels betrayed their owner's presence, even as the shaken tail of the angry rattlesnake doth his unpleasant proximity. She had no education, no manners, no accomplishments, no beauty, no grace, no religion, no morality, and for this and more Ah Sam loved her. Hi Sing was virtually a slave, having several years previously, with many other fair and fragile sisters, been imported to California by Ching Loo, and not until meeting Ah Sam did she learn that it was her right and privilege in this land of occasional laws and universal liberty to set up for herself, become her own mistress, and marry and marry whenever opportunity offered. But Ching Loo had noticed, with a suspicious eye, the growing intimacy between Ah Sam and Hi Sing; and signing therefrom results unprofitable to himself, he contrived one night to have the damsel packed off to another town, which happened at that time to be my place of residence; and it is for this reason that the woof of my existence temporarily crossed that of Ah Sam and Hi Sing.

Ah Sam followed up his love, and discovering in me an old friend who had endured and survived a whole winter of his cookery at Swett's Bar, told me his troubles; and I, resolving to pay evil with good, communicated the distressed Mongolian's story to my chosen and partticular companion, a lean and cadaverous attorney, with whom fees had ceased to be angels' visits, and who was then meditating oral hovering between two plans—one to run for the next state legislature, the other to migrate to Central America and fossil a new republic. Attorney Spoke, on hearing Ah Sam's case, offered to find the maid, rescue her from her captors and marry her to him permanently and for ever in consideration of thirty American dollars; to which terms the Mongolian assenting, Spoke and myself, buckling on our arms and armor, proceeded to beat up the filthy purlieus of "Chinatown;" and about midnight we found the passive Hi Sing hidden away in a hencoop, whither she had been conveyed by the confederates of Ching Loo.

We bore Hi Sing—who was considerably alarmed, neither understanding our language nor our purpose—to Spoke's office, and there it being necessary to secure the services of a magistrate in uniting the couple, I departed to see the justice of the peace, who was still awake—for justice rarely slept in camp at that hour, but was commonly engaged at the Bella Union playing poker, while Spoke sought after the groom, Ah Sam, whom he found in a Chinese den stupidly drunk from smoking opium, having taken such means to wear the edge off his suspense while we were rescuing his affianced. Not only was he stupidly but perversely drunk, but he declared in imperfect English that he had concluded not to marry that night, to which observation Attorney Spoke, becoming profane, jerked him from the cot whereon he lay, and grasping him about the neck with a strangulating hold, bore him into the street and toward his office, intimating loudly that this business had been proceeded with too far to be receded from, and that the marriage must be consummated that night with or without the consent of the principals. Ah Sam resigned himself to matrimony. The office was reached, the door opened and out in the darkness bolted the bride, for she knew not what those preparations meant, or whether she had fallen among friends or enemies.

After a lively chase we cornered and caught her: and having thus at last brought this refractory couple together we placed them in position, and the justice commenced the ceremony by asking Hi Sing if she took that man for her lawful wedded husband, which interrogatory being Chaldaic to her, she replied only by an unmeaning and unspeculative stare. Spoke, who seemed destined to be the soul and mainspring of this whole affair, now threw light on the Mongolian futellect by bringing into play his stock of Chinese English, and translating to her the language of the justice thus, "You like'um he, pretty good?" Upon which her face brightened, and she noddad assent. Then turning to the groom he called in a tone fierce and threatening, "You like'um she?" and Ah Sam—who was now only a passive object in the hands of Spoke, forced and galvanized into matrimony—dared not do otherwise than give in his adhesion, upon which the justice pronounced them man and wife, whereupon two Virginians present with their violins (all Virginians fiddle and shoot well) struck up the "Arkansas Traveler," and the audience—which was now large, every barroom in Jamestown having emptied itself to witness our Chinese wedding—inspired by one common impulse, arose and marched seven times about the couple. Ah Sam was now informed that he was married. "American fashion," and that he was free to depart with his wedded encumbrance.

But Ah Sam, whose intoxication had broken out in full acquiescence with these proceedings, now insisted on making a midnight tour of all the saloons in camp, and treating everybody to the deathly whisky vended by them, to which the crowd—who never objected to the driving of this sort of nails in their own coffins—assented, and the result of it was (Ah Sam spending his money very freely) that when daylight peeped over the eastern hills the Bella Union saloon was still in full blast, and while the justice of the peace was winning Spoke's thirty hard earned dollars in one corner, and the two Virginians still kept the "Arkansas Traveler" going on their violins in another, Stephen Scott (afterward elected to congress) was weeping profusely over the bar, and on being interrogated as to the cause of his sadness by General Wyatt, ex-member of the state senate, Scott replied that he could never hear played the air of "Home, Sweet Home" without shedding tears.

Ah Sam departed with his bride in the morning, and never were a man's prospects brighter for a happy honeymoon nutil the succeeding night, when he was waylaid by a band of disguised white men in the temporary service and pay of old Ching Loo; and he and Hi Sing were forced so far apart that they never saw each other again.

Ah Sam returned to the attorney, apparently deeming that some help might be obtained in that quarter, but Spoke intimated that he could no longer assist him, since it was every man's special and particular mission to keep his own wife after being married; although he added, for Ah Sam's comfort, that this was not such an easy matter for the Americans themselves, especially in California.

Upon this Ah Sam apparently determined to be satisfied with his brief but turbulent career in matrimony, and betaking himself again to Swett's Bar cooked in such a villainous fashion and desperate vigor, finding thereby a balm for an aching heart, that in a twelvemonth several stalwart miners gave up their ghosts through indigestion, and the little graveyard on the red hill thereby lost forever its distinctive character of affording a final resting place only to those who had died violent deaths.

PRENTICE MULFORD.


THE
**NEVADA ROOF GARDEN CAFE AND ITS VIEWS**
IN THE
Nevada State Building
(Next to '49 Camp)
Meals, Lunches and Refreshments (solid and liquid) Served.
NEVADA CREAM AND BUTTER A SPECIALTY.
The bar is stocked with nothing but Guy Foger Liquors and Wines, foreign and domestic, from Sherwood & Sherwood. Our Cigars are Al.
The prices will astonish you.
H. P. FLANNERY, Proprietor
9 GIVE US A CALL.


SERVING ON A JURY.

Prentice Mulford Tells of an Interminable Lawsuit.

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VIII.

EAR after year and term after term the great case of Table Mountain Tunnel vs. New York Tunnel used to be called in the court-held at Sonora, Toulumne county. The opposing claims were on opposite sides of the great mountain wall, which here described a semicircle. When these two claims were taken up it was supposed the pay streak followed the mountain's course, but it had here taken a freak to shoot straight across a flat formed by the curve. Into this ground, at first deemed worthless, both parties were tunneling.

The farther they tunneled the richer grew the pay streak. Every foot was worth a fortune. Both claimed it. The law was called upon to settle the difficulty. The law was glad, for it had then many children in the county who needed fees. Our lawyers ran their tunnels into both of these rich claims, nor did they stop boring until they had exhausted the cream of that pay streak. Year after year Table Mountain vs. New York Tunnel company was tried, judgment rendered first for one side and then for the other, then appealed to the supreme court, sent back and tried over, until at last it had become so incumbered with legal barnacles, parasites and cobwebs that none other than the lawyers knew or pretended to know aught of the rights of the matter.

Meantime the two rival companies kept hard at work day and night. Every ounce over the necessary expense of working their claims and feeding and clothing their bodies went to maintain lawyers. The case became one of the institutions of the country. It outlived several judges and attorneys. The country-town throve during this yearly trial. Eventually jurors competent to try this case became very scarce. Nearly every one had "sat on it," or had read or heard or formed an opinion concerning it, or said they had.

The sheriff and his deputies ransacked the hills and gulches of Toulumne for new Table Mountain vs. New York Tunnel jurors. At last, buried in an out-of-the-way gulch, they found me. I was presented with a paper commanding my appearance at the county town, with various pains and penalties affixed in case of refusal. I obeyed. I had never before formed the twelfth of a jury. In my own estimation I rated only as the twenty-fourth. We were sworn in; sworn to try the case to the best of our ability. It was ridiculous that I should swear to this, for internally I vowed I had no ability at all as a juror. We were put in twelve armchairs. The case was called. The lawyers, as usual, on either side opened by declaring their intentions to prove themselves all right and their opponents all wrong. I did not know which was the plaintiff, which the defendant. Twenty-four witnesses on one side swore to something, to anything, to everything; thirty-six on the other swore it all down again. They thus swore against each other for two days and a half. The court was noted for being an eternal sitter. He sat fourteen hours per day. The trial lasted five days.

Opposing counsel, rival claimants, even witnesses, all had maps, long, brilliant, parti-colored maps of their claims, which they unrolled and held before us and swung defiantly at each other. The sixty witnesses testified from 1849 up to 1864. After days of such testimony as to ancient boundary lines and ancient mining laws, the lawyers on either side, still more to mystify the case, cancused the matter over and concluded to throw out about half of such testimony as being irrelevant. But they could not throw it out of our memories.

The "summing up" lasted two days more. By this time I was a mere idiot in the matter. I had, at the start, endeavored to keep some track of the evidence, but they managed to snatch every clew away as fast as one got hold of it. We were "charged" by the judge and sent to the jury room. I felt like both a fool and a criminal. I knew I had not the shadow of an opinion or a conclusion in the matter. However, I found myself not alone. We were out all night. There was a stormy wrestle between the three or four jurymen who knew or pretended to know something of the matter. The rest of us watched the controversy, and of course sided with the majority. And at last a verdict was agreed upon.

It has made so little impression on my mind that I forget now whom it favored. It did not matter. Both claims were then paying well, and this was a sure indication that the case would go to the supreme court. It did. This was in 1860. I think it made those yearly trips up to 1867. Then some of the more obstinate and combative members of either claim died, and the remainder concluded to keep some of the gold they were digging instead of paying it ont to fee lawyers. The Table Mountain vs. New York Tunnel case stopped. All the lawyers save two or three emigrated to San Francisco or went to congress. I gained but one thing from my experience in the matter—an opinion. It may or may not be right. It is that juries in most cases are humbugs.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

MODJESKA.

Modjeska has filled the Baldwin for three weeks, and delighted the class of theatre goers who love legitimate work on the stage.

Seventeen years ago the same Polish artist after nine months study of English made the hit of the season at the old California, and after the first night played to "standing room only."

It was almost an accident that brought the gifted stranger to the front, who was then in such a condition of financial dispondency that it was very near a case of success or suicide. Fortune backed by genius turned the scale and she has since delighted thousands of American audiences.

Last week Music and Drama lucidentlly stated in unjust terms that Modjeska shabbily treated her first manager Sargent. The facts of the case are, that years ago Harry Sargent deserted his wife and has since been living in England. After his desertion of Mrs. Sargent, Madam Modjeska has retained her in the company at a salary of $60 per week. She has been doing this for years in commendation of Sargents past services for her.


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COLONEL HAFFORD'S
ARIZONA EXHIBIT
Of all the Birds, Animals and Reptiles of the Territory.
The most Complete Private Collection in the World.
The Colonel has taken twenty-five years to Amass this Collection.
South Drive, in rear of the Administration Building.
ADMISSION ..... 25 CENTS

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Food and Feed for Man and Beast.
Baked Beans Cooked in the Ground, None Better.
OLD PAPA PEAKES, the Well-Known Caterer, Will Personally Superintend the Management.

**Jim's '49 Theatre**
And Midwinter Dance House.
The Grandest Catch on the Exposition Grounds.
Take Metropolitan Electric Cars, First Place of Amusement After Passing South Gate.
Plantation Melodies and Dancing Every Evening.
The Spectators Allowed to Dance Free After Each Performance.
JAMES MCCONOHY Manager.

**"Meet Me at the Cafe Royal."**
One hears this a thousand times daily because it is a
Sporting Center.
It is hardly necessary to say that the CAFE ROYAL is on the corner of Fourth and Market, and that JIM ORNDORFF and AL HALL will shortly the destinies of the place.
We merely make the remark to fill this space

**A. COHN.**
SAN FRANCISCO PEOPLE
Who cannot get suited in the price and quality of San Francisco clothing will find
Abe Cohn's
In CARSON CITY the place to buy to advantage.

RUSS HOUSE
BARBER SHOP AND BATHS.
—Fresh and Salt Water, 25 Cents.
217 Montgomery street, between Sush and Pine.
Shaving, 15c. Hair Cutting, 25c. Baths, 25c. First class in all particulars.
SEPPICH & KLEINLAIN, Proprietors.
Ladies' entrance next to Russ House elevator.

LOUIS SUTTER,
Formerly of Virginia City, Bodie, Aurora and Pickhandle Gulch, has pitched his tent on the northwest corner of Folk and Sutter streets, where he runs a regular old-time saloon for old-time friends.
If you want to get real good liquor call and see us and have a chat about old times.

**WONDER! WONDER!**
Novelties in Millinery at the
. . . WONDER . . .
1024, 1026, 1028 Market Street.
NEW HATS, NEW FLOWERS, NEW FEATHERS, NEW ORNAMENTS,
RIBBONS, LACES, VELVETS, ETC.,
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ETHE LARGEST STOCK AND BEST ASSORTMENT ON THE COAST
BRANCH STORE, 999 MARKET STREET, COR. SIXTH
Also Branch Stores in Oakland, and San Jose.
Goods sold at wholesale and retail.


NUMBER 20

OUR JACKASS CORRESPONDENT.

Jackass Ravine, May 7th.

Say! if you had been over in this camp last Saturday and here John Anderson and Levi Bradley passing you would have ordered a small bottle. The two old timers kept at it for three mortal hours and the hilarity was great. Brad told about the big betting race at Coloma in the spring of '50, when three of the miners put up six ounces each, and then bet all outsiders to a standstill on the result of louse contest. The trio individually dug down in their clothes for the slipping little creatures, and the three grey backs were placed in the center of a miners pan: old Horsey Sam's entry started for the edge of the dish, but made a circle and returned to the the starting point throwing off his owner in great shape. Rochester Charley's favorite won the stakes and how the boys did celebrate that night. Uncle John tried to outdo Brad in a story. The old Campus Vitus veteran had his say and told the following.

I was in Downieville when an Englishman came up to Nigger Bar and tried to put on "a lot of side" telling his listeners at Nat Meaney's bar that he was an assayer; we did not know what an assayer was, but his glib tongue caught us all, and he was voted a hell of a good fellow. From his story he was the second son of an English Lord, but according to the hereditory law of his country, the poor cuss was cut off without a shilling, and so he meandered toward the Golden Gate in hopes of making his fortune in the mines. One night Buffalo Bess got her eye on him and got dead stuck on the Johnny Bull, much to the disgust of Jack Ainsworth who had been her favorite for three months previous. The two men came together one night and agreed to play a game of old sledge to see who should have the individual attentions of Bess and Jack won. When the stage left the next morning, the now melancholy Englishman hied himself toward Marysville where he was afterward killed on Maiden Lane.

Charley Hegard's Balsam factory has shut down for the present, as there is a dearth of custom for his Commodities. Fortunately the boys are all enjoying good health.

Ed Moore from Copper was in town last week and reports the whisky trade as away up, but the Snuday school class of which Ed is a teacher is falling off in numbers owing to the wagging tongues of some mischief makers who think that the saloon business and churches should not run in the same groove. Mr. Moore had to ilek one of the deacons a few days ago.

Geo. Lee has gone to either Rabbit Creek or Quincy and no one seems to know which, as he has been threatened with a breach of promise suit, instigated by Red nosed Marth, the fighting terror of the Ravine. Martha says that George is the father of her child, be that as it may, George has skipped.

I suppose you wonder why you have not heard from me in several weeks, but the truth is I was beat half to death by a couple of toughs from the '49 Camp. Over this way we want Major McLaughlin of Oroville for Governor, and one night I was a shooting my mouth off pretty strong when two hobos tried to make me quit, stating they were in favor of Joe Harvey for the place. Well you know how it is, one word brought on another, and finally one of the pluguglies pulled his shooting iron. Your correspondent got the worst of the scrimmage, but am now able to be about again. All the same the Major will be the next Governor.

By the way Bill Kellog formerly State Senator wants to play second fiddle on the ticket, and if a sound lawyer is all that is needed for Chairman of the Senate, Bill can fill the bill to the dot. Tim McCarthy and ex Senator Buck of Solano are making Kellogs fight. The sack has not yet arrived.

GRIM.

A LOST CHILD FOUND.

A family down in Florida lost their child, and failing to find it after two days, put a 25 cent notice in a newspaper and the next morning they were surprised to see an alligator on their steps where he had disgorged their lost child alive, and then died himself. They sold the alligators hide for $5 and the parents are exhibiting the child at dime museums for $50 a week. Now ask yourselves is it not worth your while to advertise? Certainly it is, for the above story makes it very plain.


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DAYS OF '49

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5 Cents.

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New Talent this Week—Come and hear the One Man orchestra.

New Novelties Every night.

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Tamales.

2 For 25 Cents,

—OR—

4 For 25 Cents,

Including a Bottle of National Prize Beer, with a napkin, plate and fork.

The groceries are from Goldberg, Bowen & Lebenbaum.

The peppers and corn from John J. English.

The chickens are from Roberts & O'Brien.

No seagull business here. Genuine chickens and turkeys, and don't you forget it.

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Nothing but competent and patient ladies in attendance to consult and comfort those who need our aid.

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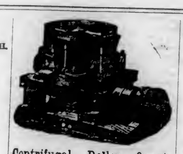

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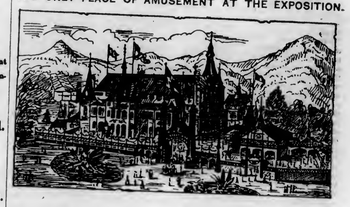

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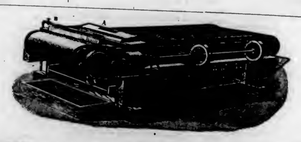

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NO. 132 MARKET STREET.....SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1894. NUMBER 20


THE DAYS OF '49

Brave days of long ago,
Where memories ebb and flow
Like bubbles on Youth's wine.
The days when men were strong
In hope and zeal and song
Those days of '49.

We toiled where nuggets gleamed,
Where waters foamed and streamed
All that was life divine.
We joined the boat and fray,
Shook hands, that was the way
In days of '49.

But now through welling tears,
I scan these misty years,
And from the silent host
Comes many a wandring ghost
That passing makes no sign
While from the shadows throngs
Float Back the saddened songs
From chaparral and pine.

I wake, my dream is o'er,
But in the camp once more,
I see beyond my door
The scenes of my Lam Dara.

THE MIDWINTER AI PEAL
AND JOURNAL OF '49.
Published Weekly at the Metropolis of the Golden Empire.
SAM HAWKS. Editor.
$3.50 Per Annum $1.50 Six Months.

OUR SPECIAL EDITION

With this number the APPEAL takes off its hat to the Misses of California. We have endeavored to celebrate this occasion above all others as the day of days at the Midwinter Fair. In our special edition we have striven to recall the old scenes of '49. It is a day that should revive some of the pleasant features of that era.

Since the ball we began its edition in conjunction with the Fair Camp, some have criticised its contents, but we believe the majority of the readers have sustained us in the opinion that a reproduction of those never to be forgotten days is not a very badly distorted picture.

Most of the humorous phases of early California life have been reproduced, a little of the sentiment, and some of the happy side. Only those regret the omitting that characterized the life of the gold hunter in those days of luck and pray, knife and pistol.

Our only apology for reproducing a great deal of our hard files is the fact that constant demands are made upon us for papers containing certain articles printed in issues that have been exhausted.

In our news and telegraphic dispatches we take a special pride. Our dispatches have reached us in many instances by slow pony express, and we have made it a rule never to print a dispatch until we were able to absolutely verify the fact. We have in many instances held dispatches several weeks to be certain that they were authentic before we gave them to the public. We have aimed at brevity and accuracy, and thus our dispatches have been the admiration and envy of our contemporaries.

News of this and surrounding camps has been thoroughly verified before being published. We have sometimes been charged with lack of enterprise, but never with willfully distorting facts.

The care thus exercised in the conduct of our news column makes the APPEAL a very desirable medium to advertise in for future reference. A quarter of a century from now a historian of the Pacific Coast who has no file of the paper will be obliged to suspend business. Our art department is so far superior to the miserable wood butcheries of our contemporaries as to really need no extensive notice. It speaks for its self. Under the wonderful skill of our artist the scenes of '49 become a living reality.

We extend our thanks to the public for its generous support, enabling the APPEAL to pay from the grass roots.

We are also under obligations to Dan De Quill, Joe Goodman, Wells Drury, Jim Armstrong, Alex Waugh, Griffin of Jackass Barney, Jim Oxnard, Rollin Daggett, Major Frank McLaughlin, Jake Wallace, Madam Modjeska, Col. Johnson, and others who have frequently contributed to these columns.

M. H. De YOUNG.

The APPEAL regrets the tendency manifested in California, in several directions, to fight Director General De Young, to whose energy and executive ability the success of the Midwinter Fair is due.

None but practical newspaper men can understand how hard it is for any one connected with a newspaper to engage in any public work without a great deal of criticism. It is humiliating to the genius of California enterprise to note that every step taken by De Young in the Fair has been hampered by narrow minded opposition.

A storm of abuse has circled around him least, directed from sources where he might have looked, properly enough, for co-operation and encouragement.

The band of enemies he stirred up in over a quarter of a century of journalism has fought De Young during the Fair in the hope that they would make his efforts to advertise the resources of California a failure.

He met this tremendous opposition with Napoleonic tact and determination and threw his private fortune into the breach to back his belief in California and the Fair.

That he has triumphed in the face of so much opposition makes his victory all the greater.

The Fair is now a demonstrative success, and but for the mill-headed and narrow-minded opposition of the salt grass and cranks would have been even a greater one.

De Young can now afford to smile at his antagonists.

RESURGO.

Though we grow obsolete and worn,
We still are like the leafless tree
That has a sense of blossoms born,
If not of frostage yet to be.

Beneath the torpor and the throes,
Which are time's clearings and device
A vascular undercurrent flows
Like living water under ice.

For stable-day in lustlessness
I noted earth and heaven and wind—
Barren and bleak and colorless
As the complexion of my mind—

There broke out of the leaden sky
A sweet clear trill—one strain, no more;
The unseen songster lingered by,
And all was vacant as before.

But that remembered wildwood note,
Sung with such carelessness and haste,
Shook me convulsively, and smote
A rock within the desert waste

From which a stream of memories
Burst forth and brought a flow of tears
That watered all the dust that lies
Between me and my better years.

I saw dear faces that are veiled
Or turned as that I may not see;
I heard kind voices that are stilled,
Or silent as if dead to me.

I kissed sweet lips, I clasped true hands,
I walked by many a comrade's side,
And saw o'er all the smiling lands
The splendor of life's morning tide.

It went as it had come, the glow
Departed with the wildwood strain;
But age sits lighter since I know
Some bird may bring me youth again.

JOSEPH T. GOODMAN.

H. M. LEVY.

For many years Henry M. Levy has been a familiar figure in the mining industries of Nevada.

He has always been a shrewd operator in Comstock securities. He has the happy knack of getting in when they are low and getting out when they are high. His speculation in the Comstock has yielded him a large fortune. He still has faith in the old lode and a good deal of his money has gone into the present era of securities on the Comstock, thus giving substantial backing to his assertion that the mines are good for many years to come.

JEAMS GOES BROKE.

HAWTOWN, May 15th.

EDITOR MIDWINTER APPEAL: I have blown in all my cash on "Spanish Pass" during the past week, but it 'knocks me dead" to know that any one can vote for either of the other gals after seeing the graceful form of the little Puss. If she consents to share my cabin with me after the Fair is over, she shall never want for grub, but I won't have any of the Mining Camp monkeys monkeying around the ranch pretending to be a friend of the family.

JEAMS.

CARMEN'S CARNIVAL.

On Tuesday Carmen gave a genuine Mexican blowout to her friends at the Fandango in Peake's Beanery. It was a wild and hilarious time, and true old Mexican days revived. The festivities were kept up until an early hour in the morning.

During the last few weeks there has almost been a rage in the 49 Camp over the question of who is the favorite. In order to settle this beyond all dispute, the APPEAL will let the Camp vote on the proposition, and give a suitable prize to the beauty who gets the most votes between now and the time the big morning edition comes out, which will be about the middle of next month. The ballot box will be at Smith's Cash Store. Call out your coupon and deposite it as Smith's Cash Store Exhibit across the street from the APPEAL office.

HAFFORD'S ILLUSION.

All the illusionists are making money now. The latest is "Luna the Maid of the Moon," in Hafford's Arizona Museum. It is a dazzlingly beautiful woman cut square in two at the waist and placed on a swinging board. The ball of the beautiful creature hangs in midair, and even passes a fan under her severed waist to prove that the lower half of her body is not there. Crowds go to see this wonderful specicale every day.

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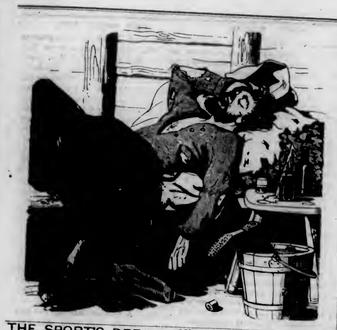


THE SPORT'S DREAM.

HE FALLS ASLEEP IN JOHN MACKAY'S CABIN.

And for a Few Hours Thinks He Has Been Painting Hell.

BY DAN DE QUILLE.

On Thursday last an old man who used to be a gambler and miner in Candelaria came down to the '49 Mining Camp and was installed in one of the old cabins, the one formerly occupied by John Mackay.

His right name no one ever knew—in fact, he has probably forgotten it himself—but he has for years floated about over the country as Buttermouth Bill.

For years Buttermouth has oscillated between the mines and the gaming table, mining when he was broke and gambling when he had money. In the last thirty years he has gambled a good deal more than he has mined. He talks of "whip-saws" and "splits" among sports and "drifts," "up-raises" and "winzes" among miners. But of late years Buttermouth has cast his lot almost exclusively with the sporting fraternity, alleging that the great silver depreciation by reason of the demonetization act of 1873 has rendered it impossible to make a decent living with pick and drill. So it came about that he became Grand Chamberlain or something of the kind at the court of old King Faro. So smooth and equable in temper and in all else is William of the buttyraceous mouth that sain in him seems to be no sin. He may be guilty of all the sins in the calendar, yet in him they seem to be no sin. He does not make sins of them—does not feel them to be sins—hence he may do what are generally held to be the most sinful and outrageous things without in the slightest degree ruffling his normal smoothness or disturbing his habitual equanimity. It seems to be no sin for Buttermouth to play faro or poker or old sledge, casino, euchre or any other game with cards, dice, bones or balls. He may get "full as a tick," and it seems all right in him—no one thinks any the less of him, if an incipient jag at all be given the matter. It is certainly thinks none the less of himself, simply because he never thinks of it at all. All that he does and is seems quite right and fitting to Buttermouth. Life is so filled with sin, so thoroughly inoculated with it that he cannot sin. He is as good and smooth and gentle as ever in his life in the very midst of what in others would be the most deadly of sins. He passes through and comes out of them all unscathed. He is like those kings and potentates of old of whom we read that in order to guard against being poisoned they gradually so saturated themselves with poisons of all kinds that a dose of even the most deadly poison given them by a secret enemy produced no effect.

The idea of such a man as Buttermouth suffering from a dream or from anything else, except severe physical torture, seems preposterous, yet she claims to have had a dream that was most agonizing.

Buttermouth told his dream to his friend, James Dalbis. "James," said William of the butyric facial opening, "James, I have had a dream—a horrible dream—and it shall be a warning to me, as indeed I think it was meant to be. I feel that it was sent for that purpose. James, the lesson it teaches is that the earthly things loved in this life, followed and doted upon here, shall be our punishment hereafter. James, we read that in Switzerland they cure drunkards of their love of strong drink by giving them Brandy in every article of food of which they partake, and in every drop of fluid with which they attempt to assuage their thirst. So will it be with all things to which we have too much given our hearts and souls in this world when we come to pass into the next. What was our food here shall be our poison there. I feel it, James, and I know it.

"James, a few nights since I dreamt that I died, and as a matter of course went directly to the bad place. Even before the big iron gates were opened I heard sounds of fiddling and dancing and shouts of laughter, James. I need hardly tell you that these sounds grated harshly upon my ears; that they saddened me. I felt that I wanted rest and quiet. These sounds told me that I was not about to enter a place of repose—that the gates before me were not those of heaven.

"The gates were not red-hot, James, neither did they creak upon their hinges as they were swung open. There were no seven headed dogs about. We entered what seemed an immense square, all brilliantly illuminated with electrical lights. At first I was so dazzled that I could hardly see, but this soon passed away. On all sides were great buildings more beautiful than I had ever before seen, real or of imagined. All were brilliantly lighted up and thronged with people—men and women of all ages, but no children.

"James, it was wonderful! I had hardly taken three steps inside the gates upon the beautifully paved walk—all laid in mosaic of the most artistic pattern—before I heard some one shout: 'Whoop, hurrah! here comes old Buttermouth Bill!'

"Turning about I saw dancing toward me old Superfoot Jack, dead these ten years. 'Whoop, hurrah!' and on came Whistling Dick, Big-neck Smith, Horse-head Brown, Toothpick Tommy, Cranky Brooks, Stinkfoot Charley, Sleepy Jake, Stuttering Smith, Liver and Bacon, The Pie Biter, Shotgun Taylor and scores of other old friends. 'Whoop, hurrah!' cried they all; 'Welcome, a thousand times welcome, Buttermouth Bill!'

"James, this hearty reception from old chums and men who have all been old friends in life ought to have made me happy, but somehow it didn't. 'Whoop, hurrah!' cried they again. 'Buttermouth must be dry; he has had a long trip. Let's all go and have a drink! Candybone Bill's is only a step from here, and his is the best saloon for chain lightning; he makes it on the premises and you always know what it is.'

"My guide, the man who had met me at the gate and let me in—a perfect gentleman too—now bowed to me and said: 'As you are now at home and among friends I will take my leave. I hope you will find yourself quite at home here among us. Boys take good care of Buttermouth; show him around, show him around.'

"Just then Baldface Bill—hanged up in Shasta twelve years ago—came and shook hands heartily and we all went across to Candybone Billy's and had a regular round of what seemed pretty good sound stuff. As we came out upon a sort of veranda and stood looking up and down the place, I heard a familiar voice cry: 'Hi! Hi! Buttermouth!'

"Looking toward a sort of pavilion, a short distance before me, I saw a man upper window, waving her handkerchief. It was Lop-eared Sal, who was shot by Tommy the Masher about five years ago, and Sal, as natural as life and not a hair astray! I gave Jenny, the Gin Fiend, came to the same window, and giving a little jump, just as in life, James—said: 'Hello Buttermouth! why my precious friend, how well you look! not a minute older than the day I passed in my chips! Why James it seemed like I knew almost everybody there.

"Well, just then along comes Wall-eyed Murphy. Slapping me on the back he sung out: 'Hello, Buttermouth, when did you come in?' just as if it was some new mining camp. I said I had just arrived.

"Tried your luck yet,' says he.

"Tried my luck? Said I, not understanding what he meant; 'how tried my luck?'

"Why,' said he, 'at faro, poker, keno or anything of that kind?'

"No, Mr. Murphy,' said I, 'I didn't know there was anything of the kind here.'

"More than you ever saw above,' said Murphy.

"But I have no money,' says I, slapping my pockets.

"Never mind that—come along and you'll see how things are managed here,' said Murphy. 'Let's go over to Bonanza Mike's; he runs a square game; in fact, there's no lagging at all down here.'

"Going about half a block down the side of the square or park, we entered a place that was palatial, simply palatial, James. All manner of games were in full swing. The great sound of money. There was the greatest clicking of checks and chinking of coin I ever heard. The place seemed 200 or 300 feet long and 100 feet wide, and the clinking and chinking rose to a roar, like that of small waves rolling and tumbling about the pebbles of the ocean beach, James.

Mr. Murphy took a seat and signed for me to take another. Up came a black, grinning imp, who bowed very politely and said: 'Your pleasure, gentlemen?'

"Not understanding the customs of the place I looked to Mr. Murphy, who promptly said: 'Bring us a few thousand each, my child.'

"The little imp bowed, smiled, and without a word hastened away.

"I followed him with my eyes till I saw him disappear within the door of an immense vault or safe that was built in one of the walls of the room.

"Presently he returned, bending beneath the weight of a load of sacks of gold, half of which he gave to me and the other half to Mr. Murphy. Some were filled with twenty-dollar gold pieces, some with tens and others with fives and other coins. You could bet without limit, and had against you only the even chances of the game. If you got broke you had only to order more gold and go at it again.

"After playing about four hours I began to find the business monotonous. I had won and lost stacks and stacks of gold—I never stopped to count it—and had before me all I could cram into my pockets. I proposed to Mr. Murphy that we walk about a little, but found he could not tear himself away from the game.

"Just then along came El Dorado Johnnie and Texas Jack. 'Hello, Buttermouth!' cried both at once, 'when did you land?'

"Just now,' said I.

"Want to take a spin?' said Jack.

"The very thing I was wishing to do,' said I.

"Well, all right,' said Jack, 'and here come Wild Bill and Caribou Brown, just the lads to take a run with.'

"Some coin, little one,' said El Dorado Johnnie to one of the imps, who hastened away and soon returned with several fat sacks, which he distributed among the company.

"We looked in at a big hurdy-house that was in full blast. There it all was, James, just as above—bar, musicians up on a platform, and the boys just a throwing themselves and coming down with the double-stiffs when they balanced to their partners. There, in the thick of it, I saw Buckskin Bill, Handsome Charley, Kangaroo Sam, Lobster Dick, Boston Charley, French Alex, Rondo Jim, Grasshopper, Little Barney, Hoodlum Jack, Dutch Pete, Tojam Ike, Tapeworm Charley, Calico Jack, Pockmarked Jake and even old Pan Smith, all in a regular whirl. 'Hello, Buttermouth! hello, old boss! when did you get it?' cried all these charming old friends. 'Come up and take a drink! Needn't be afraid of anything you get here; it is all good stuff.'

"We all took a drink, James, and the whisky was as good as you'd get anywhere. You'd never have believed it was a brew of hell, the bad place they talk about at camp meetings above. Chuck-a-Luck Bill, whose throat was cut at Lambville last summer by Curly Frank, was barkeeper. The scar on his neck showed very plain. Deaf Charley, who was found dead in his cabin at Battle City two years ago, was washing glasses and helping about generally.

"Leaving the hurdy-house, after treating and being treated a few times, we strolled down the sights of the place—keno games, dives, negro minstrels, old, dead faro dealers—all run by one, poker games, dice shaking, everything you could think of in full blast.

"A peculiarity of the place that struck me was that it seemed to be always night there—all gas and electric lights, or something of the kind. I asked Texas Jack about it, and he said it was always night, always gaslight; never anything like the old light of the sun. But,' said he, 'ain't that all right?'

"Ain't that good enough? What did you or I, or any of us, care for daylight or it? We didn't need it, we hated it, we let it rip—go to waste, go where it pleased—and we do not miss it here—here we have the only kind of light any of us ever cared for, by-gosh!'

"That is so, Jack,' said I, but, James, I thought of the beautiful light of the sun and the stars, which I used to see sometimes, as it was rising or setting, when I was about as high as a man can be at. Thinking I should never again see the sun either rise or set. It was but a little sigh, James, for I really have not much use for sun or daylight, yet the thing was not comfortable—the thought of being barred out from it was not very agreeable, even when in the full enjoyment of the society of such congenial spirits as Sugar-foot Jake, Hoodoo Brown, Foggy Eddy, Top-stark Wilson, Flea-sky Charley, One-eyed Abe, Old Lame Jess, Long Brown and Jack Magee.

"Presently, as we walked along, we came to a fine, large building, all brilliant with lights, from which came the most delightful music. This they told me, James, was the Fiddlers' Green Varieties, one of the leading theaters of Tophet.

"We were about to enter when along came a man, who cried out: 'Hello, Buttermouth! You here, too?' Turning my gaze on the man who thus familiarly addressed me I beheld Jonnny-Behind-the-Rocks. 'Why, Johnny,' said I, 'how did you come here?'

"'Well, Buttermouth,' said he, 'last week a pistol ball and a man named Pierron sent me here, direct from Vienna, Nevada, and all on account of a little trouble about Banjo Nell.'

"Well, we entered the place and I took a box—took a box, James, to be alone, for my heart was heavy. There was a full dress circle, and on looking about I was astonished at finding so many I knew. There was Cut-mouthed Nell, Short-and-Dirty, Baby Kate, Lop-eared Sal, Pot-lid Jenny, the Big Dipper, Swamp Angel, Quakaline, White-nose Susie, The Tearful, Kate the Squinter, Lobscouse Lize, Low-bridge Betsy, Carpet Stringers and a host of others.

"I had hardly taken my seat in the box till they sent to me as a companion and lonely, James—a black-eyed nymph of the Mohammedan paradise—a beautiful nymph, James. The creature came and sat on my knee. I sent out for some champagne, and it was a good article—I forget the brand, James. I sipped my wine, but I did not enjoy it.

"I was sad, James—sad. Even when the play was in full swing, and the ballet were kicking the highest, I sighed. I felt heart sad!' I can't stand this torture. Let me out of here—I want to go to heaven!'

"What was his reply, James? Said he, with a horrible grin: 'It's too late, vile sinner. You chose your road above, and now must go on here all the same forever.' It was heartless, James. A man like me, too, who never hurt a fly. It went right to my soul, James, and resting my head on the neck of my fair companion I wept aloud—so loud, James, that I awoke and clutched about to see if any one was near. James, drops of perspiration big as marbles stood on my brow, all through the terrors of that dream—big as marbles, James!

"My beard had grown six inches, my clothes were in rags and the rats crawling all over me.

"What's the supposed, James—'

"Hold on, Buttermouth,' cried James Dalbis, 'it is too thin! I have listened with patience to all you have said about the things that have tortured you, and, candidly, I must say it is too thin.'

"James, James, think of me as a nefarious and depraving nature of all the surroundings, and the agony I suffered will not——'

"Too thin, Buttermouth—very gauzy,' said James.

"Ah, James,' sighed Buttermouth, brushing an imaginary tear from his eye, I weep for you, for I see that the punishment I have described have no terrors for you, James. I fear you will go to the bad place. Let us drink to a change of heart in you.'"

OLD DAN DE QUILLE.

In the first issue of the MIDWINTER APPEAL it presented a story by Dan De Quille, one of the quaintest writers on the coast.

He cast his lot on the Comstock in the early days in the great lode, and during the years of the great mining camp's life his name has been a fixture of its literature.

A strange character is this same Dan De Quille. One of the few men the country ever produced who—without a single penny, living or dead—ever made a mark in literature.

The greater portion of his life has been amidst the rust and turmoil of a very lively mining camp, in daily contact with the hardest characters, most of whom he mentions in his "Old Sports' Dream," yet his peculiar surroundings never contaminated the sterling honesty of character or roughened his gentle nature.

He always had access to the innermost Comstock, for he never betrayed a mining secret, and there was never enough money on the Comstock to make him write a line about an ore development which was not true.

From time to time during the Fair his quaint writings will enliven the columns of the APPEAL, calling back memories of those days which poured the wealth of Nevada into the lap of San Francisco.

ORIGIN OF THE MINING CAMP.

As many of the coast papers have given the editor of the APPEAL the credit of originating the '49 Mining Camp, it is but fair to say that the credit of the undertaking and the various suggestions leading to its establishment deserve to be divided among quite a number of people.

Some months ago Billy Armstrong, a prize-fighter, came to the office of the APPEAL in Carson City to get some bright, clean and attractive a mill to was arranging in Reno. The office of the APPEAL is a very dilapidated brick building, one of the oldest in the State. It looks, indeed, like an old '49 ruin. Mr. Armstrong, after completing his business, left the building, and, returning to the middle of the street, gazed at the structure for several minutes and said:

"Why in hell don't you take that old ruin down to the Midwinter Fair and exhibit it as an old '49 newspaper office?"

The remark set the writer to thinking a little, and that day he wrote to Alex Badlam of the executive committee asking what he thought of the idea. In a few days we received a word that the committee had granted a concession to the editor of the APPEAL to build an old typical '49 paper at the Fair. The APPEAL then published a series of articles relative to the proposition, and letters began to pour in from all directions suggesting additional features. The press of the coast took it up and boomed it for a few weeks until the idea became very popular. Meanwhile Mr. James Love, the theatrical manager, wrote to the editor of the APPEAL that he was working on the same idea and had an exhibit in the shape of John Mackay's cabin and other features of a mining camp. Subsequently Mr. Love and Mr. Eugene Hahn scoured the State for old mining cabins and relics and collected a vast quantity of them. They met with nothing but good treatment and encouragement from all sides, and thus the scheme grew daily as it was better understood.

But with all the generous treatment accorded them no one could be found who would back the scheme with capital. Men who were talked with said that as everybody on the coast had been mining camps it would be no novelty, etc.

The idea was broached to people in Nevada to have the State back the exhibit and make it a typical Nevada display, but as everybody who was talked with said such a thing would never pay, the idea was abandoned as far as Nevada capital was concerned. Finally Major Frank McLaughlin, who always has an eye peeled for a good investment, gave the matter a careful consideration and reached the conclusion by cold figuring that there was a big profit in it. He advanced the first money necessary to secure the concession, and the Midwinter Fair committee gave the writer a concession of 150,000 square feet of ground in an out-of-the-way corner at a very cheap rate, as no one else would accept it because of its rough appearance.

Now it happened that the ground covered with trees, underbrush and bowlders was just the place for a '49 Camp. No location on the ground, in fact, could be better.

The '49 Camp Company was then formed, with Major Frank McLaughlin, James Love, Eugene Hahn and S. P. Davis as the principal shareholders, and was duly incorporated. Major McLaughlin advancing the necessary money to place the camp on its feet. An attempt was made to sell some stock, but no one would buy, as everybody argued that the charge of 25 cents admission would keep every one away from such a common everyday attraction.

Well, the rest of the story is already known to the public. On the opening day of the Fair 4000 people paid admission to the camp, 700 to the fandango dance and 500 to the Oro Fino Concert Hall, and it was voted by everybody to be the greatest attraction at the Fair.

On that day the road to the camp was not macadamized and the visitors trudged through the sand to the spot. Old Californians paused with wonder when they saw the realistic production of the camp and the scenic view of Mount Shasta in the background. They saw the old gray-bearded miners working at the flumes, the windlass and bucket in operation, the dance halls and gambling houses in full blast, heard the old songs of other days, the music of the banjos and fiddles of '49 and the tears started in their eyes as the rush of memories recalled the scenes which they had left behind in the buried past.

The scenic effects, the buildings and the whole arrangement of the camp was produced under the supervision of Mr. Love, the general manager, and to him are due the realistic and striking effects which have gone so far to make the camp the favorite resort of the Fair and the best-paying concession on the grounds.

The result is best summed up in the words of the Director-General, who in the camp last Tuesday said:

"We thought for a little time you were joking, but I'm satisfied that this concession will pay the Fair more money on percentage than any other one. It's simply out of sight, it would allow me to use the expression."

REMOVED!

"Domestic" Sewing Machine,
and
Domestic Paper Patterns.

Removed from

POST STREET
TO
1021 Market Street

Between Sixth and Seventh.

DON'T fail to see the "Domestic"
before buying a sewing machine.

RECREATION.

## BY PONY EXPRESS.

### NEWS BROUGHT IN BY OUR CAYUSE.

Jackass Hill, Jan. 1—The new Presbyterian minister James G. Fair arrived at Bill Williams' and preached a glowing sermon, taking for his text the sixth verse of the fourth chapter of Corinthians, which says: "And these things we have I have in a figure transferred to ourselves." He dwelt also upon the advantage of an early Christian education connected with the mining industry. He was introduced to the congregation by Major James Gillis, who took up the collection and wanted to cut him down to 15; hence the row.

Hiram Strother, a Methodist missionary who witnessed the racket says Gillis is the liveliest on his beat, and landed three times in the midst of the preacher's remarks before that dignitary could get his embankment pasted with a Moody & Sankey hymnal, which blow knocked him senseless, after which Fair skinned the stakes and reopened again at 10 o'clock sharp for evening praise service, where he took up the collection himself.

Gillis is now in the rear of Campfire Saloon having his injuries treated by Dr. Blair Lo Amark, the old parish nurse. Fair is destined to become a very popular preacher in this camp if he keeps up his luck.

### PESTERED BY TRAMPS.

Shoofly Gulch, Jan. 4—Yesterday morning a young woman who gave his name as Johnny Mackay arrived in this vicinity in a half starved condition. He had been prospecting for a week and was dead broke. Its a shame to see a man get his like these away when he knows as much about the business as Johnny Mackay does. Old miners say he is the worst prospector on the coast and that he couldn't find a house if he was driving the rotary wagon. The boys were very much afraid he he would become a charge on a collection of $50 was made up for him and he was started for the Pacific Ocean. The camps have been warned about him as he is a dead beat and will never make a dollar as a mining man in a hundred years. He's too slow.

### KICKED OUT OF TOWN.

Ragtown, Jan. 3—Abigail Sutro, a boy fiend in Angel's Camp was in town yesterday on a big jag with Billy Sharon, one of the boys from Bobtail Canyon. They stayed out to the saloons and beat Deputy Sheriff Mike Reese nearly to death. In the evening they attempted to run a gambling house in Lower Ragtown but were thrown out and kicked into Pick-pocket. There is talk of dismissing him and turning the parish over to the plain passer.

### EVANS BRINGS SUIT.

Fresno, Jan. 25—Reel Terry filed complaint in the District Court to-day, suing the Fresno Expositor, on behalf of Chris Evans, for $50,000, on account of slurring remarks made by that paper in reference to his character as a citizen and man of family. Evans remained in town long enough to swear to the complaint and treated Sheriff Scott. Mr. Scott says that had he recognized Evans he would certainly have arrested him.

### A CRAZY SIDERIAL FAKER.

Shirt Tail Canyon, Jan. 4—A college bred young man is trying to start a public school at this point but without success. He was notified to go to work or leave the camp. He had to soak his tele-scope to pay stage fare to Yuba Dam, where he talks of starting an astronomical joint with a kid named Holden for a side boy. He is regarded as slightly cracked in several places.

### VERY COARSE WORK.

The Butte, Jan. 4—There are rumors of a big excitement at Bullwell's Bar and gold is said to be plentiful. The general idea here is that it is a scheme to dupe miners as there is very little probability of any gold being found in that vicinity.

### BOSTON MOURNING.

Boston, Jan. 10—The news of the second defeat of John Sullivan has just reached this city by a man who came in on horseback. It is a great shock to the town.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was addressing the Boston Baked Bean Athenaeum Society, broke down and sobbed when he communicated the news to the club. It adjourned at once. Leading business houses are in mourning and the Boston Globe turned its column rules.

It was rumored last evening that he was knocked out by his wife. The City Council is ready to pass resolutions denouncing her course if the rumor proves true.

The Mayor has ordered all city officials to quit loafing the treasury for ten days and wear crape on their hats out of respect for the deceased.

### A GOOD LESSON.

Coyote Hollow, Jan. 11—Dick Anderson, the restaurant man, was taken out and hung by the High Grub Protective Society for announcing that he would serve regular meals in his hash house from the 21st until further notice at $4.50 per meal, a plate of bean soup to be thrown in with all orders. The regular price heretofore has always been $7 50 for a plain dinner, soup $1 extra. Anderson by his rank liberality threatened to ruin the business of other restaurant men in the camp.

His sudden taking off the earth is looked upon as a good thing by most of the better class of people, who are against low rates.

### WORK FOR THE CORONER.

Bear Hill, Jan. 11—Four miners got into a scrap over a bottle of whisky, and three of them were killed. Broken-tooth Pat, the only one left, has appointed himself administrator of the estate of the deceased, and will auction off their effects next Wednesday.

### WORKED THE PARSON.

Jaytown, Jan. 11—Hiek Mason, the Congregational minister, is being exhausted for insanity by the vestrymen of his parish. It appears that the leading spouse of the choir borrowed the charity fund of 800 ounces of dust and blew it all in on a large time with the sexton. Parson Mason has made up the shortage, but people around town consider him a very tame and worthless theologian to let the sexton have first whack. There is talk of dismissing him and turning the parish over to the plain passer.

### BISMARCK ALL O. K.

Berlin, Jan. 24—Herbert Bismarck entered Berlin to-day and was received with every demonstration of enthusiasm by the people. He went into Norman's saloon and drank 37 glasses of beer in 40 minutes. When the Emperor heard of his feat he was satisfied that Bismarck was his old self, and should call him back at once to take the helm of the Ship of State.

### THE HAWAIIAN SITUATION!

Washington, Jan. 11—A sensation was sprung by Senator Stewart this morning, who alleges that he has discovered private letters from Queen Lilokoolani addressed to Cleveland. They are full of love-sick expressions, and she begs him to leave his family and and flee to the island of St. Helena away from the world. Dan Lamont, who was the confidant of the letters, got on a drunk as soon as he discovered their loss, and it is rumored, handed in his resignation as Private Adviser to King Cleveland. Mrs. Cleveland will not sue for divorce until she establishes the authenticity of the letters. Society in Washington is greatly excited and nothing else is talked of.

Unless the President signs the free silver bill the letters will be published in a few days.

Secretary Gresham said if Grover had ever written any love letters to the Queen he had followed his usual policy and kept very still about it.

### THE HAWAIIAN PORTFOLIO.

Washington, Jan. 25—It was rumored here to-day that King McManus of the Potrero, had been tendered the Portfolio to the Hawaiian islands and had selected John D. Spreckels as his legal advisor. The President declined to be interviewed on the subject.

### REFUSED THE CHANGE.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 20.—Shoe-keepers are wild over the discovery that the President will not take silver in change. Yesterday he walked into Bookwila' cigar store and called for three stogies, laying a $5 note on the counter. The dealer, who happened to have a handful of silver, passed the change over to him in white metal. Grover deliberately turned his back and walked away. The news spread like wildfire and a mob attempted to get into the treasury vaults, where most all the silver is, and get change, so that he could be worked in a similar way again while buying brica-brac and other toys for Baby Ruth.

### NEVADA NEWS.

Reno, Jan. 28—Last evening a delegation of straight-out Republicans, headed by M. D. Foley, Bob Fulton and Allan Bragg, met Senator Jones at the depot and said they were ready if he left the necessary funds with them) to reorganize the Republican party of Nevada and put it on a paying basis. After glaring a few moments at the crowd he sent the porter back with instructions to place his sack in his drawing-room and lock the door. He then rechecked his baggage and proceeded to San Francisco under a guard of Wells-Fargo shotgun messengers, who boarded the train at Palisade. His family were wired at Washington that he passed through all right.

### GROVER TAKES A HAND.

Washington, Feb. 1—It is announced that last night President Cleveland sent a letter to Mr. Corbett by Secretary Gresham tendering him the use of the White House grounds for his coming mill with Jackson. He argues the constitutional aspect of the case to the effect that the District of Columbia is neutral ground under the enabling act of '54, and that the District is certainly under the rule of the President. Secretary Gresham, however, thinks it would be better to select the Senate chamber in case of bad weather, and that the mill under the quiet Marquis of Queensberry regulations would be a pleasant relief from the turbulent scenes enacted during the silver debate. Stewart will oppose the mill until the silver question is definitely settled, and was closeted with some of the Southern Senators last evening. Corbett and Jackson are leary of the offer, as they fear the President intends to job the fight.

### EXCITEMENT IN BOSTON.

Boston, Feb. 2—Last evening a convention of clergymen from all parts of the State of Massachusetts assembled in the City Hall and voted that the Spanish fandango dances at the '49 Camp were demoralizing and not conducive to a faith in the hereafter. A petition to signed asking Manager Love to close the dance house until a delegation of clergymen could arrive and witness the dances personally before making a report. The Board of Brokers in New York indorsed the proceedings.

### BALL FOR EVANS.

Fresno, Feb. 1—A proposition was made before the City Council here last evening to give a grand ball for the benefit of Chris Evans to pay his expenses in getting out of the Fresno jail. When it was proposed to send the proceeds to Mr. Evans via Pat Bigelow of the Examiner the project was abandoned in some haste.

### COLNON ROARS.

Stockton, Feb. 2—Editor Colnon of the Mail is addressing a large mass meeting here this evening on the subject of photographic passes at the Midwinter Fair. He says that when he went to San Francisco a few days ago he was seized by Chief Crowley and four policemen and dragged to Taber's photographic gallery, where he was bound hand and foot and a board tied across his stomach, on which was chalked the number of the cage he was expected to occupy when on exhibition at the Fair in the San Joaquin county building. Over $46,000 was subscribed on the spot to defray the expenses of a committee to go down to the Fair and protest against the outrage, and $1.50 was cash, Mr. Colnon paying it out of his own pocket.

### LIL ON A BENDER.

Honolulu, Feb. 3—Queen Lil painted the town red last night and smashed things generally in the Royal Palace, where she called in the leading American citizens and danced the hula hula until the police broke up the place. She complains on a sick headache this morning.

### IT HIT NEVADA

Virginia City, Nev. Feb. 5—There is great excitement here over the report of a bright light in the heavens in the direction of Candelaria, and a trembling of the earth as if somthing heavy had struck it. It is thought by the leading Republicans here to be John P. Jones' Senatorial sack. Dispatches to the Republican Club at Reno in regard to the matter so far fail to elicit any response. A deadly silence existing party has been sent out to hunt up the locality where it fell. The report that the shock was caused by a meteor is discredited. Local political astronomers from all parts of Nevada are sitting up nights to see if the heavens will be illuminated by the Newland's meteor.

### SOCIETY GOSSIP.

Palo Alto, Feb. 9—Several old women here to-day at a tea party made the announcement that Ben Harrison, a man who recently arrived from Indiana, was visiting the widow Stanford and remaining as late as 9:30 in the evening.

A committee of the old women of the Dorcas Sewing Society waited on Harrison here to-day and asked him if he had any matrimonial designs. He referred them to the National Republican Committee for further information.

### BOLD ROBBERY.

Marysville, Feb. 8—Last evening Dick Reis, a subscription solicitor of the Appeal, was knocked down and robbed of $800, the result of two day's canvassing. He was badly beaten about the head and will be unable to be out for a week. Meanwhile he is receiving cash advertising at the County Hospital.

### LIKE OUR WAY.

Antwerp, Feb. 8—At a special meeting of the Fair Commission to-day it was decided to adopt the San Francisco Fair method of having an official photographer to take the pictures of all male placed on exhibition.

### MENTAL WRECKS.

Sacramento, Feb. 16—The printers who were arrested for stealing type from the News office turn out to be representing a syndicate of newspaper men who desire to start another daily newspaper in Carson City, Nevada. They have been handed over to the Lunacy Commission for treatment.

### FUN AT THE ISLANDS.

Honolulu,—(No date.) John P. Young's humorous book has just arrived here and is finding an immense sale. Queen Lil went into convulsions and fell off the throne after reading the preface. A steamer load of the second edition has been ordered.

### EVANS DISHEARTENED.

Fresno, Feb. 16—Chris Evans returned to his mountain home yesterday where he was entertained by several newspaper reporters. He says he is utterly worn out searching for Sheriff Scott and is thoroughly disheartened at not being able to find him. Evans and Mcrall say that they scoured every ravine hunting for Scott and his posse but could not find trace of them. He is very much humiliated that Scott was smart enough to slide into his cabin when he was away and steal his artificial arm and black cat. People his failure he says he will escape out again in a few days as the Examiner has offered to cancel any reporter's, I. O. U. bills who will find Scott within 80 miles of Chris. If the scribe can hold Scott until Evans arrives ten suits of fine clothing and $1,000 in cash will be added to the prize.

### WASHINGTON AROUSED.

Washington, Feb. 16—There was great excitement here to day over a dispatch telegraphed from San Francisco to the effect that a new paper had made it's appearance, called Mr Ewens Letter, in which the President is charged with mauling the stuffing out of his wife. The White House is closed to interviewers.

### GROVER ON HIS EAR.

Washington, Feb. 20—Mr Ewen's Letter has just reached here, charging the President with being a drunkard and wife beater. He says he hasn't had a row with anybody in his house since the time he was beaten in his second run, as for jags, he hold that he can gin np time he likes. Copies of the paper are still selling rapidly at a dollar apiece.

### THE GRAVE OF CONFUCIUS.

Yuba City, Feb. 24—There is great excitement here to-day over the discovery of a tank which is supposed to contain the body of Confucius. The body is now mummified, in its right hand has a few grains of ancient wheat and a copy of the Alta California. The Chronicle and Examiner have sent reporters to the spot on a special engine.

### A COURIER BEATEN.

Frog Hollow, Feb. 21—A mounted courier arrived here to-day with the news that Corbett and Mitchell had fought it in Florida, and that Mitchell was whipped in ten rounds. A party of English swells thought the story was a monstrous one and beat the courier nearly to death. The facts are expected to reach here for several weeks, as Indians are thick along the plains.

### SCONCHIN GETS IT.

Washington (D. C.), Feb. 25—The President this morning appointed Sconchin Malony agent for the American Bible Society to spread the Gospel in Africa. Mr. Malony, on receipt of the above dispatch, took rooms at the Palace and was serenaded by a brass band led by Steve Gage and W. A. Mills. Col. Irish made a speech, and the entire city were kept up until a late hour.

### GLADSTONE OUT.

London, March 2— Gladstone has actually resigned as Premier. It was not from old age however, as he is all right physically, and cut two cords of wood for Winsor Castle yesterday, and also took Victoria out to a candy pull in the evening. The Queen has wired M. H. De Young to come and take Gladstones place as soon as the Midwinter Fair is over.

### THE SACK ARRIVES.

Reno Nev., March 1—The long expected sack of John P. Jones arrived. Treasurer Coffin was on hand to take charge of it, having come down on a special train from Carson City, Foley and Allen Bragg were also there. It was announced that the sack contained sufficient money to carry the fight for the Senate, but when opened it only contained a few silver speeches and some Populists documents. Coffin fainted on the spot and was carried home in a comatose condition.

### FOUR HANDED DUEL.

New York, March 3— Arrangements are being made for a quadrilateral duel between Bill Cody, Fred May, John Mackay, and Prince Colona. The Madison Square Gardens are bidding for the fight, and tickets are $25 apiece. The idea is for all hands to slide into the ring and begin operations at the drop of the hat. The electric lights will be turned out, and every two minutes they will be flashed up for ten seconds to enable better men to make books. Mackay is to use giant powder and a diamond drill, Cody will select a bowie knife, May a Delmonico toasting fork, and the Prince a macaroni cutter. Mackay is selling highest in the pools. Dick Dyo will handle the box office, and the proceeds will go toward settling Prince Colonas gambling debts, and May's bash bills.

### UNEASY ABOUT GROVER.

Washington, March 1—Great uneasiness is felt here about the whereabouts of the President. He has not been heard of since he went hunting and fishing. A Cabinet meeting has been called to send a relief party after him. Several blood hounds have been engaged on the trail along with Bill Cody and some Indian scouts. Senator Stewart has introduced a bill docking his salary for non-attendance at the White House when Stewart is not.

Later—J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture, reported that he had just received a brace of mallard ducks and a string of chicken by express from the President. The game was exhibited to the populance by hanging in front of the Capitol, and the excitemen has partially subsided. The game is very rank and the Board of Health is now in session.

### A DISCUSTED CONGREGATION.

Hangtown, April 12—Some months ago James Fair the well known preacher was established here as pastor of the First Methodist Church. He soon grew very popular and finally asked for a vacation. He has now been away several weeks and the town is drying up for want of spiritual sprinkling. When his flock found he had been mixed up with Smith the absconding insurance man their faith was shaken. There is talk of suspending him from the pulpit and inviting Max Popper to fill the vacancy.

### A LAWYER HANGED.

Dirty Mans Bar, April 12—A man was caught here yesterday with a fine horse in his possession and he turned out to be a lawyer who had been retained in a case at Marysville and took the horse as fee for legal advice. He had advised the client to jump his bail and took the horse for his fee. He was strung up in front of the Black Jack saloon. When asked if he wanted to say his prayers he said he didn't know any.

### WANT CORBETT.

Boston, Feb. 8—The vestry of the United Presbyterian Church awaited on Jim Corbett to day and asked him if he would occupy the pulpit for a few Sundays in order to get a crowd. The Church is in debt and they are anxious to get some rattling good attraction to help out. Corbett has telegraphed his father for instructions, who insists on the deposit of a forfeit before he puts on the gloves with the devil.

### LIL TO LECTURE.

Honolulu March 1— Queen Lil told an Appeal reporter that she would have her throne restored in short order, and she had sent a Plenipotentiary to Washington who would tell the President that unless the monarchy was restored she would certainly lectrure in the United States, and that Paul Neumann would write the lectures. The President is expected to capitulate when he hears this.

### FOR THE COR.

Paris, March 8—Patti announces that she will give a series of operatic performances for the poor of Paris. She will take 99½ per cent of the gross and give the poor what is left after expenses. The public journals think she has gone crazy in her old age, and in her generosity will squander her fortune.

We would suggest to the parties who are desirous of throwing our type and machinery over the North Drive fence that they take the matter into the courts and settle it. The farce of sending Midwinter Guards to the place about twice a week, is getting a little monotinous and will ultimately result in a guard being hurt. We don't propose to move a single pound of type unless ordered to do so by the legal authorities, and we are ready to litigate to the finish.

THE MINER AND THE SPORT.

## NOTICE TO QUIT.

### The "Appeal" Informed That It Must Not Print Advertisements.

### THE COOLEST PIECE OF ASSURANCE ON RECORD.

The following letter was received last Wednesday at the Midwinter Appeal office. It was not sent through the regular mail or even the jackass mule string which runs between the Camp and the Administration building, but was brought in by a uniformed Janissary of the great Exposition and personally served on the editor. The letter reads as follows:

CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

M. H. De Young,
President and Director-General.
Paul Blackman, Chief.
W. E. Cass, Assistant Chief.
Office of Department of Concessions,)
Festival Hall, Exposition
Grounds, Golden Gate Park.)
San Francisco, February 6, 1894.

Dear Sir: I hereby notify you that you cannot print advertisements in your paper unless you shall receive the written consent of the S. F. Co-operative Printing Company, which has the exclusive right for printing advertisements within the grounds. Yours truly,

Paul Blackman,
Chief of Concessions.

This we regard as about the coolest piece of assurance on record. It means that while the Chronicle, Examiner, Call and other daily papers can be circulated on the grounds with their advertisements the Midwinter Appeal and Journal of '49 must not be.

The man who brought the letter got off the office at once after delivering it, as our subscription yanker was looking for a shotgun. The editor called at the Administration building and found that the parties who run the Co-operative Printing Company had made a concession to print a paper on the grounds, and they had demanded of the committee the ejectment of the Appeal. We further learned that they had paid $2750 for the privilege of printing daily paper on the grounds with advertising monopoly. The Appeal has a concession from the same committee and the concessions clash.

The Appeal was informed that it will have to remove its type, presses and machinery from the '49 Camp at once, and in addition cease printing any advertisements in its columns. The committee was notified that the Appeal would not move a single pound of its machinery from the grounds and would continue to print advertisements as before.

A guard of armed men were at once placed in the office, with instructions to take good care of it. The Appeal will pay any posse of Midwinter Fair guards $100 in cash if they will come into the old '49 log cabin and remove a single pound of type or attempt to stop the running of the press.

In the language of John Phoenix, "We are here to stay."

A post office with private boxes is to be established at the Fair. It is designed more especially for married men whose correspondence is not supposed to be read in the home circle. It might with propriety be called the "Date Exhibit." If the numbers should ever get mixed up the divorce lawyers will reap a harvest.

The big storm of last Thursday filled up the ravines on Mount Shasta, back of the Mining Camp, and all of Tully's mules are reported lost there. It's possible that their bones will not be found until spring.

## MUZZLING THE "APPEAL."

In another column will be found an interesting letter from the Concession Bureau. It is nothing less than a notification to the Appeal that it must quit running advertisements. We have also been notified that we must remove our presses and machinery as soon as possible. We simply give the Bureau of Concessions and the Midwinter Fair Committee public notice that we will not move a single pound of machinery out of the old log cabin, and that we further defy the committee to move it.

We have a concession to publish a '49 newspaper in connection with the Fair and we propose to do so. If any one can show us a '49 newspaper that does not contain advertisements we will bundle our printing outfit away from the Midwinter Fair at once.

As far as the Program are concerned we have no issue with them. They paid a liberal price for what was then considered the exclusive privilege of printing a paper on the Fair grounds and running advertisements. If the committee gave some one else the same privilege it is a matter to be legally adjusted between the committee and the aggrieved concession aires. Now it happens that in all the contracts drawn up between the concessionaires and the committee the latter by a special clause reserves itself of all legal responsibility. If the committee proposes to shift its legal responsibilities on to us they will find themselves "up a stump," so to speak, and the way to get down.

As the Appeal is everywhere regarded as a very excellent advertising medium (and this attempt to muzzle it will result in an augment its value in that direction), any business done by us must necessarily be a detriment to the publication run by the Program Co., a very excellent firm of publishers, with whom the Appeal has no quarrel. The editor of the Appeal also received a concession to run a '49 Mining Camp, and this also carries the right to run a newspaper. At any other type and machinery will continue to remain in the Camp, and we are compelled to decline to move at the order of any committee. The old guns that stood by Fort Sutter in early days are ranged alongside the office and loaded for bear.

If any company of Midwinter Fair Guards want the fun of removing the Midwinter Appeal and Journal of '49 from the Fair grounds they can find the place at any hour of the day or night. Meanwhile advertisers will find a clerk ready to do business with them at our down-town office, No. 429 Montgomery street.

Some years ago some Comstockers concluded to play a joke on a bald-headed man in Gold Hill, and told him that a certain lot of sage-brush leaves would restore his hair to its hairgrow

He boiled up bushels of the leaves, and recommended it to his friends.

The bald-heads tried it all over the State, without suspecting the joke, and finally "The Sage Brush Remedy" for baldness began to be sold at the drug stores and finds a ready sale to this day.

### Fandango Fanny is laid up with the mumps.

This Camp is full of tenderfoot jays who think they can run this paper bet ter than we can.

Yesterday a giant powder cartridge was exploded under one office, probably by some of the Harrey—Spreckels combine hirelings. Beyond blowing a compositor to eternity, that we owed six months back wages to, it did no damage and the paper was out as usual.

### WILD SCENE IN CAMP.

#### Boone's Lion Tries to Buck the Tiger.

Yesterday afternoon about 3 o'clock the editor of the Appeal was surprised to see a large African lion standing beside our editorial table. It quietly reached over for a brace of ducks sent in that morning with the compliments of the Frisco Sporting Club, and swallowing them at a gulp, laid down by the fire.

We felt that if Col. Boone wanted to call on us he should have come in ahead of his card, and to show our disapproval of his methods we hit the beast of the desert over the head with the office towel. It knocked him through the door. We meant no disrespect for the Col., but we had to do something.

The lion then sauntered across the street and strolled into the faro game run by Harvey.

No sooner did he see the picture of the big Bengal tiger over the lookout chair, than he sent forth a roar that could be heard to Sampson's Flat and bounding over the heads of the players, headed straight for the painted counterfeit of Bengal.

He struck the frail boards with a crash, and going through, landed squarely on the red hot stove in Peake's restaurant. After sitting on the hot range until he realized that it was no place for him, he lopped off, the pads on his paws sizzling like fried beefsteaks. He then went back with a bound through the same hole he came in at and landed on the faro table, where Gov. Markham, Col. Fair, Adolph Sutro and Mike de Young were trying to break the bank.

Glaring at Mr. de Young, he seemed to think him responsible in some way for the trouble, and opening his mouth three feet wide, uttered a roar that made the Japanese camp think there was an earthquake. He would have certainly devoured the Director-General had not the Col. Boon stepped in, and with a calm look in his eye and a gentle word of command, reduced the beast to abject submission.

Col. Fair was so disturbed that he hesitated through the door, leaving six dollars on the queen, which he had just won.

The money will be exhibited as one of the curios of the '49 Camp.

### A WILD NIGHT.

#### The '49 Camp and the Streets of Cairo.

Last Saturday night a Prince called at the Camp accompanied by Count Vermont and the Executive Committee.

The Prince and Count were treated just as well as American visitors, and no kick was make by the Miners to the Executive Committee for bringing them in. As a mark of special favor the regular audience was dismissed, the Committee, the Prince, the Count, and a few Barons were then entertained by "La Paloma," the dance has the suggestiveness of the Oriental dance with the grace and dreamy music of Spain. Carmen can dance it to perfection, no Commissioner Lillianthal says—if she has assistance.

The dance brings down the house of course. (Count Vermont then escorted the party over to the Turkish Theatre and turned loose the Wiggle dance. The play opened with champaign for the audience, it made a great hit. Vermont footed the bill, it being his treat.

He said, when in the '49 Camp, that if anybody could show a livlier dance than these Oriental dancers could show he would treat, well—he treated to the extent of about three cases.

Then the curtain rose. A beautiful woman half clad reclined on a bed of roses, green excelsior or something of that kind. In came a bear. The animal and began to sniff all over her. After meditating a while he concluded he had struck a good thing and put both arms around her. She awoke just as two men and a mule came on the stage fighting for the possession of a gun to kill the bear. One of them got the gun and killed the bear, just as he was embracing the lady. Fired with rage she got up, got a sword, and killed the man who had interrupted the bears attentions.

This is considered very funny in Turky and the audience loudly applauded. Then came the stomach dance with about ten Oriental beauties in it. Then the Count set up more wine and there was more dancing. Our sporting reporter says that he got to bed at 4:30 and has asked the mailing clerk not to send this issue to his family

The crowd filed out of the gate singing. Oh the Midway, the Midway.

The Midwy Pleasance, etc.

### BIG INDIAN FIGHT.

#### The Camp Boys Clean Out the Red Skins.

News has just reached this office by our mounted courier that a lot of Indians who have been robbing and killing people at Hangtown near Marysville were rounded up and cleaned out by some miners last Friday. On Sunday Major McLaughlin, Jean Hahn, and Joe Harvey got onto the trail of the red devils at their lair in the mountains. About 4 o'clock in the morning they surprised them in their wickiups and sailed in and killed the whole outfit in short order. The correspondent of the Appeal arrived just too late to take part in the scrap but made a hasty sketch of the scene as the boys deserted it. Had he been an eye witness the picture would have been much more complete. We give it to our readers as near as we can, considering our limited facilities for getting out wood cuts, and our leading engraver on a drunk. Further particulars in our next issue.

### TIME TO ACT.

Last Saturday the Revenue Marine Steamer Corwin came into this port like a locoed horse striking a feed corral. Its presence was the signal for a streak of lightning that had not fully made up its mind just where it intended to strike. It changed its course at least twelve times before landing, and the oldest pilots in the bay got of the way for fear the steamer in its wild steering would knock some of them out.

It was clear to the most casual observer that the captain was drunk. On Sunday morning a man mounted on a wild Mexican mustang charged past the Appeal office at a break-neck pace, just missing being lassoed by our news editor, who was perched on the roof, riata in hand, watching for a chance to bail the Envoy Extraordinary on his way to Washington.

In the old Polk administration when a steamer landed in this section the bearer of important dispatches was in the habit of calling at this office and giving us a chance to inspect them, that the news might be heralded to the world.

In this instance we were given the go-by.

Our regular telegraphic cayuse was up at Slapjack Flat on business or we would have overhauled Cleveland's messenger and made him show up his dispatches.

If there was ever a time when a President was aching to be impeached it is now.

We don't know how the sentiment is in the East, but the way the President is playing in his foreign policy, combined with his method of treating the press, is arousing the American people to a sense of their duty toward the man who usurps the legislative function and tries to sit down on the only palladium of American liberty.

We hereby call on our representatives at Washington to lay the case before the Senate, and don't forget to state in the indictment that the bearer of the dispatches should twice when our news editor threw the lariat. Any little jobs of printing which the Senate needs during the impeachment will be furnished free of cost at this office.

### HE COT THERE.

On Wednesday evening Senator Jones visited the '49 Camp and took in the hurdy house, enjoying every minute of the time spent. He treated the boys, took a turn at the wheel and was simply entranced at the gyrations of the dancers. The appearance of the old silver Senator in camp drew a good many miners out of their holes, some of whom tells this story on Jones:

Once in Placerville he was invited to a ball and his white shirt being in the wash, he appropriated one belonging to J. Owens, a miner in an adjoining cabin. Owens traced up the matter and was very hot when he found his shirt on Jones. He charged him with stealing it and offered to bet Jones $20 that his name was on it.

Jones, who never takes a bluff, put up the money and on the show down sure enough there was the name J. Owens stamped on the shirt.

"Hold on, that's my name," said Jones and he slowly repeated the letters "J-o-w-e-n-s; that's the way I always spell it."

The crowd howled at the clever way the Senator fit on his feet and J. Owens set up the drinks.

Mrs. Burns wife of Manager Burnes of the Oro Fino theatre presented him with a ten pound daughter the other day, then Mrs. Weeks the wife of the piano player came to the front with an eight pound baby. The sign "Don't shoot the piano player, he's doing the best he can," still hangs on the wall.

### A SONG OF HOPE.

There's nothing so bad as it seems, my friend,
There's nothing so bad as it seems;
The ills of to-day
Will soon pass away
To meet you again but in dreams, my friend,
To meet you again but in dreams.

There's nothing so bad as your told, my friend,
There's nothing so bad as your told;
Though empty your purse,
It still might be worse—
You've treasures worth silver and gold, my friend,
You've treasures worth silver and gold.

There's nothing so bad as believed, my friend,
There's nothing so bad as believed;
Though friendships grow cold
As hunger grows bold,
Less you than such friends are deceived, my friend,
Less you than such friends are deceived.

There's nothing so bad as you say, my friend,
There's nothing so bad as you say;
The light of the stars
May greet you through bars—
The sunshine will come with the day, my friend,
The sunshine will come with the day.

There's nothing so bad as you fear, my friend,
There's nothing so bad as you fear;
Though death sunder ties,
And hope even dies,
The sweet smile of comfort is near, my friend,
The sweet smile of comfort is near.

There's nothing so bad as 'tis said, my friend,
There's nothing so bad as 'tis said,
Though heart aches and strife
May last all your life,
Beyond there is peace for the dead, my friend,
Beyond there is peace for the dead.

R. M. Daggett.

### JOSHING JOHN.

A few days ago a Chinaman wandered into Camp, and struck Papa Peaks for the job of sawing his wood.

"Saw one cord, splitty, piley, how much?"

"One dollar hap."

"No piley, how much?"

"One dollar quarter."

"No piley, no splitty, how much?"

"One dollar."

"No splitty, no piley, no sawee, how much?"

"Six bittee."

Then the Chinaman paneed a mom en and began figuring, an expression of disgust passed over his face and he turned away. "See here, you makee me heap damn foolee."

### SERIOUS TRIFLING.

It was a common thing in Virginia City in the early days, for a number of people to get togather and present some public man with a testimonial, in the shape of a gold watch or a silver service. As a rule, the testimonials were presented to people, who could well afford to buy such luxuries, by impecunious persons, who could ill afford to pay even a fractional part of the value. The poor giving to the rich!

Some years ago the Superintendent of ——mine became very popular, and a number of his friends concluded that it would be the correct thing to present him with a gold watch and chain. They raised $300 among the miners who worked under him. The miners did not receive the idea of a testimonial with acclamation, but somehow thought it unwise to refuse to subscribe. The friends of the Superintendent thought it would be well to make the affair as much of a surprise as possible. It was to come off in the office of the mining company, and in order to make the surprise more complete, it was determined to make the presentation as much as possible like an investigation of official corruption up to the moment that the watch should be flashed in sight.

The following note was accordingly sent to the Superintendent by the Jokers:

Mr. ——: Sir—You are ordered to appear in person this evening at the office of the —— Mining Company, at 7:30 o'clock, to answer to certain grave charges which have been made against your official conduct in connection with the superintendency of the mine. Promptness upon your part will greatly facilitate business.

Yours, etc.,

The Trustees.

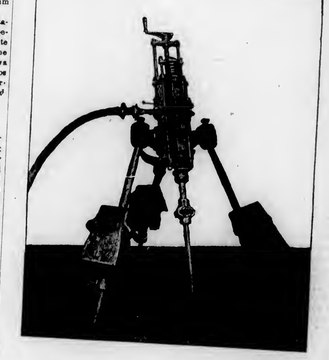
At seven o'clock about a hundred of the Superintendent's friends were on hand to take part in the festivities. Several baskets of wine were in sight, and the party selected to make the presentation speech had a funny one learned by heart. At half-past seven, however, there was no superintendent. Eight o'clock came and he was not there. Half an hour later some friends went to his room to see if he had received the notice.

He had received it, and jumped ten town.

The man who robbed the V. & T. R. R. Company in Carson a few days ago of $3,000, was in Chinatown blowing in his money.


SPECIAL Reduction in Price OF THE

PHŒNIX ROCK DRILL.



| | Price—1893 | Price—1894. |
|---|---|---|
| 3½ Drill | $312.00 | $235.00 |
| 3¼ Drill | $268.00 | $200.00 |
| 2¼ Drill | $200.00 | $170.00 |
| 2-inch Drill | $125.00 | $100.00 |

Most Powerful Rock Drill Known.

A CALIFORNIA INVENTION IN USE FOR OVER EIGHT YEARS.

OWNED AND PATENTED BY

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Dealer in MACHINERY.

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Send For New Catalogue in Either English or Spanish.

ENTRANCE TO THE '49 MINING CAMP.

## STILL ON DECK.

### The Last Break of Our Crazy Deputy Sheriff.

HE DASHES HIS HORSE INTO A SALOON WINDOW AND KILLS A WOMAN

Last week the APPEAL called in the Sheriff of the county to kick Deputy Sprecklis, alias Sugar-foot Dolph, off the force in the interest of law and order, but for some reason which is a mystery to the community he still retains him in the office which he disgraces.

As the result the drunken lunatic killed a woman yesterday under particularly aggravating circumstances.

It appears that there was a case in Lonestown, which consisted of divorce proceedings against the woman who keeps the Ping Saloon, known as Redmond Fanny, who came to this camp with Whipsaw Pete about four years ago. Sugar-foot had the serving of the summons giving notice of the divorce, and came in from Lonestown in the afternoon riding a bronco. He struck the upper end of the camp about 2 o'clock and by 4 was as full as a fiddler and riding his horse up and down the street like a madman, hunting for the Ping Saloon, but too drunk to find it.

He finally learned that the woman was dying in the saloon, where she had been laid up several days with pneumonia. The sudden thought of losing his mileage sobered him up partially, and after a moment's mandlin reflection he rode full tilt at the place and his horse went clean through the window at a break-neck pace.

It was only the work of an instant for the frontier steed, its flanks rent with broken glass, to bound into the woman's room, landing on the frail cot where she was sick, and kicking it over. The terrible shock and fall sent out the last spark of life, and so the poor unfortunate creature, who was an old subscriber to this journal and never harmed a fly, died before the summons could be served. The only redeeming portion of the affair is the fact that the Deputy lost $185 mileage and the lawyer who sent the summons by the Deputy, instead of advertising it on the fourth page of this journal next to pure reading matter, is out and injured. Of course John Sprecklis, who keeps his brother in office to saddle the expense of supporting him on the county, holds that the woman was dead before the horse got in, but nobody believes him, and if the County Commissioners allow the mileage bill it will prove what we have often said, that they are in on the divvy. The next meeting of the board will be watched with interest, and the APPEAL will have a short-hand reporter there to see fair play. Last night the Coroner got his fees on Fannie, and if her relatives find anything left this sheet will publish a long communication for them free of charge.

Our artist, who only got in yesterday from the Skeleton Creek lynching, made a hasty sketch of the Deputy's charge through the window, which is printed for the edification of the taxpayers, to whom we say: "How do you like the picture?"

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JOSHING JOHN.

A few days ago a Chinaman wandered into Camp, and struck Papa Peaks for the job of sawing his wood.

"How one cord, splitty, piley, how much?"

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"No piley, no splitty, how much?"

"One dollar."

"No splitty, no piley, no sawee, how much?"

"Six bittee."

Then the Chinaman passed a moment and began figuring, an expression of disgust passed over his face and he turned away. "See here, you makee me here damn foolee."

## WANTED A JOB.

### A man who will come handy in Jury Cases.

Wednesday the stillness of the court-room was interrupted by the enterence of a man who came in with a shuffling uneasy step, and with his hat in his hand. He halted and leaned against the railing. Nobody took the slightest notice of him, however. At last he took courage and spoke.

"Is Judge Moses in?"

The clerk awoke his Honor.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I'm looking fon a job, your Honor. I've been looking for work over a month."

"There's nothing for you here."

"I thought ye occasionally gave jurymen a job. I don't read the newspapers, and bein' a stranger in Camp I haven't got any prejudices against anybody. A pard of mine wrote to me from Grizzly Flat, last week, and said that the jury business up here was brisk, an' it would pay to come up. As I am a stranger to you, and a little hard up, I'll start in and serve for a case or two at half price till you kin see what I kin do."

"What are your main qualifications?"

"My strong suit is makin' a jury agree. No juries ever get hung if I'm on 'em. I just lay low till they take the first ballot, then jine the majority and argue the rest into it. I can discount any lawyer talking. I can show 'em up points they never inumbied to before. Sometimes I have to use force, but seldom. Once up at Spanish Flat, in a murder case, there was a couple of fellers standin' out agin bangin', and after arguing with 'em as smooth and gentlemanly as I could for over a quarter of an hour, I went for 'em with chairs, an' by the time I'd busted a half a dozen pieces of furniture over 'em they was glad to come in with a verdict of 'Murder in the first degree,' and the feller that was hung not long afterward. In these Justice Courts I can get on a jury, and if you'll just give me a wink as to how you want the case to go, I'll guarantee to fetch in the verdict you want, or not take a cent."

The man was told to drop in again in a day or so, and they would try and make a vacancy for him.

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ANOTHER OLD TIMER GONE.

Billy Bradly was found dead in Cherokee Ravine last Tuesday. Found on him was an empty whisky flask, a bowie knife, pistol, and other prospectors implements. Bradly came to this country from Missouri, and located at Spanish Flat in '49 or '50 he was never certain which. He brought the small-pox with him, and lived several years with a Digger woman who left several children when she was shot in Sluckman's dance house in '64. One of these kids is now acting as roller boy in the APPEAL office, and the other is dealing faro in Lonestown. Bradly killed his brother in '67 at the El Dorado saloon in a row about some money he had borrowed of him. After that Bradly tried to join the Pioneer Society but was blackballed. He took his defeat much to heart, and subsequently put holes in some members of the Society. His death is sincerely mourned by his creditors.

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There was a cloud burst in one of the Shasta ravines yesterday, and Tully's cabbage garden was covered with debris.

The country editor seldom gets anything for what he leaves out of his paper, though he ought often to be paid for his apparant ignorance.—Sunday "Index."

It's the city editor, Jim, who gets paid for this sort of ignorance.

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Old Spanish Pete was buying diamonds at Colonel Andrews for his girl. Since he saw Mrs. Dr. Cool the Dentist, round the Camp with diamonds in her teeth, he insists that Fandango Fannie must have her molders similarly upholstered.

## HIGH-HANDED WORK.

### The Combine Postpones the Election.

OLD MOSES THE TOOL FOR THE DIRTY JOB.

Last Saturday the APPEAL announced that there would be an election in Gold Gulch county to select county officers to-day, but we are compelled to say to the voters that the Harvey-Spreckels combine have postponed the election for a spell in order to mobilize their scattered forces and let the storm of indignation pass over their heads before daring to go to the polls.

The announcement was not made until Friday, and it fell like a thunderbolt upon the miners of the county, who were making all preparations to come into Camp '49 precinct and exercise the prerogatives of American citizenship.

It appears that on Monday last the combine began to realize that the exposures made by the APPEAL of ring methods so alarmed the conspirators that they decided that the only way so win was to get a postponement of the election until the storm blew over. They accordingly filled old Moses up with Spanish Flat whisky and got him to sign an order to the effect that the court had postponed the election until further notice. He quoted Section 4, Article 2 of the Code in support of his right, and so the ring will have a breathing spell for a while until they can "see" enough voters to keep them in power for another year. Already they are promising the voters everything in sight to quiet the feeling in the county, but it don't work worth a cent. The people will lay them out all the worse when the

TULLY'S MULES '49 CAMP

proper time comes, and the APPEAL will guarantee that the truth is known about the ring from this on.

They have already sent to San Francisco for the election tickets instead of having them printed at our office. When people send away for election tickets you can bet that some skullduggery is afoot.

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A PIONEER EDITOR GONE.

The Gold Gulch Banner comes to us with turned rules this week. Bob Squaks the editor is dead. While not as a rule desiring to speak in disparing terms of our contemporaries, we submit to an intelligent constituency that Squaks was an exception to the rule. He didn't drawn a sober breath for years until the hand of death struck his body, and there is no time in the history of his life since old enough to repeat on election day, that his breath wasn't a standing temperence lecture and an antidote for snake bites.

His personal frame got tired of packing around the load of rot-gut that he carried from place to place, and so laid down the burden and Squaks died.

He was a disgrace to pioneer journalism and his sex. We would suggest to his wife that she refrain from squandering good money on widows weeds, and teach the children to forget that they ever had a father. If the family want any funeral invitations printed they can get them at this office free of charge. If such a fancy piece of work should be attempted at the old blacksmith shop which he has passed on the public as a job printing office, they would be easily mistaken for a stud horse poster.

The $28 the deceased owed us on an old poker debt, we cheerfully cancel and present to his widow, who's face wears a smile for the first time in twenty years. Her luck is certainly turning.

## SECTION 4, ARTICLE 2.

In his mandamus order granting the ring gang a postponement of the county election old Judge Moses quoted Section 4, Article 2 of the Code of California.

A reference to the law alluded to shows to what desperate straights the combine have been put.

The law quoted is one providing for the licensing of studhorse poker and chuck-a-luck games.

A man who has hunted up the official records of the county has made another interesting discovery, and that is that old Moses, who hardly ever draws a sober breath, has been out of the printed blanks for marriage licenses for the past four years, and whenever Spanish or Mexican people come to get married he fills out a studhorse poker or chuck-a-luck license and palms it off on them for a regular marriage license, pocketing his fee each time.

These are facts which we are prepared to prove, and we have seen several of these licenses in this section lately. Now it may be somewhat interesting for a number of our leading people to know that they have entered into matrimony and are rearing families under gambling licenses issued by this blundering old ass, who is now the tool of the ring. In fact we know of one man, a foreigner, who got married on a gambling license and is running a monte game under a marriage license at Snooke's Forks, near Bowlder Creek, and been in blissful ignorance of the fact that his marriage is as illegal as his gaming.

These are merely a few samples of the exposures we will make prior to election, and we present affidavits in another column substantiating these charges.

## THE WHIG CONVENTION.

### A Slate Ticket Jammed Through in High Style.

A GENERAL ROW AT THE EL DORADO—A NEW TICKET NOMINATED.

The so-called Whig convention, which met last Monday to name a county ticket, resulted just as the APPEAL predicted. The convention was called to order by old Judge Moses, who was promised the nomination of Justice of the Peace if he would stand in, and it took three men a couple of days to sober him up in order that he would be able to preside.

The first incident was the refusal of the Committee on Credentials to recognise the Bowlder Creek delegation, on the grounds that their credentials were not properly signed, but really because they were known to be dead against the Harvey-Spreckels combine.

When the kick was made the Bowlder Creek men went for their six-shooters and said they had come to stay.

There was an ominous "click-click" in the hall, and the chair said he guessed the Bowlder Creek people were all right.

It made no difference, anyhow. The little band was snowed under when the balloting came. The name of Deputy Spreckels was placed before the convention for Sheriff, and the vote showed the strength of the slate on the first ballot.

Poor old John Boggs, who had worn out his life and fortune in the service of the Whigs, was shelved, and Spreckels, who hasn't drawn a sober breath for two years, was nominated by a vote of 24 to 5. The balloting on all the candidates was the same, showing the whole affair to be cut and dried.

John D. Spreckels was there with plenty of sugar to help his brother, and the boys made his money pack the whole slate.

Jim Love beat Eugene Hahn for Treasurer, William Bunker was named for City Recorder, George Bromley for County Clerk, James Fair for Poundmaster and F. S. Chadbourne School Trustee. Constable, W. R. Hearst; County Commissioners, Alex Badlam, Ned Foster and Jerry Lynch; Justice of the Peace, John Moses. When the ticket was announced the Bowlder Creek people openly charged Harvey and John Spreckels with bulldosing the convention, and Major Doolittle, who was the head of the delegation, smashed a Sucker Flat delegate over the head with a chair. In an instant the contending factions were in a rough and tumble fight and a dozen pistols were whipped out just as the lights were extinguished.

The result was only a few broken heads and right made hideous in the various barrooms about town. When the public learned of the convention's labors there was general indignation manifested all over the county, and several old-time Whigs expressed their determination to quit the party forever.

THE OPPOSITION TICKET.

On Friday the better element joined in a public meeting in the Oro Fino Concert Hall. The editor of the APPEAL called the vast assembly to order and addressed it on the political issues, being frequently interrupted by applause, and after his remarks two new subscribers came to the fore.

The following ticket was named and will go before the people as the "State Rights ticket," its object being to purify and reform politics in Gold Gulch county:

Sheriff, Frank McLaughlin; Treasurer, Eugene Hahn; Recorder, Hugh Hume; County Clerk, James Orndorff; Poundmaster, E. J. Baldwin; School Trustee, J. M. Doolittle; County Commissioners, Peter Dunn, Johnny Farley, Harry Corbett; Justice of the Peace, Judge Joachimsen; Constable, Theo Bonnet.

The convention then adjourned, and the strength of the opposition ticket is everywhere conceded, but the friends of reform are cautioned not to go to sleep, as the other side will spend money like water to carry their point. Meanwhile every move of the nefarious combine will be plastered all over the county in the columns of this journal, the people's friend.

## CAMP JOTS.

Spanish Liz will open a new saloon and ronde game opposite the Sawdust corner on the 20th. The little lady shows good sense in selecting the camp for a place of business.

Our contemporary, the "Blatteroon," announces that Dave Jordan is the man for School Trustee from the First Ward, but as Jordan can't read or write a word of English we hope he will be snowed under by the educated people of this camp.

Saloon keepers are warned against furnishing any of our reportorial staff drinks on tick. If they do so it is at their own risk. If there are any free cocktail routes to be mapped out in this camp, we will personally attend to the matter ourselves.

We were yesterday compelled to decline a saloon advertisement. It's all we can do now to drink up our saloon advertisements and get the paper out regularly every week. A few restaurant ads will be accepted very cheerfully and taken out in trade.

Messrs. Todhunter & Dibble of Nevada county visited the Camp yesterday. It is said that they were run out of Nevada City for trying to introduce four-in-hand neckties in the camp. A live, hustling camp has very little use for these world-be representatives of eastern dude factories.

The County Commissioner who was implicated in cutting down our bill for printing has very generously offered to pay for the same out of his own pocket. This is certainly a handsome act, and we are glad to see that the Commissioner is willing to stand by his record.

The Lonestown delegation attempted to run the Oro Fino Concert Hall after the convention and were thrown in the cooler.

News comes here from Slippery Gulch that the whole precinct is a unit against the bogus Whig ticket nominated last Monday.

Boston Dick, who fell down the Last Chance shaft, was buried on Monday. The Coroner is wearing his six-shooter and undershirt.

Charley Meadows (Arisona Charley), paid the Camp a visit last Tuesday, and said it was out of sight. He reports rich diggings on the north fork of the Feather.

The miserable son of a bachelor who runs the Gold Gulch Banner is out for the State Printership ticket. A gallon of whisky and the return of an old outlawed note was probably the consideration that closed the sale of the paper's influence to the ring. They will have to sober this idiot up two days before election, in order to handle his vote.

Spanish Liz came to the APPEAL office on Sunday and wanted a retraction of the statement that her father was hanged at Calaveras Bend last summer. We declined to make the retraction as we were there at the time and helped hang the old rascal. Since the above was in type her brother called with a gun, and we are convinced that the man hung was another man, possibly some distant relation of our own.

Miss Aggie McLaughlin visited the Camp for the first time last Monday. When she rounded the corner past the dance house she saw the painted representation of Mt. Shasta, and, feeling a cold breeze, supposed it came from the snow and went back to Peake's Hotel to get her furs before going any further. The mistake was natural enough, as the mountain is the most realistic piece of painting at the Fair.

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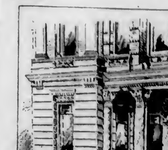
OUR OFFICE BULLDOG.

THE MIDWINTER APPEAL AND JOURNAL OF '49
FOR SALE AT THE OLD LOG CABIN.

## A HANDSOME STRUCTURE.

### The New Home of the San Francisco Savings Union.

One of the handsomest business books in the city is the San Francisco Savings Union Building, on the north side of California street, between Kearney and Montgomery. It has been under construction for about a year, and as completed it certainly enhances the appearance of the street from its architectural beauty, as well as providing, probably, the most convenient office building in the city.



THE NEW BUILDING.

The strong rooms and vaults are so arranged that no one can approach them from either side without being easily seen. Over the banking hall the next four floors are reserved for offices, and for this purpose they offer unusual advantages. Each room is particularly light and airy, the ventilation and heating, as well as the sanitary arrangements, being absolutely perfect. The rooms are furnished in quartered oak; there are stationary washbasins every, where, all the fittings are of heavy nickle plate, and, in a word, there is every comfort and convenience which modern ideas could suggest.

The upper floor has been leased to the Bar Association, and that learned body has as conveniently planned a home as any club in the city.

The provisions against fire are ample, and the elevators are the most rapid in the city. The building is lit throughout by electricity, a storage battery system having been installed by the Pacific Electrical Storage Company. This is a fair example of the policy which guided the building committee throughout the whole course of construction. The first cost of this system is quite a good deal more than the ordinary electric light plant, but when it was found out that a steadier and more reliable light could be obtained, and that a saving which would far more than justify the money invested in the plant could be made by its use, it was decided to install it.

The San Francisco Savings Union is one of the soundest banking institutions which California or the Pacific coast has seen or is ever likely to see. It has been in existence about thirty-two years and has a guaranteed capital fully paid up of $1,000,000, and a reserve fund of considerably over $100,000, which is being considerably added to, and in addition a contingent fund exceeding $400,000. The management is conservative, and its Board of Directors comprise some of the ablest financiers on the coast. In erecting the handsome home, of which cuts are given here, the Directors have done much to enhance the beauty of California street, and whilst providing for their institution promises for the convenient transaction of business, of which the shareholders have much reason to be proud, they have given the business men of the city an opportunity to obtain modern offices in a modern building, with conveniences that are a little short of luxurious.

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## POLITICAL HISTORY.

### Municipal Politics from the Early Days.

San Francisco has enjoyed about ten years of political purity in the administration of her municipal government during her forty-five years of life. That halcyon period immediately followed the effective work of the Vigilance Committee, which organized in 1856, held a ninety-day session, hanged four murderers, banished thirty practical politicians and terrified some eight hundred others into leaving the city without going through the formality of saying good-bye to their friends. Most of the remainder of the time the city has been looted more or less by scoundrels who seek political power for the sole purpose of enriching themselves and their followers. Thus for years the people have been subjected to the control of the worst elements in political life and have suffered all the ills of corrupt municipal government.

The history of San Francisco from 1849 to 1894, including the years from 1856 to 1865, constitute, in short, one long chapter of steadily misapropriation of public money, reckless extravagance and wanton betrayals of public trusts. In 1851 the State and city governments had become little else than organized systems for public plunder. With constitutional power to create a debt not in excess of $200,000 California that year owed $12,000,000. The State Legislature was even then a scoff and a by-word, a reproach to common intelligence, common honesty and common decency. Its members for the most part had been branded as the tools of unscrupulous knaves, who bought and sold them like sheep in the shambles, even as we see done to-day.

An attentive observer of public affairs, F. P. Coon, writing of that epoch and who is quoted quite freely in Bancroft's works (Popular Tribunals, ol. II) says, "Criminals of every shade had influence with the government and the administration of the laws, and petty thieves and vagrants were almost the only ones whose crimes were punished. The entire public press had become subsidized, or overawed, and whosoever raised his pen or his voice against the evils of the times became a marked man."

Ballot box stuffing were the means by which the rogues voted themselves into power. At the charter election, held on the 11th of April, 1853, Harry Meiggs was running for Alderman and carrying everything before him. Finding that Meiggs had a large majority in spite of the crowd of illegal voters brought to the polls to defeat him one Lewis, a waterman on Pacific street, stationed himself near the window, and when the Inspector's back was turned thrust in his hand, seized the ballot-box, and threw it into the street, smashing it in pieces, and scattering the votes irrevocably to the winds.

In the primary election of June, 1851, ruffianism was again dormant. Fighting was kept up with scarcely any intermission and whisky flowed like water. Voters were hustled about by the villainous crowds that surrounded the polls, shots were fired and in some places serious riots occurred. As returns were then made, there was no time fixed within which to declare them. Hence certain wards were kept open until the votes of all the others were known, when whatever tickets were lacking to secure the election of the stuffer's candidate would be thrown into the ballot-box and counted out from it. Of one eminent politician who had been arrested six times for assault and battery and once for murder it is related that while judge of a first-ward election it took him five days to count the votes and arrange the returns to suit him, which work was performed, contrary to law, with closed doors. At the election which followed the Vigilance reform numerous ballot-boxes were patented. Some were of glass and some were of wire. One was claimed to be bullet, brick-bat and burglar proof.

Of course the direct result of these election frauds was that the offices were all filled with venal politicians. An ex-keeper of a gambling hell filled the office of Sheriff. He is said to have paid $100,000 for his nomination. One of his deputies had been a capper at a string-game table. The offices of Judges and Jullers were filled with tools of out-throats who unblushingly piled their trafic upon the most public thoroughfares in open day, and then bet two to one that they would escape punishment.

James P. Casey, who was hanged by the Vigilance Committee for the murder of James King, the editor of the Bulletin, was himself one of the worst of the political bosses of San Francisco. He had served a term in Sing Sing prison for burglary before he came to this coast. He displayed such cunning and skill in political manipulation that he was soon elevated to a high position in one of the corrupt cliques which largely controlled both city and State governments. At the election in 1855 he was returned from the Presidio district to the lucrative office of Supervisor, though at the time he was not a resident of the district, nor was his name mentioned on election day as a candidate. Yankee Sullivan, the Irish prize-lighter, who was a judge of the election, certified that Casey was duly elected and Sullivan had a good double lock-action ballot box, which no one knew how to slide but himself. Of Casey it was said that he sold nominations to the highest bidder, taking money from all; he furnished judges, shoulder-strikers and stuffers on election days; he procured, for a consideration, the passage of fraudulent bills through the board of which he was a member. He was pronounced the most expert ballot-box stuffer and ticket shifter in the world. Officers after office, he placed in power and then shared with them the spoils.

A people's reform party was organized on the evening of August 11, 1856, to continue the work of political purity begun three months before by the Vigilance Committee. Though the Democrats carried the State, the election that year resulted in the victory of the people over the professional politicians, and then followed ten years of good local government.

Under the consolidation act devised by Horace Hawes all the municipal officers were brought down to strict economy and accountability. Its origin was that same dissatisfaction, arising from long-continued indifference, neglect—not to say rascality and criminality—in public affairs, which called into being the Vigilance Committee.

When the new officers came into power the city treasury was bankrupt and scrip had been issued anticipating the revenue for months to come. So narrowly were abuses watched under the new regime that peculation in office went out of fashion. Men positively prided themselves in being honest, efficient, and faithful. Within a year the former signs of desolation in municipal affairs began to disappear. The city's credit was restored; money began to accumulate in the city treasury; bills were paid in cash, confidence was restored and San Francisco entered on a career of unprecedented prosperity. Officers' salaries in 1858, with an infinitely better governed city, were little over one-quarter what they were three years before. The courts, too, were redeemed from the old reproach of inefficiency and partiality, and the administration of justice ceased to be a by-word.

Up to the year 1865 the Peoples' Reform party was very popular. All questions of national politics had been carefully kept out of the reform party. The demagogues, however, about this time succeeded in splitting up the reform party by securing the passage of a resolution by the people's nominating committee to the effect that no person who had not voted for Lincoln and Johnson should be nominated as a candidate for any office.

With the advent of the first transcontinental railroad returned the sway of corrupt politicians. There was more political corruption in San Francisco in 1872 than in 1852. An era of wholesale bribery set in. Legislators were openly bought by the railroad monopolies and county assessors by bankers. Nothing was so notorious as the bribery of boards of supervisors and boards of education. Criminal court trials became and remain every whit as much a farce as when the right honorable Ned McGowan sat upon the bench dispensing justice with a cigar in his mouth, his hat cocked on one side and his feet elevated to a level with his head.

The story of the rise of bossism is still too fresh in the public mind to require any extended reference here. The reign of the "Blind White Devil," as the Chinese called Chris. Buckley, surpassed in infamy the worst abuses of the rule of the outlaws whom the Vigilants drove off the peninsula. The protection of murderers, highwaymen and thieves, of political ruffians and vagabonds of every degree was never more shamelessly shown than when Buckley was supreme. The degradation of the courts never sank to a lower level and justice was openly marketed. Jury bribery was at its height during his time, and we all know about the infamous traffic in public offices which was pursued so industriously that not even a spittoon-cleaner in the city hall could secure a job without putting up his pro rata to swell the coffers of the boss. Though overthrown in some measure by the last election, the taint of bossism still remains in San Francisco threatening to again infect and poison the local political atmosphere.

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DAN BURNS, THE LEADER.

The Baldwin Hotel caucus last week resulted in a signal victory for the Burns forces, and Col. Dan Burns will control Republican politics in this city during the next two years. His elevation to power results in the downfall of the Kelly and Crimmins combine. The party is well worthy of congratulation for this, and the downfall of the Kelly and Crimmins element is a notification to the voters of the city that the work of purification is begun.

Burns entered the fight against them with the pronounced understanding that he was to make some radical changes in political methods and give the voters something of fairness and decency in the management of primaries, conventions and elections. The knowing ones predicted a hard fight against the entrenched forces which had arrayed themselves behind the old Kelly and Crimmins regime, but Burns showed himself a master of the carte and tiree of politics and easily disposed of his opponents.

His assumption of the control brings with it the prestige of a man with a clean political record, and the better element of the party will give him each their hearty congratulation.

He has shown himself fully able to cope with the ring, and bulled as a leader well worthy the party's influence and support, a bluff upon his bugle-horn on election day is worth many thousands of votes to the party.

There was never a time in the history of San Francisco when the necessity of a strong, honest leadership was more apparent. In Mr. Burns are two qualities but rarely found in municipal politics, ability to successfully manage practical politics and still retain public confidence.

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The Hartford, $85, to $105.00
The Falcon, $50, to $100.00
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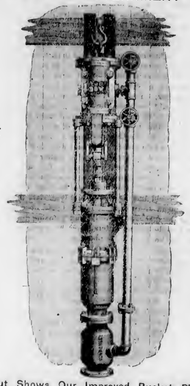

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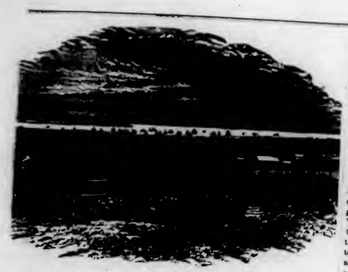


SAN FRANCISCO IN 1836

## EARLY SAN FRANCISCO.

### FIRST FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION IN THE PLACE.

**Other first things—First house built—First child born—First jury trial—etc.**

BY JIM ARMSTRONG.

In May 1836, Mr. Jacob Primer Leese arrived in the Cove of Yerba Buena with the intention of establishing a mercantile business at San Francisco, in partnership with Nathan Spear and W. S. Hinkley, whom were to remain at Monterey and manage the business of the firm there. Mr. Leese brought letters from the Governor of California, Don Marino Chico, to the Alcalde and Commandante of San Francisco, desiring them to render all the assistance in their power in arranging a location and other matters.

Mr. Leese at once fixed on the beach of Yerba Buena Cove for his establishment, but the Mexican Government had the year previous determined to found a town on the Cove.

General Figueroa, then Govenor of California, passed an ordinance forbidding the Commandante of the Presidio of San Francisco to make any grants of land around the Yerba Buena Cove nearer than two hundred varas (about one hundred and eighty five yards) from the beach, without a special order from the Governor, the excluded portion being intended for a reserve for Government uses.

Before any steps could be taken for the survey and laying out of the town, General Figueroa died. The ordinance being still in force however, Mr. Leese could not procure an allotment nearer the beach than the two hundred varas. The Alcalde and Commandante were much pleased that Mr. Leese should come and settle among their people, and at once offered him a choice of two locations, one being at the mouth of Mission Creek and the other at the entrance of the bay, near the Presidio. Mr. Leese, however, had made up his mind on the subject, and partly for his own business convenience, and probably foreseeing the increased future value of sites around the Cove and would accept no other grant but one in that quarter. In this the authorities could not aid him, as Mr. Leese returned to Monterey with his story and complaint to Governor Chico. On explanation the Governor informed him that he would instruct the Alcalde of San Francisco to grant an allotment within the limits of the Government reserve, and in the meantime authorized Mr. Leese to select the most convenient place he could find elsewhere.

Back to Yerba Buena Cove hastened Mr. Leese, and on the first day of July presented to the Alcalde his new letters. On the following day he landed boards and other materials for building, and immediately took possession of a one hundred vara lot adjoining on the south side that on which Captain Richardson's tent was already pitched. Mr. Leese's lot was situated about two hundred and fifty yards from the beach, and is now the spot known as the south west corner of Clay and Dupont streets. Mr. Leese hastened the completion of his building which was finished the same day July 2 d 1836.

THE FIRST FOURTH OF JULY.

When the Independence of America was celebrated in California it was under the directions of Captain Richardson and Mr. Leese. The two houses belonging to these gentlemen were the first erected in Yerba Buena, and formed the beginning of the city of San Francisco. While Mr. Leese was erecting his mansion—which seems to have been rather a grand structure, being made of frame, 60x25 feet—Captain Richardson was proceeding across the bay to Sonoma, where he invited all the principal folks of that quarter to a banquet in the new buildings. Two events, each great in their way, were to be celebrated; first Independence Day, and next the arrival of Mr. Leese in the country, his welcome and house-warming. They made a great day of it. At this time there was lying in the Cove the American bark Don Quixote, commanded by Mr. Leese's partner Captain flinkley, and on board of which there were their goods. There was also another American ship and a Mexican brig. These vessels supplied every bit of colored bunting they could supply. Mr. Leese's hall was decorated in splendid style as a result. Outside the American and Mexican flags floated, the first time the former was displayed on the shores of Yerba Buena.

Captain flinkley seems to have been somewhat extravagant in his passion for music, since he always traveled with a band of music on board. Through this cause the most stylish orchestra ever before heard in California was provided by him. This consisted of a clarionet, flute, violin, drum, fife and bugle, besides two small six-pounders to form the base, and add their emphatic roar to the swelling din, when a toast of more than usual importance was given. These last however, were borrowed from the Presidio.

The feast was prepared, the minstrels met, and the guests began to assemble about three o'clock in the afternoon of the Fourth. They were about sixty in number, and included General M. G. Vallejo and all the principal families from the neighborhood of Sonoma, such as Castro, Martinez, etc., as well as the chief inhabitants of San Francisco. Besides the bedqueting hall Mr. Leese had erected a number of small tents, in which to receive his numerous guests and provide for them comfortably. At five o'clock dinner was served, and immediately afterwards followed the toasts. First of all was given the union of the Mexican and American flags. (How little did the carnival party then dream of the near advent of the sole and absolute away of the Americans in the country.) General Vallejo next paid the honors to "Washington." Then followed appropriate national and individual toasts in their order; but which is needless to particularize. The guests were as happy as mortals could be; and in short, all went merry "as a marriage bell."

The abundance and variety of liquors seemed to tickle the Californians amazingly, one worthy gentleman took a prodigious fancy to lemon syrup, a tumbler full of which he would quaff at every toast. This soon made him sick, and sent him off with the colic, which was all a matter of mirth to the jolly company. By ten o'clock dancing and other amusements held away. The ball was kept hot and rolling all that night, and it appears the following day; for as Mr. Leese observes in his interesting and amusing diary, "Our Fourth ended on the evening of the fifth." Many of the simple minded Indians had gathered about the place while the festivities were going on, and could not contain themselves for joy, but continually exclaimed, "Que buenos son los Americanos!" What capital fellows these Americans are! and dubbless the white gentry thought the same. But let a Yankee alone for knowing his own interests in spending money lavishly.

THE FIRST CHILD, ETC.

In a few days afterward Mr. Leese had concluded the landing of his twelve thousand dollars worth of goods, when he opened his store for business. The gratified guests and all the people around at once flocked to purchase and trade. Business became brisk, and the most satisfactory prices were obtained.

Shortly after this event Mr. Leese, upon a hasty courtship, was married to a sister of General Vallejo; and from this union on the 15th day of April 1838, sprung their eldest child Rosalie Leese, who was the first born in Yerba Buena.

Captain W. A. Richardson was appointed by the Mexican Government the first Harbor Master, in the year 1835, and the same year he erected the first house or description of dwelling in San Francisco. It was simply a large tent, supported on four redwood posts, and covered with a ships fore sail. The Captains occupation those days seems to have been the management of two schooners, one belonging to the Mission of San Francisco, and the other to the Mission of Santa Clara.

THE FIRST JURY TRIAL.

The ship Brooklyn arrived in San Francisco Bay July 31st 1846, with a company of Mormons and other immigrants from New York. On landing at Yerba Buena, they immediately set up their tents among the sand-hills close to the beach. Very soon disputes began to arrise between the Mormon people and their leaders, which ended in an open rupture and secession from their body of several of the principal. Mr. Samuel Brannan, one of the most prominent of the party was accused of many offences as President of the association, and charges made against his manner of handling the funds. This caused the first jury trial ever held in California, in which Mr. Brannan was successful.


BILL OF FARE.

WARD HOUSE, RUSSELL A. MYER, Proprietors.

Thursday, December 27, 1849.

SOUP.

Ox Tail ..... $1.00

FISH.

Baked Trout, White and Anchovy sauce ..... $1.50

ROAST

Beef, ..... $1.00
Lamb, Stuffed, ..... $1.00
Mutton, do. ..... $1.00
Pork, Apple Sauce. ..... $1.00

BOILED.

Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce. ..... $1.00
Corned Beef and Cabbage. ..... $1.00
Ham. ..... $1.00

ENTREES.

Curried Sausage. ..... $1.00
Beef Stewed with Onions. ..... $1.00
Tenderloin Lamb, Green Peas. ..... $1.00
Venison, Port Wine Sauce. ..... $1.00
Kidney, Sauce de Champagne. ..... $1.00

EXTRAS.

Fresh California Eggs—each. ..... $1.00

GAME.

Curlew, roast, or broiled, to order. ..... $3.00

VEGETABLES.

Sweet Potatoes baked, .75
Irish do mashed, .75
Irish do boiled. .75
Cabbage. .75
Squash. .75

PASTRY.

Bread Pudding. $2.00
Mince Pie. $2.00
Apple Pie. $2.00
Brandy Peach. $2.00
Rum Omelette. $2.00
Jelly do. $2.00
Cheese. .50
Stewed Prunes. .50

WINES.

Champagne, per bottle, $5.00
Do. half bottle, $2.00
Pale Sherry. $3.00
Old Madeira. $4.00
Old Port half bottle, $1.75
Claret. $2.00
Champagne Cider, $2.00
Porter. $2.00
Ale. $2.00
Brandy per bottle. $2.00

BREAKFAST.

From 7:30 to 11 o'clock A. M.

DINNER.

From 1:30 to 6 o'clock P. M.

TEA.

From 6:30 to 12 o'clock.

Monson & Valentine Book and Job Printers.


EXIT TULLY'S MULES.

Last week we mentioned the fact that Tully's mules had strayed up in the canyons of Mount Shasta, and were probably lost. Last evening a party of hunters returned from the search and reported that they found the animals dead in a ravine back of Strawberry Flat, where they had been overtaken by an avalanche. The wolves were devouring the bodies and having a regular anniversary banquet. Over sixty wolves were there having a good time, and invitations out for more. The searching party thought it a good idea not to be too fresh at the feast and slid back to Camp.

The picture in the Argus is reproduced from a photograph taken a few days before the mules took their last unfortunate trip.

## CALIFORNIA MINERS ASSOCIATION

### An Organization That Upholds California's Great Industry.

HOON SEET, PRESIDENT OF THE MINERS' ASSOCIATION.

In the old days mining was the chief industry of the Golden State, and while agriculture has followed along with fruit raising and other industries, many people have been disposed to regard mining as a matter of ordinary import-ance because men cannot to-day go up the Feather river and lift out $1,000 nuggets before breakfast.

The war between the northern hydraulickers, and the valley ranchers is gradually nearing an end, as the farmers are beginning to realize that one industry cannot live without the other.

The California Miners' Association has labored arduously and intelligently to bring about this result.

Its officers are as follows:

Hon. J. H. Neff, President; S. K. Thornton, Vice President; J. Sontag, Treasurer; W. C. Ralston, Secretary.

Executive Committee: Hon. J. H. Neff, Placer county, Chairman; Felix Chappellet, J. T. Bradley, Alameda county; E. C. Voorhies, J. F. Parks, Amador; Frank McLaughlin, A. Eckman, Butte; S. Poorman, E. Taylor, Calaveras; G. W. Cummings, J. J. Crawford, El Dorado; J. S. McBride, A. Treglio, Nevada, J. R. Boditte, Charles F. Hoffman, Placer; W. N. Goodman, W. W. Kellogg, Plumas; John C. Coleman, S. K. Thornton, San Francisco; J. E. Lyon, A. R. Paul, Shasta; Ban T. Cole, Frank R. Weber, Sierra; H. H. Campbell, Andrew B. Myers, Siskiyou; John McMurray, O. M. Loveridge, Trinity; W. B. Meek, James O'Brien, Yuba. At Large—Chas. G. Yale, C. W. Cross, Henry Pelsoir, S. J. Hendy, S. B. Christy, R. McMurray, Edward Coleman, E. A. Belcher, A. J. Ralston; R. F. Dunham, W. W. Montague, A. S. Hallidie, John Bermingham, Thomas R. Church, Tirey L. Ford.

Committee on Finance: S. K. Thornton, W. W. Montague, B. F. Dunham, S. J. Hendy, Edward Coleman.

Auditing Committee: W. W. Montague, R. F. Dunham, Dan T. Cole.

Committee on Legislation: Tirey L. Ford, E. A. Belcher, Charles G. Yale.

Jacob Neff is the President of the Miners' Association. He has grown gray in the service of mining and enjoys the regard of every man on the coast who has ever delved for gold. He was until recently regarded as one of the most formidable candidates for Governor on the Republican ticket. It was regarded that the nomination would be a fitting recognition of his services for the State's leading industry, but on the advice of his physician he declined not to allow his name to be used in connection with politics. Many regard that the honor of being President of the Association could not be enhanced by a seat in the Gubernatorial chair. In all the State there is no old settler better thought of or more thoroughly beloved than "Old Jake Neff."

AN INDOMITABLE MINER.

Without doubt one of the greatest mining engineers in the world is Adolph Sutro. His seal is a miner, working with a pick and shovel, and his motto, "Labor conquers all things."

Years ago he was hanging about Virginia City, with a scheme then considered utterly worthless—of running a tunnel eight miles long into the Comstock to drain the mines.

He was poor and seedy and regarded as a fitting cheerful in the head, so to get rid of him the mining companies signed his contract. He disappeared for a time and then came back with several millions in his pocket.

His contract had been made the basis of a loan with McCalister Brothers of Scotland. This contract called for a royalty of $2 a ton for every ton of ore mined on the Comstock, after his tunnel reached the 2,000-foot level.

He began the tremendous task of running the tunnel in 1864 and it took fourteen years to penetrate eight miles of solid rock.

As he neared the Comstock the big corporations who would have to pay him royalty became alarmed, and the lawyers were set to work to examine the contract, which was pronounced iron-clad and copper monneed. The "forces" who had so long ruled the coast began to squirm. They tried to pass a law in Congress annulling the contract. For several sessions Sutro single-handed fought the most powerful combine that ever existed on this coast. It was the hardest battle ever waged in Congress, and here the man's wonderful fighting qualities showed to the best advantage.

In Nevada he had been nick-named "The Old Assyrian," and after he had routed his adversaries he was willing that the name should stick to him as it still does.

After that he was offered seven millions for the tunnel by the Comstock mine owners, for they began to realize that his judgment was good, as it saved large sums of money heretofore spent in pumping. It was really a benefit to the very men who through short-sightedness had fought the scheme.

He refused and set his price at ten millions.

After wards he asked the people of Nevada to send him to the United States Senate. They turned him down, and, as a result, he left Nevada and took his capital with him.

The millions he is now spending in California he would have spent in the eagle-rush state had he there received the political honors he asked. The thinking people of the State admit that it was a short-sighted policy to have turned down a man of such enterprise and liberality.

He has lately pitched his castor into the ring with the Southern Pacific, and the public are watching the outcome with great interest.

Without venturing to predict the outcome, we can say that whenever Sutro has a "fight" the cry of fake is never raised afterward.

HON C. W. CROSS.

The name of C. W. Cross is always thought of in connection with mining litigation. He is the attorney of the Miners' Association and his practical knowledge of mines and the geology of mining makes him almost invaluable in mining cases. Woe to the witness of the opposition who makes a slip when Cross is examining him, for he will go down under Cross like a Cornish wrestler who has put the wrong leg forward at the critical moment.

Cross has done very effective work for the mining industry in the Legislature. He is an eloquent and logical speaker, and knows just when to use logic to the best advantage.

W. C. Ralston, the son of Walter Ralston, whose name will always be linked with the financial history of the coast, is the Secretary of the Association. His office is in the Mills building, and the visitor will always find him busy, but never too busy to find him receiving anybody—no matter what his business may be—except with the utmost courtesy and politeness.

James Flood, whose father made such a fortune in the strike in the Bonanza days, is another man who is connected with many mining enterprises. He has his father's activity and push and has kept a great deal of money in circulation with schemes which found a good financial return. He has the name of being one of the most enterprising capitalists on the Pacific coast.


A. P. HOTALING AND CO.

ESTABLISHED 1852.

429—437 JACKSON STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers OF Wines and Liquors.

ALL MINERS DRINK J. H. CUTTER WHISKEY.

FOR SALE AT THE '49 CAMP BY PAPA PEAKES.

THE HOTALING J. H. CUTTER WHISKIES.

Certified As The Best In The Market.

READ THE FOLLOWING DIRECT AND POSITIVE STATEMENT OF THEIR ABSOLUTE PURITY, MADE BY AN ANALYTICAL CHEMIST OF THE HIGHEST STANDING.

Government Rooms. Nos. 48 & 49 Montgomery Block.
San Francisscco Cal., Feb 15th. 1893.
A. P. HOTALING & COMPANY.
NO. 529 - 537 Jackson St. San Francisco.

Gentlemen:

I have carefully examined by chemical analysis, samples of your J. H. CUTTER WHISKIES purchased in open market, and find therein no deleterious ingredients whatever-No fusel oil, No mineral acids, nor vegetable durgs. The whiskies are absolutely pure. Further I can state that, for this reason they are of greater medicinal efficacy than any of the alleged fine American whiskies sold in this city.

C. A. OGDEN.
Analytical Chemist.


## MINNIE COMES IN.

### She Enters the Race With a Good Start.

Last week the friends of Minnie, the beautiful blond at Peakes Beanery, made a combine and started rustling for votes for the favorite waiter girl.

They landed the starter well in the race, and now she will go backed to win. The vote now stands:

| | |
|---|---|
| Carmen | 175. |
| Spanish Puss | 167. |
| Flossie Brown | 159. |
| Minnie | 144. |
| Trixey | 86. |

The race grows interesting, and it is anybodys race. The Harvey men are backing Minnie as a hot favorite

Favorite Girl in '49 Camp.

Name

Fill out the blank.


W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

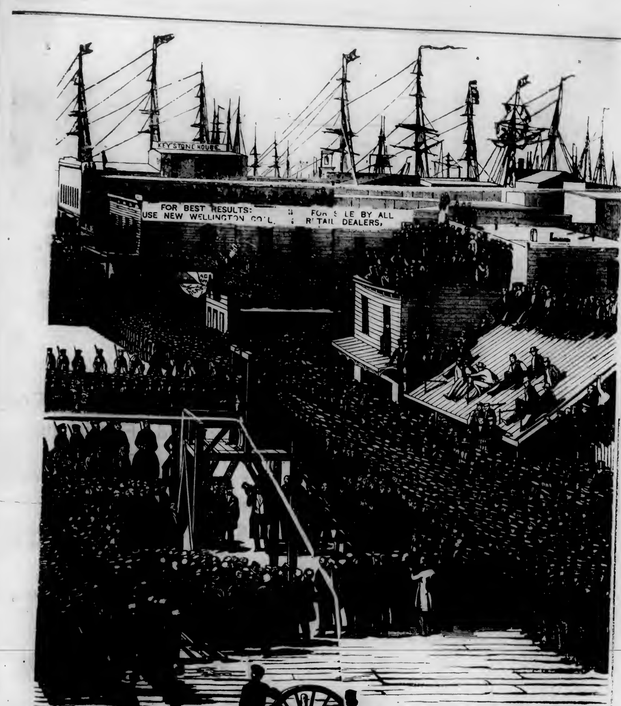
IRON PIPE

Riveted

Iron Or Steel Water Pipe. For Mining, Irrigation, Or Power Plants.

Iron Cut, Punched, and Formed For Making Pipe on the Ground Where Required.

309 to 317 Market Street
SAN FRANCISCO CAL.


THE HANGING OF BRACE AND HETHERINGTON JULY 29th 1856.

## THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

### SOMETHING OF ITS HISTORY

#### THE HANGING OF CASEY AND CORA. BRACE AND HETHERINGTON.

The San Francisco Vigilance Committee was organized in 1856. Its object was to sustain law and order. It claimed that the courts were indequate to protect citizens or prevent crime. In spite of its object the Committee contained many shady characters, who joined to escape the lynch laws of the organization.

The Executive Committee, forty-one in number, was composed in membership: William T. Coleman, James Dows, Thomas J. L. Smiley, John P. Monrow, Charles Doane, James N. Olney, Isaac Bluxome, Jr., William Meyers, Charles Lodlow, ——— Christler, Richard M. Jessup, Charles J. Dempster, George R. Ward, E. F. Flint, Wm. Rogers, Anaron M. Burns, Miers F. Truitt, W. H. Tillinghast, W. Arrington, Charles L. Case, J. D. Farwell, W. T. Thompson, Eugene Dellesert, J. K. Osgood, J. W. Britton, Jules David, C. V. Gillespie, Calvin Nutting, E. S. Gorham, N. O. Arrington, F. W. Page, O. B. Gray, L. Bessange, J. Tubbs, Emile Grisar, E. B. Goddard, Henry M. Hale, Charles Ludlow, M. J. Burke, J. H. Fish, C. P. Hutchings, J. Seligman.

W. T. Coleman was President, Thomas J. L. Smiley, Vice-President and Prosecuting Attorney, John P. Morrow, Judge Associate; James Dows, Treasurer; Wm. Meyer, Deputy Treasurer; Isaac Bluxome, Jr.—the notorious "33"—Secretary. Charles Doane was Grand Marshal, James N. Olney, Deputy Grand Marshal; R. T. Wallace was Chief of Police, John L. Durkee, Deputy Chief.

The military organization of the Vigilance Committee, rank and file, numbered nearly 5,000 men. Several of the Executive Committee were alien residents who never became citizens; and in the Committee, serving as troops, as police, and in other lines, were a large number of aliens, not naturalized, many of whom had not acquired sufficient proficiency in the English language to speak it or to understand it. The military body comprised four regiments—infantry and artillery—together with battalions of cavalry, pistol companies and guards of citizens. A medical staff was duly organized.

On November 19, 1855, General Richardson, United States Marshal, was shot by Charles Cora, a gambler, on the south side of Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearney streets. Cora was a gambler, yet he did not look the character. He was a low-sized, well formed man; dressed in genteel manner, was reserved and quiet in his demeanor, and his manners and conversation were those of a gentleman.

Richardson, it is claimed by Cora's friends, followed him to make him apologize for an insult, and was approaching him with a derringer in each pocket when Cora fired.

There were not many on Clay street, near the fatal scene, at that hour, but the discharge of Cora's pistol soon brought several to the spot. Richardson's body was carried through the side-entrance on Clay street, into the drug store then on that corner of Montgomery street, and there hundreds classed it. Cora was taken in charge. Dave Scannell was Sheriff. That excitement over, the feeling increased every hour, and many urged the summary hanging of Cora. Scannell had duly prepared for all this, and order was preserved, although several hundred men formed in line and proceeded to the County Jail to force their way in, seize Cora and hang him forthwith.

Bella Cora, a notorious woman, with whom Cora lived, spent money like water to save him, and gave Colonel Baker $5,000 to appear in the case.

Notwithstanding all the feeling against Cora, the popular unrelenting prejudice, and the great preponderance of the foremost legal minds in the San Francisco Bar, to his prosecution, Alex. Campbell, General Williams and Colonel Sam. Inge, U. S. District Attorney, to assist the public prosecutor, the jury disagreed, verdict of guilty of murder were three Front street merchants and others of equal high standing in the community. Cora was held for another trial, and it was while awaiting this that he was seized by the Vigilence Committee, taken to their rooms and hanged.

May 14, 1856, between 4 and 5 o'clock, afternoon, James P. Casey shot James King of William on Montgomery street, at the corner of Washington. He fired only one shot. King was facing Casey as he fired; he immediately staggered and fell. A crowd gathered in a very few moments. Casey was taken into custody and Sheriff Scannell hastened him to the county jail in a hack. The excited crowd followed and clamored for his life; they wanted to hang him at once. Then followed the organization of the Vigilence Committee, mainly directed by members of the committee of '51. An Executive Committee of forty-one members composed the head and governing branch; a military and patrolling department was organized, duly officered. The rank and file in a few days numbered between 6,000 and 6,000 men, armed, drilled and disciplined. The second floor of the Truitt brick block, southeast corner of Front and Sacramento streets, embracing half a dozen stores below, was made the Committee headquarters. All around in front of the block, nearly to the middle of the street, gunny bags filled with sand were piled five feet high, and two pieces of artillery were mounted at the ends, for offensive and defensive purposes. The name of "Fort Gunny Bags" was given to it. Guards were constantly on duty inside the fort and at the two narrow passageways to the doors on the lower floor, from which the stairs led up to the rooms occupied by the Committee. At the doors, at the foot of the stairs, midwayon the steps, at the foot of each flight, before every door to every room, and in the passages which led to the different rooms, guards were stationed, with muskets loaded and bayonets fixed. Fort Gunny Bags was garrisoned in time of active war. A very large triangle was hung from the roof of the block occupied by the Committee to sound the signal call to duty of every member, at anytime of day or night; also a bell contributed from Monumental Fire Engine Company, whose leader was George Hossefros, (ex-Chief of the Fire Department). The Executive Committee, Court hall and rooms, the rooms of the officers, the rooms for the guards, and the small, close, cramped cells for the prisoners, were all upon the second floor—the upper floor of the block. The entire place was thoroughly guarded.

Casey shot King Wednesday afternoon, May 14th. After the organization of the Vigilance Committee, a number of prominent citizens who were opposed to every movement of that kind and believed in due obedience to the law and in submission to the constituted authorities under every circumstance, likewise organized under the title of the Law and Order Association. Impulse was given to the movement by an unlooked for incident. The Daily Herald had been for four years annually voted by the guild of auctioneers the auction advertisements, which filled one whole page of the paper. John Nugent was owner and editor. He had approved and published the Vigilence Committee of 1851 in the Herald. It was expected that he would approve the Committee just organized. He adopted the contrary course. The Herald denounced the Committee in strong terms. The merchants had generally approved and joined the Committee. That morning every copy of the Herald was gathered, a pile of the papers made on Front street, and burned. It was the significant rebuke which the merchants made; but they did not stop at that, they erased their names from the carriers' lists. Thousands of other citizens did the same. That morning the Herald was a sheet of forty columns, with the largest advertising patronage and largest circulation of any daily newspaper in San Francisco. The next morning it appeared, a small sheet, not much larger than a sheet of foolscap of twenty-four columns.

May 22d, the day of King's funeral, while the immense procession was passing through Montgomery street Casey and Cora were hanged. Two projecting beams had been rigged from the roof of the building on Sacramento street, occupied by the Committee, for the purpose. Out of two of the windows of the second story, immediately under these beams two stout planks, sixteen inches wide, were extended over the street to an equal distance. At the outer end of each plank, on the under side, were stout hinges connecting the traps upon which the two men were placed, with the ropes about their necks, suspended from the beams. Two other ropes held the traps even with the planks. The two men were led out upon the traps. Permission was given them to speak their last words. Casey availed himself of the privilege and spoke a few minutes in a clear loud voice, in somewhat excited manner, denying his guilt of murder and vindicating his action. Cora stood all the while as motionless as a statue. Not a tremor or quiver was perceptible. The white cap covered his head and face to below the chin. At the conclusion of Casey's brief speech the cap was drawn over his face, and as the hangman pulled it down he whispered something in his ear that made the doomed man start as if to break the bonds which held his arms. In an instant the signal was given, the traps sprung by the two men on the roof cutting the ropes which held them, and Casey and Cora were launched for the death to quickly come. Casey struggled for a few moments; Cora showed no signs of pain or life. After death the bodies were cut down, and shortly afterward were delivered to friends who had provided for their burial. The hangman of Casey was Sterling Hopkins, a notorious character, with whom Casey once had a difficulty. He had begged the Committee to officiate in the event of Casey's condemnation to death by the rope, and the whispered words he hissed in Casey's ear, as he subsequently boasted, were of exhilaration over his opportunity of revenge, and of brutish import respecting the powerless victim. Casey had been foreman of Crescent Engine Company, No. 10, located on Pacific street, below Front. Cora's remains were given quiet interment. The Sunday following the execution Casey was buried. A very large procession followed his remains to the Mission Dolores Cemetery, in which a monument was in due time erected to his memory. Upon it is inscribed the manner of his death.

The next who suffered death at the Committee were Brace and Hetherington. Hetherington was an Englishman, a man of considerable wealth. He was six feet statue, of heavy form, strong in muscular power, equally so in will and purpose; and he was overbearing in nature, and violent in his passions.

In a difficulty over a lot toward North Beach, a few years before, he had shot dead Dr. Baldwin, who had located upon it and claimed it as his own. He was acquitted. Hetherington had had money transactions with Dr. Randall, formerly Collector of Monterey. He had loaned a large sum of money to Randall, which Randall seemed indisposed to pay. There was some irregularity in the note or the mortgage bond. Randall contended that these were made at the instance of Hetherington himself and insisted upon the theory that no man could take advantage of a fault of his own, consequently insomuch as the fault was Hetherington's, he was therefore absolved from the payment of the note. One afternoon in the St. Nicholas hotel on Sansome street, Hetherington accosted Randall and abruptly demanded the payment of the note. Randall responded evasively. Hetherington's choler rose, and he came upon Randall in a threatening manner. Randall ran behind the office small counter. Hetherington pursued him, caught him by his long board, and threw him to the floor. As Randall rose, Hetherington drew his pistol and fired. The shot was instantly fatal. In brief time, Hetherington was arrested by an officer of the law. A force of vigilance officers demanded his surrender, took him and hurried him to the Committee rooms.

Brace was a young man, almost a boy. He had killed a man miles away from the city, but within the county. The Committee condemned him, as well as Hetherington. Notice was publicly given that the two would be hanged the afternoon of July 29th. The gallows was erected on a vacant half block on Front street, between California and Sacramento streets, west side. It was at least twenty feet high, with a ladder from the ground to the platform. From the top cross-beam dangled the ropes. The platform afforded standing room for half a dozen men. A large crowd had gathered to witness the execution.

The condemned men were brought to the place under strong guard. Brace mounted the scaffold with quick steps; Hetherington with composure. The lanneman named Dixon, was dressed in a long black gown; a black hood completely concealed his face; a clergyman, and two or three of the Vigilance officers or guard followed. A strong guard under arms was stationed at the foot of the gallows. Permission was given the two to say anything they wished: Brace broke forth in a loud, coarse, profane and obscene, and danced about like one demented. The clergyman felt obliged to stop his blasphemous harangue—by cramming his handkerchief in his mouth. He broke away nevertheless, and again poured forth a tirade, declaring he was being murdered. At length he became exhausted and ceased speaking. All this time—and for fully five minutes—Hetherington stood composed and with a dignified calm, looking down upon the immense crowd, occasionally glancing at Brace, who was at his right, and manifested horror at his ravings. When Brace became silent he spoke. His manner was deliberate and his voice clear, low and firm. He protested against the action of the Committee in his case; in taking his life they were more guilty of murder than he; for it was in violation of the law, for the death to quickly come. Casey struggled for a few moments; Cora showed no signs of pain or life. After death the bodies were cut down, and shortly afterward were delivered to friends who had provided for their burial. The hangman of Casey was Sterling Hopkins, a notorious character, with whom Casey once had a difficulty. He had begged the Committee to officiate in the event of Casey's condemnation to death by the rope, and the whispered words he hissed in Casey's ear, as he subsequently boasted, were of exhilaration over his opportunity of revenge, and of brutish import respecting the powerless victim. Casey had been foreman of Crescent Engine Company, No. 10, located on Pacific street, below Front. Cora's remains were given quiet interment. The Sunday following the execution Casey was buried. A very large procession followed his remains to the Mission Dolores Cemetery, in which a monument was in due time erected to his memory. Upon it is inscribed the manner of his death.

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DEATH OF JOUAQUIN MURIETA

"The Marauder of the Mines."

On May 17, 1853, a law passed the California Senate and was signed by the governor, giving Captain Harry Love authority to form a company of "Mounted riflemen, with whom he could scour the country and clear it of all the wretches, known as Joaquin Murieta and his band of outlaws." On May 28, 1853, Harry Love had his troop mustered in. The pay was $150 per month to each man, the company to have three months existence, and no more than twenty men to be the number of the company. Each trooper had to furnish his own horse, equipments and supplies. Captain Love had picked his men from comrades in the Texan and Mexican wars. Their names were Colonel Mc Lane, Major W. H. Harvey, Captain P. F. Conner, Captain W. Burns, Lieutenant George B. Mitsell, Doctor H. S. Hildreth, Thomas Nuttall, C. F. Bloodworth, G. W. Evans, H. S. Henderson, C. W. McGown, Robert Masters, Lafayette Black, the Hon. P. B. Herbert, L. B. Doran, Pingott Norton and Charles Young.

The company set out from San Francisco. The first thing Love set about doing was to gain complete knowledge of the enemy's movements, his last halting place, his freshest tracks, so that he might fall upon him at the moment when a foe was least expected, and in a place which would be most favorable to him. In the commencement of July Murieta took fifty head of horses from the ranche of Don Andreas Rico, at San Fernando, Los Angeles county. Then he crossed into Santa Barbara county and traversed the highest sea coast ground to Santa Inés, whence he could easily go down into the Solar valley. Acting upon secret intelligence, given as certain, of the presence of the arch-robbers in this district, Captain Love moved hitherward with a dozen men, while the rest brightened their horses' shoes in other places. On crossing the Solar Plains, he perceived at day-break a patch of smoke over on the left. He turned that way and cautiously proceeded towards the smoke. First he only saw a few horses hidden five hundred yards or so from the fire, but on drawing nearer and ascending a low bottle he discovered on another mound the Mexican chief of marauders in person and only six of his men. One of the latter, who was cooking a meal, gave the alarm, when the Americans were within a hundred yards of the camp. The savages rushed to horse, while on spurred the rangers, who made prisoners of two of the former in the onset. Joaquin had scrambled on his steed and was fleeing with such rapidity that he had a likelihood of escape, but Love, finding him nearly out of range, hastily put a bullet in his horse's side. The noble animal shuddered for a moment, but recovering the ardor again in spite of the wound, bounded on again more impetuously than ever, for at least fifty yards, when down dropped the poor beast. The rider shook off the stirrups and began to run, but seeing Captain Love and one of his men thundering down upon him, he turned and discharged the last two loads in his six-shooter. At the same time a shower of bullets flew around him and he fell. He begged his captors to "fire no more." He pressed his left hand against his breast, leaned on his other arm and died. Love's men had only one object in view now—the obtaining of the various rewards offered throughout the State to the capture and slayers of the notorious murderer and marauder. The public, of course, had to be furnished with proofs of the facts, otherwise it would never have been believed that the famous cut-throat Joaquin had been killed. So Captain Love gave the order for Murieta's head to be cut off and carried to the nearest town and preserved in spirits. On August 14, 1853, Messrs. Black and Nuttall reached San Francisco from Stockton, bearing the head of the marauder. The head was on exhibition in order that the people see and judge for themselves. Then ran the placard:

JOUAQUIN'S HEAD

Can Be Seen at "King's," Corner of Halleck and Sansome Streets, Opposite the American Theater.

ADMISSION ..... 50c. [illegible]

Among the numerous guarantees and certificates is the following:

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
UNITED STATES,
County of San Francisco.

Ignatz Lagarrigue, of ..... after being duly sworn, declares that he has seen the embalmed head of Joaquin Murieta, now in the hands of Messrs. Black and Nuttall, proprietors of Captain Love's Independent company, which head is exhibited on the premises of John King, Sansome street, and that he knows it to be Joaquin Murieta, and knows that the aforesaid head is truly and truly that of Joaquin Murieta.

Signature ..... IGNATZ LAGARRIGUE.

Sworn before me this 12th day of August, 1853. ..... Charles D. Carter,
Notary Public.

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN.

A Widely Known, Safe and Influential Bank.

Men who have devoted their lives to banking and who take a pride in the institution they control can usually anticipate financial trouble, and when it comes the bank is ready and stands firm. This is the case with the Anglo-Californian Bank of San Francisco. Founded by Californian and English banking men in 1873, it has done a conservative business, growing in strength and influence year by year. Its foreign connections have proved very valuable and it has thus been able to benefit Californian interests in many ways. It is a commercial bank doing a local commercial and foreign exchange business and shipping large quantities of bullion to China, India and other countries.

The bank succeeded L. Seligman & Co. Its directors are Isaac Seligman, J. Solay Montefiore, residuary legatee and sole executor of Sir Moses Montefiore, L. Leshington, Right Honorable H. H. Fowler, M. P., and L. Simon, managing director and chief executive officer. The local managers are I. Steinhart and Philip N. Lilienthal. The bank's fine premises are on the northeast corner of Pine and Sansome streets.

An Open Letter.

DEAR READER: We have established an enterprise in a line already met with phenomenal success. The same business is now in operation in New York, London and other large and fashionable cities. We believe it will interest you.

Stated briefly, we engage to keep in order a patron's entire wardrobe of outer wearing apparel, by regular cleaning, stretching pressing, cleaning and ironing the various garments, which compensates as well such slight incidental repairs as may be necessary to maintain that well-groomed appearance so requisite to a gentleman's self-approval.

Our wagons collect and deliver orders at regular intervals, or as frequently required free of charge.

For the entire service we make a special rate of $1.50 per month. We sincerely could afford the rate upon any other terms. At the same time, were prepared to do all manner of tailoring, renovating, scouring, cleaning, dying, etc., of any garment, including linen, underwear, hosiery, headgear, footwear, and so forth, at about one-half the prices now current about town.

Our establishment is complete. None but skilled workmen are employed. A thorough cutter and tailor supervises the workrooms. Each garment is rigidly inspected, and we guarantee satisfaction in all matters.

Kindly glance at the subjoined list. It contains the names of a few of our patrons. Trusting that you may appreciate some of the conveniences offered, we remain, Respectfully,

THE WARDROBE REPOSITORY,
124 Stockton street.

Telephone No. 1492, San Francisco, California.

References—
Colonel F. S. Chalbourne, Harbor Commissioner.
C. T. Wilder, Consul General for Hawaii.
P. F. Lilienthal, Anglo-Californian Bank.
W. A. Jacobs, Wm. Greer Harrison, D. B. Jackson, C. W. Clinton, M. D., John Roberson, Wm. H. Barnes, D. W. Hitchcock, J. W. Winter, D. D. S., George D. Boyd, Harry E. Wise, T. D. McKay.

Captain A. Andrews, who must worthily represents the business element of San Francisco in the Executive Committee of the California Midwinter International Exposition, made a lifelong name for himself by the way in which he grasped the idea of the Midwinter Fair and fought for its success. Colonel Andrews was the first to understand the full significance of the project immediately it was announced. Instantly he was out striving to make the people realize what a great benefit the Fair would be to this city, the state, and the whole coast. But his success at first was slow, for the project was too great for few besides Colonel Andrews to grasp and the majority of San Francisco business men threw cold water on the proposition. In fact, a suburban frost seemed to pervade the community. Still Colonel Andrews was not discouraged, and there can be but little doubt but for his energy and push the proposition would never have been carried out. It was nearly dead when Colonel Andrews forced the business men to wake up to their opportunity, declaring that it would be to the everlasting shame and disgrace of the city if its citizens should not act like progressive men on the proposition. Colonel Andrews not only insisted that the fair would be a success and of great benefit to the State, but also shrewdly pointed out just how it could be done. At one meeting he declared that he was ready with coin and work to carry out the project. He met the claim that the Fair would be a big financial failure by offering to carry the project through himself or contract, and guaranteed to clear a large sum of money. Colonel Andrews continued to fearlessly combat the dilatory spirit until he had aroused enough progressive feeling to assure the success of the Fair.

SAW THE OLD MANS CABIN.

John Mackay Jr. and his sister the Princess Colonna, called at the '49 Camp Tuesday and took a look at their fathers cabin.

"Gracious!" said the Princess, "is that how papa lived in early times? I dont believe that its the real cabin."

"Dont fool yourself on that question" was the reply.

"Yes father told me in New York that he had seen the picture of the shanty and it was the same one, only the Camp boys had fixed it up a little to look more presentable. I think it shows better carpenter work than Senator Perkins any how."

"Maybe it does, but I'd sooner live in Perkins cabin, for it has a better fireplace."

"Yes that's so, papa may not have been as good a stone mason as Perkins but he was a better carpenter you'll admit"

"I think it is about a stand off, I guess neither of them would be admitted to the Stone Masons or Carpenters Unions of early days, nothing to brag of either way, eh!"

"Guess that's about the size of it."

The two wandered into the Appeal office and began to paw over the exchanges and got the back numbers of the paper.

WATTERSON DROPS IN.

Yesterday Henry Watterson the wall-eyed goddess of reform who wants to reform everything in the United States outside of Kentucky, dropped into the Appeal office and sitting down on an ink keg proceeded to discuss historic questions. The office boy not happening to be acquainted with Mr. Watterson finally said:

"How now old boss stop this clatter, and if you want some grub distributor some type first and strike us later on."

Mr. Watterson rose from the keg and handed the kid a ticket to his next lecture on "Money and Morals," striking out toward Hangtown.

Some miners down at Red Dog had a blow out last Tuesday, and in sending out the invitations Fandango Fannie was overlooked. She came in about 11 o'clock and shot the fiddler dead as a door nail. After she found out that the invitation had been mislaid she apologized to the crowd and the dance went on. The fiddler was a single man.

A PICTURE OF '49.

When the water came up to Montgomery street
In the days of '49'ers,
This canvas town was a swarming hive
Of the bravest—and quickest—men alive,
Who thronged saloons and filled each "dive"
With cheerful clink of "shiners."

When the water came up to Montgomery street;
Its tide waves softly flowing
Where the Mills and Mutual brick walls rest,
Thick chaparral crowded o'er Nob Hill's crest
And trade winds over the sand dunes west
Of Powell street were blowing.

When the water came up to Montgomery street—
Those were the days to live in!
When Gold was king and woman queen;
The pistol law—or a long knife keen—
While to Chance—or Pleasure—the hours between
The dusk and dawn were given.

When the water came up to Montgomery street,
The frogs gave concerts daily,
Where quite "in the swim" our new Postoffice site
Edged the Enos Garden road to Sunday's hill-flight,
While the heart of the city pulsed all night
Where the Plaza's lights shown gaily.

When the water came up to Montgomery street,
And Pioneer veins throbbed madly
In the fierce "gold fever's" wildest spells,
The chimes of the Mission Dolores belles—
Faint o'er the din of the gambling "hells"—
Touched hearts that answered sadly.

When the water came up to Montgomery street—
Oh, Argonauts, strong yet tender!
Free-lances of Fortune, her golden prize
Won by the few, from the many flies;
And struggling hosts perished with dying eyes!
Upraised to fix fatal splendor.

ELLA M. SEXTON.

OUR DRUNKEN P. M.

Our Postmaster now gets on a drunk every day and scrawls his letters along his cock-tail route so that people desiring to get their mail have to be at several saloons during the afternoon and snatch their mail when they can. He generally hits the El Dorado saloon about 3: o'clock, and if he hasn't lost your mail in the hurdy houses of Spanish Flat, you can get your letters. He is a Cleveland appointee.

Mackay's step daughter made a great mistake when she married a foreign Prince. Mr. D. O. Mills's daughter has been as happy as a clam marrying Ried an American editor. There are a few good marriageable American editors left.

A good many people write to the Appeal to know if they can write for it. The best way is to strike a contribution and send it in. Parties who write to us for information will please inclose stamps. The letter will not be answered but the stamp will pay us for the trouble of opening the letter.

Another injunction was served on the Appeal yesterday by a man with gold braid on his uniform. He was invited to subscribe at once for the Appeal or else get out. He got out.

The fellows who are running the election refuse to tell the voters when the polls will open, and so old Judge Moses is still of on a drunk up at Spanish Flat, so one can tell when the election takes place. Several of the victims of the combine have withdrawn from the ticket.

A loafer insulted one of the little girls in blue in the '49 Camp a few days ago. The girl appealed for protection to the Camp people and the loafer was promptly knocked down. The boys around the Camp have none of them forgotten the methods of dealing with a certain class in '49.


Day's of old Day's of Gold Day's of '49

ROOS BROS.

The Old Reliable House.

Established since 1867 at the Present Quarters

Extraordinary Bargains

In

MENS, BOYS and CHILDRENS

Clothing and Furnishings.

ROOS BROS.

27 to 37 Kearney Street San Francisco California.

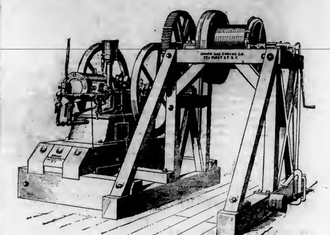
Dont Delay Calling or Ordering by Mail.



Pioneer Gasoline Engine Manufacturers.

UNION GAS ENGINE CO.,

221-223 First St., San Francisco.

Though we were not here in '49—
Those good old days of yore—
We were the first arrivals in our line,
And are still here, in '94.


Engines for Mining Purposes a Particular Specialty.

—SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE.—



THE VIENNA PRATER,

THE ONLY PLACE OF AMUSEMENT AT THE EXPOSITION.

THE IMPERIAL VIENNA PRATER ORCHESTRA, II COURT DIRECTOR FRITZ SCHEEL

STRING CONCERT AND MILITARY CONCERT DAILY

FROM 3 TO 11 P. M. AT THE

KAISER FRANZ JOSEPH HALL. - - MIDWINTER FAIR

SPANISH, PUSS AND THE BEAR.

## A CLOSE SHAVE.

Spanish Puss nearly made a meal of.

Last Wednesday night Spanish Puss who desirous of being in camp early, on the occasion of Washington's Birthday, secured a room at Papa Peaks and retired at 2.30, after indulging in 20 cents worth of beans and coffee.

About 4 o'clock she awoke with a warm breath on her face, and remarked. "Look here Peaks, you are in the wrong room," at the same time slapping the intruder in the face. To her horror she found that she was in the room with a big bear who had escaped from Boon's menagerie. She raised an outcry that roused the hotel, for a while there was great confusion, Papa Peakes came in with a light and seeing the bear telegraphed for one of the Park Police, and grabbing Puss by the hair dragged her out of bed and threw her through an open window. The bear got his head in a bean barrel and was soon captured.

The following letter was received from Colonel Boon.

Sconoretta Espanolla Pussy.

Dear Madam:

I very much regret the unavoidable intrusion of my bear into your apartments. It shall not occur again if I can get there in time to prevent it.

Inclosed find a complimentary season ticket to my show.

Very Respectfully,
COLONEL BOONE.

By McGarry.—Manager.

The following reply was mailed by pony express.

Spanish Fandango Hotel, '49 Camp.

Colonel Boone,

My Dear Col. Your apology received. Had you been there I could have been properly protected. If you dont propose to be where you can be called on in a moments notice to save defenseless women lives, you had better either cage your bears or let the business of protecting us girls to your Manager or Press agent.

Please let me know if you think it safe for me remain in the Camp the rest of the week.

Yours.

Spanish Puss.

P. S. I have placed a small ladder at my window, so that in case the animal again gets loose I can make my escape.

S. P.

The above is all the correspondence that has reached this office. An artist was rushed to the spot yesterday and made a hurried sketch. The boots in the corner are not yet identified, but probably belong to the landlord, or else were brought in from the dance hall to throw at the bear.

This sheet has changed its name several times in the last thirty days. The "Self-Cocker," the "Forty-Niner," the "Howitzer," and now it will run awhile as the Midwinter Appeal and Journal of '49. Of any further change of name our patrons will be duly notified.

Deputy Sheriff Spreckles went into Buckskin's saloon last evening and attempted to arrest Johnny Smoker while he was killing a Mexican. He was promptly thrown out and several citizens are talking of a mass meeting to ask him to resign his office. If the Sheriff of this county don't discharge him before Saturday night there will be trouble.

Spreckles belongs to the Kid element in this Camp, and has done a lot of fresh things since he has been decorated with an official position.

He has a large idea of his duties, and when he enters a saloon without being invited and interferes with an American who is putting the quietus on a greaser it's time to inquire where our boasted land of freedom is tilting to.

Floyd Tevis was in the camp this morning trying to get the Appeal six months in exchange for a cord of drift wood. It taken coarse gold to get this sheet, and in advance. If we want any wood we can steal it ourselves.

## AN OUTRAGE.

Our Canvassing Agent Robbed in Nevada City.

Last Tuesday Mr. Witcher our lightning canvassing agent went up to Nevada City and rustled for subscribers. He collected about $1600, and was then taken in hand by Messrs Kidder and Dolittle of Grass Valley and filled up on the peculiar tough brand of liquor in vogue in that section. In a few hours he was playing off his money at faro, riding into saloons on horse-back, and scattering wealth on every side.

The job was put up on him by these parties in the interest of a black mail sheet that hates to see the Appeal get subscribers in that part of the country. We dont care a rap about the $1600 as that can be picked up in a day, where the paper is known, but the low down dogs who engineered the job are beneath contempt. If the trick is repeated we will take in the town some day with a couple of gun's and keep the gang busy burying its dead. If undertakers want to realize handsomely on their stock of base wood coffins they can do so by keeping on our trail during the next two weeks. An undertaker can make enough to go back to the States in style if we ever decide to visit that town.

Meneshille our special artist Charles Nahl has made a hurried sketch of the scene, when our agent was playing the role of a bad man on horseback. When our agent starts out to paint a town red he does it in good shape.

## The News Boys Idea.

Ralph Clyde the news-boy who sells Appeals at the Mining Camp recently remarked to the editor:

"Why in thunder dont you liven up your old sheet and give me a chance to make some stuff?"

"What would you suggest?"

"I want something lively to yell ont."

"Would you be kind enough to write something embodying your idea of what sort of literature makes the paper sell."

"You bet, but you won't print it, you dont know any more about '49 ways than a pig under a gate, I'll write a piece that will catch the town."

He contributed the following;

Last Sunday Cross Eyed Sal sent Red Mike to glory. Mike was getting too spoony on one of the hurdy gurls, and so she had to put a hole through one of his lungs, which she did in good shape. He is now in Heaven singing "After the Ball is Over." Sal then licked the hurdy girl and clawed out some hair. The girl started for Spanish Flat after more hair.

Three-fingered Jake, Sale old lover, has come back to town and says the wedding comes off next Sunday eve. Guests to the happy event will leave their guns home, but can pack their tooth picks if they like.

Monte Pete and Three Card Charley had a little scrap in Camp the other night over a game of cards, there wasn't much damage done. Pete had his left ear shot off and Charley is about on crutches. The latest account is that they have made up and are drinking claim juice together. We are on the lookout for another equal soon, when it is to be hoped that both of them will pass in their checks, as they do nothing but squabble in Camp and never pay a legitimate saloon bill if they can help it.

One of the Chicago newspaper men threw a $5 piece on the stage at the Oro Fino Concert Hall on Monday as May Dearie was dancing, thinking it was a nickel. She started for the coin, but the journalist discovered his mistake, and, darting over the footlights, reached the piece first and got back with it. It's hard to get ahead of those Chicago reporters. "Money on the board goes in '49," was the girl's remark, and the audience howled.

A couple of gamblers had a fight in front of the Appeal office Sunday, and in the tussle about $250 in gold rolled on the sidewalk. Our compositors got most of it and were credited on their wages account, as the fight started over a article in this paper.

Last Sunday two men climbed into the Mining Camp by way of Mt. Shasta. As they slid over the painted rocks they ran square into the cage which holds Monarch the Grizzly bear. The animal threw himself against the bars of the cage with a snort that made the windows in Peak's hotel rattle and the guests dropped their bean forks. The two men actually fell to the ground in terror, and one of them shrieked like a woman. They were taken in charge by the guard and when they recovered from their fright were allowed to climb back over the fence.

The Post Master got drunk last week and mislaid several letters to our leading citizens. One of them intended for Spanish Pete's wife from "Billy Behind the Ace," got into the hands of the husband and now Billy has gone to Skagetown for a few weeks to avoid Pete's gun. We have mailed the Appeal to his new address. If Pete only knew it there are several more men in Camp that he ought to shoot. We'd publish their names if their vote's wasn't needed next election.

Parson Fair's chicken roost was robbed on Friday evening of a number of fine Spring pullets, and our invitation to dine with Fair has been canceled. If we ever lay hands on the miserable scoundrel who took the fowls we will teach him the folly of his course, or compel him to dirty with us when he raids hen roosts in the future.

"How did you get on as a guard?" Asked a man of one of the soldiery at the Fair.

"Letter from the Pope of Rome." Was the reply.

HELL AT PEAKE'S BRANERY.

## A SOCIAL SURPRISE.

Our Contemporary Receives a Visit from a Relative.

Two weeks ago the Appeal chronicled the marriage of the editor of the "Blitherson" to a Spanish Flat woman, who runs the roulette game at the saw-dust corner. Hardly had the honey-moon passed to wane when a woman comes into the Camp from New Jersey and declares herself to be the lawful wife of our esteemed contemporary. When she came in she reached for the editors hair and began hauling him about the room. His Spanish Flat wife then materialized and there was a grand scene. The Jersey woman cleaned out the office, and this is why the "Blitherson" is late this week. Society is very much excited over the event. We feel heartily sorry that the morals of the Camp should be so outraged, but it can not be helped when every strange printers tramp with ink on his mug and a few hands full of type are picked up by politicians and backed to run a newspaper. We hope the tar and feather party will pause before doing anything rash. Give the man a chance to skip.

Joe Harvey called at the Appeal office yesterday and notified us that no Appeal reporter would be allowed in the hall while the Whig convention is in progress. The warning was unnecessary. Some years ago, when we were reporting a similar gathering, the lights were put out while the Last Chance delegation was hammering the Frog Hollow representatives over the head with chairs. In the confusion one pocket was picked of $16 and the gold watch presented us for defending the miners at Bidwell's Bar. One experience with such a lynxet is quite enough for us.

## AT THE ORO FINO.

Some of the Quaint Sayings on the Wall.

The Oro Fino theatre is a great attraction to the Eastern tenderfoot. Here are some of the quaint sayings on the wall, painted with a marking brush.

"We run this show to suit ourselves, if it dont suit you get out.

Holler, shout, whistle and stomp your feet and yell, but don't get fresh.

The feature of our show is that the ghost walks every Saturday night, stop and se it.

If you aint satisfied tell your trouble to the Counstable' we haven't time to listen.

Dont strike the piano thmmper, he's doin the best he can.

Were here for money if you had to cum in take what you get and say nuthin, we serve leed free and have a good supplie fur kickers so beware of Ketchup Billy manager.

Our graveyard is not full yet, if you want a burth in it just git fresh with the gurls.

EXPLANATORY.

Last week the Appeal noted the death of our esteemed citizen Mr. Miles Tompkins of Ragtown, and stated that he had served a term in the Iowa penitentiary. This was a mistake; He was a Church Deacon in his native town, and led an exemplary life as far as we know. Section 2. The item crept in was done by some of our compositors playing football on a moving day in the composing room, they pied several galleys of type, and in gathering up the debris the sentances got mixed up.

We are trying hard to make the Appeal a good family journal, but with the class of drunken compositors we have working for us, it seems a hard matter to get things anywhere near right.



HELL AT PEAKE'S BRANERY.

For some time the old hurdy joint down at Forks Flat has been the only place where a miner could enjoy social life after a hard day's work. It is run by a broken down Mexican faro-bank, and the old skates who trip the fantes lie in the place were in Mexico when Cortez landed in the country.

Our new dance hall here will fill a long felt want, and the sight of a few frail, pretty faces will make life seem worth living in this vicinity.

Last Thursday we understood that some miners who had hunnoed at the resort at Forks Flat raided the place and razed it to the ground.

Another outfit that refused to patronize our advertising columns has clowned dust.

Old Solly's eight mile string ran away yesterday coming in from San Francisco with some stores and nail kegs. The driver was on one of his periodicals, and when the mules came into camp all tied together and on the dead jump about 2 in the morning, the miners thought it was an Indian raid. The animals piled into Bill Briggs' faro layout and kicked the brains out of the lookout man before they could be stopped, and knocked the editor of the Appeal over the layout just as he was about raking in $100 on the tray. If the proprietors of the game don't get round to this office with the money by to-night, there will be a case for the coroner.

Last Tuesday the stage from Oroville was stopped near Yuba and $1600 in gold dust lifted. As Frank McLaughlin and Louis Glass were seen in Marysville next day subscribing liberally to the Methodist Church fund the Sheriff is keeping his eye peeled.

LOST IN THE SNOW.

Yesterday some waiter girls in Papa Peakes' bakery took a trip up Mt. Shasta, leaving the camp about 8 o'clock, and have not since been heard from. Tally went up last night with some provisions and pack-mules, and his return is anxiously awaited.

WANTED—A small boy to carry a grisly bear. None but an experienced lad of good moral character need apply.

OUR ART DEPARTMENT.

Although the Appeal is regarded as a rough and tumble journal in some respects, its art department may justly be considered the best in the city. In order to better illustrate the immense superiority of this journal over our slow going contemporary the Examiner, we have borrowed some of Mr Hearst's best cuts to print in the same issue with our own. The reader will at once note the wide difference. The cuts run by the Appeal were drawn by Charles Nahl, the best delineator of early Californian life who ever lived. They were engraved on wood over thirty years ago, and as a result our readers are treated to some very clever things in the art line, not to be found in the other papers in the city. Of course a daily paper cannot possibly expect such work in the hurry and bustle of getting out an issue every twenty four hours.

It is also now an impossibility to secure artists in California like Charles Nahl, principally because they are dead. A large number of Nahls' pictures have been secured through the Mining and Scientific Press, to which most of them belong, and some of them have also been loaned us by Perham W Nahl, a nephew of the great artist and publisher of the excellent souvenier of "Early Days of California" which many of Nahls' best pictures are reproduced in half tones. The Appeal during the Fair will be the best illustrated paper in the city. Our pages will not be sprinkled with cheap cuts like our contemporaries who's readers are not particular about the sort of art they get, but will be embellished with a few exceptionally good engravings of life in the early days with an accuracy to life that no pioneer will hesitate to recognize.

At the last meeting of the Press Club M. H. de Young was unanimously exonerated from being the funny man of the Chronicle.

Parson Fair arrived here last night and will preach at the Oro Fino theatre on Sunday. There is a movement on foot to postpone the prize fight until after the morning service, but the general idea is that there would be no sense in it, the mill was advertised at 10 o'clock to enable the Spanish Flat miners to get home in time for the fandango. There is even talk of stopping the regular exercises as the singing of the choir will interfere with the calling of the rounds if the fight takes place in the main court opposite the theatre.

Red nose Billy was lying in front of our office yesterday, for abducting a horse that belonged to Old Harry. We are getting mighty tired of having stiffs hangin about in front of our shanty. If there are going be any more hanging "bees" let them be elsewhere. So look out for blizzards.

The above item was handed in by one of our carrier boys, who said that while there was no truth in the item he thought it would help sell the paper.

The Examiner has kindly donated its big grizzly to the '49 Camp, and a regular bear pit is being dug for the animal. After over two years confinement in a cage he will enjoy his new liberty.

I have noticed more than once, the utter failure of many of my seemingly intelligent countrymen, who have entered the lists of competition with native born Dutchmen. In the first place they can't make beer, and can't draw it or keep it cool, and consequently can not sell it. They can only drink it.

No one ever saw an American start a saloon with $20 capital and wind up by building a brick and stone building of six stories.

OUR JACKASS CORRESPONDENT.

Jackass Bayline, April 17th.

Pit Traynor came down to this Camp last week hunting for a fellow who said he resembled murderer Fredericks, with the exception of cutting off of Dandy Jim's ear Pit did little harm.

Billy Kellog has opened up his mine again at Elizabethtown, but is still sticking to the law business as well. The rumor that he had neglected Bear Faced Annie's case has no foundation, in fact she got three months and Bill was well satisfied.

Charley Hegard has opened up a balaam factory close to Quincy and is now well on the road to fortune.

Say, if you dont return two unacclimated youths from the '49 Camp, old hades will pop. Billy Edwards and attorney Webb were last seen in your delusion, illusion I mean, hobnobbing with the fandago girls and gin, and they should have been home three days ago. Put tags on them and ship C. O. D. to Quincy.

Cy Mulkey is a veritible Californian. He tells of having weighed out salt for gold in the days of '49, with as much gusto as he trains Deputy Sheriff Spreckels horses, with real ability.

The horse race I spoke of last week came off Wednesday. Jersey Pete's mare was not considered a probable winner, as she was suffering from natural causes prevelent at this season of the year. But Jim put Seaman up and he won with flying colors, much to the disgust of Spanish Peter silhorents.

Much indignation was expressed by old '49'ers at the Bay District last Tuesday. The judges ruled off Hackett for life. At first it was supposed that the offending jockey was an old trotting horse rascal. The indignation began to be expressed when it was discovered he was a minor.

Old Bill Schlatter is talking of starting a brewery here as he has been knighted by Rex Felix. Bill, however, is putting on lots of style since running with royalty and our boys are a little sore. He will have to square a few of us or the Wieland Beer will do him up.

Jim O'Brien of Smartsville paid the boy a visit last week, but he came home with a jag that did credit to Old Bookwell. What kind of benzine are you selling at the '49 Camp?

Sheriff Bransford and ex-superintendent Foss of Plumas county have been having a monkey and parrott time during the past week. It has been hard to tell which is the prisoner, but both seem to enjoy the company of the other.

One Scott, a naturral born jay, was over here Saturday and had a high old time with the boys. Jay is one of our own kind of people and Fresno people go their pile on the sheriff.

Warren Sexton a native son of an illustrious sire was down from Oroville a few days ago and reports the N. S. G. W. in a healthy condition, but his tales of fabulous wealth in the Butte county mines needs confirmation.

GAM.

The editor of our evening contemporary across the street was thrown into the color yesterday by the Constable for beating his mother with a stove poker. Old Mrs. Marlow seems to have been singularly unfortunate with her children. Her eldest boy was hanged last fall at Hog Eye and the other is studying law. The one running the weekly organ of the combine who says he is the worst shoot of the entire litter.

Annie Oreste
You know Charley I have been all I could for you and never loved you but
Father
To-day the worst luck of any man in California. All the Beauty
Mother

DEATH OF JOUAQUIN MURIETA

"The Marauder of the Mines."

On May 11, 1853, a law passed the California Senate and was signed by the Governor, giving Captain Harry Love authority to form a company of "Mounted riflemen, with whom he could scour the country and clear it of all the wretches, known as Joaquin Murieta and his band of cutthroats. On May 28, 1853, Harry Love had his troop mustered in. The car was $150 per month for each man, the compass to have three months' existence and no more than twenty mile to be the number of the company. Each trooper had to furnish his own horse, equipments and supplies. Captain Love had picked his men from comrades in the Texas and Mexican wars. Their commander was Colonel Mc-Lane, Major W. H. Harrison Captain P. E. Connor, Captain W. Dunn, Lieuten ant George A. Millar, Lieuten ts S. Hatfield, Thomas Nuttall, U. F. Beardsley, G. W. Evans, H. S. Henderson, C. W. McElhoes, Robert Masters, Lafayette Black, the Hon. S. Herbert, L. B. Doran, Pigeon Nuttall and Charles Young.

The company set out from San Francisco. The first thing Love set about doing was to gain complete knowledge of the enemy's movements, his last battling place, his fondest haunts, so that by midnight fall upon him at the moment when he too was least expected, and in a place which would be most favorable to him. In the communications of Jack Murieta took fifty head of horses from the rancho of Don Andreas Pico, at San Fernando, Los Angeles county. Then he pressed into Santa Barbara county and traversed the highest ora exact ground in Santa Inks, whence he could easily go down into the Solar valley. Acting upon excellent intelligence, given as certain, of the presence of the arch-robbers in this district, Captain Love moved hither and with a dozen men, while the rest brightened their horses' shoes in other places. On crossing the Salar Plains, he perceived at day break a patch of smoke away on the hill. He turned that way and cautiously proceeded towards the smoke. First he only saw a few horses hidden for hundred yards or so from the fire, but on drawing nearer and ascending a low butte he discovered on another mound the Mexican chief of outlaws in person and only six of his men. One of the latter, who was cooking a meal, gave the alarm, when the Americans were within a hundred yards of the camp. The ravagers rushed to horses while on captured the rangers, two made prisoners of two of the others in the onset. Joaquin had scrambled on his steed and was fleeing with such rapidity that he lost a bridle and of racing, but Love, feeling him nearly out of range, hastily put a bullet in his horse's side. The noble animal shuddered for a moment, but recovering the mastery at last in spite of the wound, bounded on again more impetuously than ever, for at least fifty yards, when down dropped the poor beast. The rider shook off the stirrups and began to run, but seeing Captain Love and one of his men thundering down upon him he turned and discharged the last two loads in his six shooter. At the same time a shower of bullets flew around him, and he fell. He begged his captors to "fire no more." He pressed his left hand against his breast, bathed on his other arm and died. Love's men had only one object in view now—the obtaining of the various rewards offered throughout the State to the captors and slayers of the notorious murderer and marauder. The public, of course, had to be furnished with proofs of the facts, otherwise it would never have been believed that the famous cutthroat Joaquin had been killed. So Captain Love gave the order for Murieta's head to be cut off and carried to the nearest town and preserved in spirits. On August 14, 1853, Messrs. Black and Nuttall reached San Francisco from Stockton, bearing the head of the marauder. The head was on exhibition under lock for the people to see and judge for themselves. Then ran the placard:

JOAQUIN'S HEAD

Can Be Seen at King's, Corner of Halleck and Sansome Streets, Opposite the American Theater.

ADMISSION ..... ONE DOLLAR.

Among the numerous guarantees and certificates is the following:

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, }
UNITED STATES, }
County of San Francisco. }

I, [illegible], Recorder of Sonoma, after having duly sworn, declares that he has seen the severed head of Joaquin Murieta, now in the hands of Messrs. Black and Nuttall, merchants of San Francisco, California, and that the said head is exactly and truly that of Joaquin Murieta.

IGNATIO [illegible]

Sworn before me this 17th day of August, 1853.

CHARLES P. DARBY,
Notary Public.

## THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN.

### A Widely Known, Safe and Influential Bank.

Men who have devoted their lives to banking and who take a pride in the institution they control can usually anticipate financial trouble, and when it comes the bank is ready and stands firm. This is the case with the Anglo-Californian Bank of San Francisco. Founded by Californian and English banking men in 1863, it has done a conservative business, growing in strength and influence year by year. Its foreign connections have proved very valuable and it has thus been able to lament clubfoonian interests in many ways. It is a commercial bank doing a local commercial and foreign exchange business and shipping large quantities of bullion to China, India and other countries.

The bank succeeded L. Seligman & Co. Its directors are Isaac Seligman, J. Sloss Montgomery, pecuniary legatee and sole executor of Sir Moses Montefiore, London; Right Honorable H. H. Fitzroy, M. P., and L. Simon, managing director and chief executive officer. The head managers are L. Steinhart and Philip N. Lilienthal. The bank's fine premises are on the northeast corner of Pine and Sansome streets.

## An Open Letter.

Dear Reader: We have established an enterprise here that has already met with phenomenal success. The same business is now in operation in New York, London and other large and fashionable cities. We believe it will interest you.

Stated briefly, we engage to keep in order a patron's entire wardrobe of outer wearing apparel, sponge cleaning, sterilizing pressing, creasing and ironing the various garments, which compreends as well such slight incidental repairs as may be necessary to maintain that well groomed appearance so requisite to a gentleman's self-approval.

Our wagons collect and deliver orders at regular intervals, or as frequently required free of charge.

For this entire service we make a special rate of $1.50 per month. We scarcely could afford the rate upon any other terms. At the same time we are prepared to do all manner of tailoring, dyeing, scouring, cleaning, dying, etc., of any garment, including linen, hats, caps, boots, shoes, bric-a-brac, bondgear, footwear, and so forth, at about one-half the prices now current about town.

Our establishment is complete. None but skilled workmen are employed. A thorough cutter and tailor supervises the workrooms. Each garment is rigidly inspected, and we guarantee satisfaction in all matters.

A cursory glance at the subjoined list, it contains the names of a few of our patrons. Trusting that you may appreciate some of the conveniences offered, we remain, Respectfully,

THE WARDROBE RENOVATORY,
[illegible] Stockton street,
Telephone No. 1492, San Francisco, California.

References—
Colonel F. F. Chadbourne, Harbor Commissioner.
C. T. Wilder, Consul General for Hawaii.
P. F. Lilienthal, Anglo-Californian Bank.
W. A. Jacobs, Wm. Greer Harrison, D. B. Jackson, C. W. Clinton, M. D., John Roberson, Wm. H. Barnes, D. W. Hitchcock, J. W. Winter, D. D. S., George B. Boyd, Harry E. Wise, T. D. McKay.

Colonel A. Andrews, who most worthily represents the business element of San Francisco in the Executive Committee of the California Midwinter International Exposition, made a lifelong name for himself by the way in which he grasped the idea of the Midwinter Fair and fought for its success. Colonel Andrews was the first to understand the full significance of the project immediately as it was announced. Instantly he was out striving to make the people realize what a great benefit the Fair would be to this city, the State, and the whole coast. But his success at first was slow, for the project was too great for few besides Colonel Andrews to grasp, and the majority of San Franciscans business men threw cold water on the proposition. In fact, a chilling frost seemed to pervade the community. Still Colonel Andrews was not discouraged, and there can be but little doubt but for his energy and push the proposition would never have been carried out. It was nearly dead when Colonel Andrews forced the listless men to wake up to their opportunity, declaring that it would be to the everlasting shame and disgrace of the city if its citizens should not act like progressive men on the proposition. Colonel Andrews not only insisted that the fair would be a success and of great benefit to the State, but also shrewdly pointed out just how it could be done. At one meeting he declared that he was ready with coin and work to carry out the project. He met the claim that the Fair would be a big financial failure by offering to carry the project through himself on contract, and guaranteed to clear a large sum of money. Colonel Andrews continued to fearlessly combat the alarmists until he had aroused enough progressive feeling to assure the success of the Fair.

A PICTURE OF '49.

When the water came up to Montgomery street
In the days of '49'ers,
This canvas town was a swarming hive
Of the fairest—and quickest—men alive,
Who thronged saloons and filled each "dive"
With cheerful clink of "shiners."

When the water came up to Montgomery street—
Its blue waves softly flowing
Where the Mills and Mutual brick walls rest,
Tick clapboard crowded o'er Nob Hill's crest
And trade winds over the sand dunes west
Of Powell street were blowing.

When the water came up to Montgomery street—
Those were the days to live in!
When Gold was king and woman queen;
Rapiest law—or a long knife keen—
While to Chance—or Pleasure—the hours between
The dusk and dawn were given.

When the water came up to Montgomery street,
The frogs gave concerts daily,
Where quite "in the swim" our new Postoffice sits
Edged the Sloss Garden road to Sunday's ball-fight,
While the heart of the city pulsed all night
Where the Plaza's lights shown gaily.

When the water come up to Montgomery street,
And Pioneer reins throbbed madly
In the fierce "gold fever's" wildest spells,
The chimes of the Mission Dolores bells—
Faint o'er the din of the gambling "hells"—
Touched hearts that answered sadly.

When the water came up to Montgomery street—
Oh, Argonauts, strong yet tender!
Free-loaves of Fortune, for golden prize
Won by the few, from the many flies!
And struggling hosts perished with dying eyes
Upra'sed to lit fatal splendor.

ELLA M. SEXTON.

## OUR DRUNKEN P. M.

Our Postmaster now gets on a drunk every day and strews his letters along his cock-tail route so that people desiring to get their mail have to be at several saloons during the afternoon and snatch their mail when they can. He generally finishes at El Dorado saloon about 3: o'clock, and if he hasn't lost your mail in the hurdy houses of Spanish Flat, you can get your letters. He is a Cleveland appointee.

Mackay's step daughter made a great mistake when she married a foreign Prince. Mr. D. O. Mill's daughter has been as happy as a clam marrying Ried an American editor. There are a few good marriagable American editors left.

A good many people write to the APPEAL to know if they can write for it. The best way is to write a contribution and send it in. Parties who write to us for information will please enclose stamps. The letter will not be answered but the stamp will pay us for the trouble of opening the letter.

Another injunction was served on the APPEAL yesterday by a man with gold braid on his uniform. He was invited to step out side of the APPEAL or else get out. He got out.

The fellows who are running the election refuse to tell the voters when the polls will open, and as old Judge Moses is still of on a drunk up at Spanish Flat, no one can tell when the election takes place. Several of the victims of the combine have withdrawn from the ticket.

A loafer insulted one of the little girls in blue in the 49 Camp a few days ago. The girl appealed for protection to the Camp people and the loafer was promptly knocked down. The boys around the Camp have none of them forgotten the methods of dealing with a certain class in '49.

Some miners down at Red Dog had a blow out last Tuesday, and in sending out the invitations Fandango Fannie was overlooked. She came in about 11 o'clock and shot the fiddler dead as a door nail. After she found out that the invitation had been mislaid she apologized to the crowd and the dance went on. The fiddler was a single man.


Day's of old Day's of Gold Day's of '49

# ROOS BROS.

Thd Old Reliable House.

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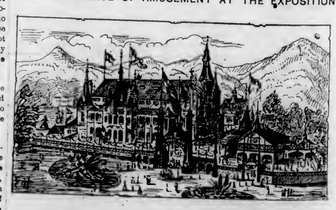
## THE VIENNA PRATER,

THE ONLY PLACE OF AMUSEMENT AT THE EXPOSITION.



THE IMPERIAL VIENNA PRATER ORCHESTRA, II
COURT DIRECTOR, FRITZ SCHEEL.

STRING CONCERT AND MILITARY CONCERT DAILY
FROM 3 TO 11 P. M. AT THE
KAISER FRANZ JOSEPH HALL. - MIDWINTER FAIR

SPANISH PUSS AND THE BEAR.

## A CLOSE SHAVE.

### Spanish Puss nearly made a meal of.

Last Wednesday night Spanish Puss who desirous of being in camp early, on the occasion of Washington's Birthday, secured a room at Papa Peaks and retired at 2.30, after indulging in 20 cents worth of beans and coffee.

About 4 o'clock she awoke with a warm breath on her face, and remarked. "Look here Peaks, you are in the wrong room," at the same time slapping the intruder in the face. To her horror she found that she was in the room with a big bear who had escaped from Boon's menagerie. She raised an outcry that roused the hotel, for a while there was great confusion, Papa Peakes came in with a light and seeing the bear telegraphed for one of the Park Police, and grabbing Puss by the hair dragged her out of bed and threw her through an open window. The bear got his head in a bean barrel and was soon captured.

The following letter was received from Colonel Boon.

Sonoretta Espanolla Pussy.

Dear Madam:

I very much regret the unavoidable intrusion of my bear into your apartments. It shall not occur again If I can get there in time to prevent it.

Inclosed find a complimentary season ticket to my show.

Very Respectfully,

COLONEL BOONE.

By McGARRY,—Manager.

The following reply was mailed by pony express.

SPANISH FANDANGO HOTEL, '49 CAMP,
Colonel Boone,

My Dear Col. Your apology received. Had you been there I could have been properly protected. If you dont propose to be where you can be called on in a moments notice to save defenseless womens lives, you had better either keep your bears or let the business of protecting the girls to your Manager or Press agent.

Please let me know if you think it safe for me remain in the Camp the rest of the week.

Yours.

SPANISH PUSS.

P. S. I have placed a small ladder at my window, so that in case the animal again gets loose I can make my escape.

S. P.

The above is all the correspondence that has reached this office. An artist was rushed to the spot yesterday and made a hurried sketch. The boots in the corner are not yet identified, but probably belong to the landlord, or else were brought in from the dance hall to throw at the bear.

This sheet has changed its name several times in the last thirty days. The "Self Cocker," the "Forty Niner," the "Howitzer," and now it will run awhile as the MIDWINTER APPEAL AND JOURNEY OF '49. Of any further change of name our patrons will be duly notified.

Deputy Sheriff Spreckles went into Buckskin's saloon last evening and attempted to arrest Johnny Smoker while he was killing a Mexican. He was promptly thrown out and several citizens are talking of a mass meeting to ask him to resign his office. If the Sheriff of this county don't discharge him before Saturday night there will be trouble.

Spreckles belongs to the Kid element in this Camp, and has done a lot of fresh things since he has been decorated with on official position.

He has a large line of his photos, and when he enters a saloon without being invited and interferes with an American who is putting the quietus on a greaser it's time to inquire where our boasted land of freedom is tilting to.

Floyd Tevis was in the camp this morning trying to get the APPEAL six months in exchange for a cord of drift wood. It takes coarse gold to get this sheet, and in advance. If we want any wood we can steal it ourselves.

## AN OUTRAGE.

### Our Canvassing Agent Robbed in Nevada City.

Last Tuesday Mr. Witcher our lightning canvassing agent went up to Nevada City and rustled for subscribers. He collected about $1600, and was then taken in hand by Messrs Kidder and Dolittle of Grass Valley and filled up on the peculiar tough brand of liquor in vogue in that section. In a few hours he was playing off his money at faro, riding into saloons on horse-back, and scattering wealth on every side.

The job was put up on him by these parties in the interest of a black mail sheet that hates to see the APPEAL get subscribers in that part of the country. We dont care a rap about the $1000 as that can be picked up in a day, where the paper is known, but the low down dogs who engineered the job are beneath contempt. If the trick is repeated we will take in the town some day with a couple of gun's and keep the gang busy burying its dead. If undertakers want to realize handsomely on their stock of bass wood coffins they can do so by keeping on our trail during the next two weeks. An undertaker can make enough to go back to the States in style if we ever decide to visit that town.

Meanwhile our special artist Charles Nahl has made a hurried sketch of the scene, when our agent was playing the role of a bal man on horseback. When our agent starts out to paint a town red he does it in good shape.

### The News Boys Idea.

Ralph Clyde the news-boy who sells APPEALS at the Mining Camp recently remarked to the editor:

"Why in thunder dont you liven up your old sheet and give me a chance to make some stuff?"

"What would you suggest?"

"I want something lively to yell out."

"Would yon be kind enough to write something embodying your idea of what sort of literatrue makes the paper sell."

"You bet I would. If you won't print it, you dont know any more about '49 ways than a pig under a gate, I'll write a piece that will catch the town."

He contributed the following:

Last Sunday Cross Eyed Sal sent Red Mike to glory. Mike was getting too spoony on one of the hurdy girls, and so she had to put a hole through one of his lungs, which she did in good shape. He is now in Heaven singing "After the Ball is Over." Sal then licked the hurdy girl and clawed out some hair. The girl started for Spanish Flat after more hair.

Three-fingered Jake, Sals old lover, has come back to her and the wedding comes off next Sunday eve. Guests to the happy event will leave their guns home, but can pack their tooth picks if they like.

Monte Pete and Three Card Charley had a little tarap in Camp the other night over a game of cards, there wasn't much damage done. Pete had his left ear shot off and Charley is about on crutches. The latest account is that they have made up and are drinking clam juice together. We are on the lookout for another squall soon, when it is to be hoped that both of them will pass in their checks, as they do nothing but ganahble in Camp and never pay a legitimate saloon bill if they can help it.

One of the Chicago newspaper men threw a $5 piece on the stage at the Oro Fino Concert Hall on Monday as May Dearlo was dancing, thinking it was a nickel. She started for the coin, but the journalist discovered his mistake, and, darting over the footlights, reached the piece first and got back with it. It's said that several of those Chicago reporters, "Money on the board goes in '49," was the girl's remark, and the audience howled.

A couple of gamblers had a fight in front of the APPEAL office Sunday, and in the tussle about $250 in gold rolled on the sidewalk. Our compositors got mosted it and were credited on their wages account, as the fight started over a article in this paper.

Last Sunday two men climbed into the Mining Camp by way of Mt. Shasta. As they slid over the painted rocks they ran square into the cage which holds Monarch the Grizzly bear. The animal threw himself against the bars of the cage with a snort that made the windows in Peak's hotel rattle and the guests dropped their bean forks. The two men actually fell to the ground in terror, and one of them shrieked like a woman. They were taken in charge by the guard and when they recovered from their fright were allowed to climb back over the fence.

The Post Master got drunk last week and mislaid several letters to our leading citizens. One of them intended for Spanish Pete's wife from "Billy Behind the Ace," got into the hands of the husband and now Billy has gone to Skaggs-town for a few weeks to avoid Pete's gun. We have mailed the APPEAL to his new address. If Pete only knew it there are several more men in Camp that he ought to shoot. We'd publish their names if their vote's wasn't needed next election.

Parson Fair's chicken roost was robbed on Friday evening of a number of fine Spring pullets, and our invitation to dine with Fair has been canceled. If we ever lay hands on the miserable scoundrel who took the fowls we will teach him the folly of his course, or compel him to diey with us when he raids hen roosts in the future.

"How did you get on as a guard?" Asked a man of one of the soldiery at the Fair.

"Letter from the Pope of Rome." Was the reply.

HELL AT PEAKE'S BEANERY.

## A SOCIAL SURPRISE.

### Our Contemporary Receives a Visit from a Relative.

Two weeks ago the APPEAL chronicled the marriage of the editor of the "Bilthercon" to a Spanish Flat woman, who runs the roulette game at the saw-dust corner. Hardly had the honey-moon ceased to wane when a woman comes into the Camp from New Jersey and declares herself to be the lawful wife of our esteemed contemporary. When she came in she reached for the editors hair and began hauling him about the room. His Spanish Flat wife then materialized and there was a grand scene. The Jersey woman cleaned out the office, and this is why the "Bilthercon" is late this week. Society is very much excited over the event. We feel bearitly sorry that the morals of the Camp should be so outraged, but it can not be helped when every strange printers tramp with ink on his mug and a few hands full of type are picked up by politicians and backed to run a newspaper. We hope they will keep away from the camp, but don't get rolled to this office with the tar and feather party will pass before doing anything rash, Give the man a chance to skip.

Joe Harvey called at the APPEAL office yesterday and notified us that no APPEAL reporter would be allowed in the hall while the Whig convention is in progress. The warning was unnecessary. Some years ago, when we were repairing a similar gathering, the lights were put out while the Last Chance delegation was hammering the Frog Hollow representatives over the head with chairs. In the confusion our pocket was picked of $16 and the gold watch presented us for defending the miners at Bidwell's Bar. One experience with such a layout is quite enough for us.

## AT THE ORO FINO.

### Some of the Quaint Sayings on the Wall.

The Oro Fino theatre is a great attraction to the Eastern tenderfoot. Here are some of the quaint sayings on the wall, painted with a marking brush.

"We run this show to suit ourselves. If it dont suit you get out.

Holler, shoot, whistle and stomp your feet and yell, but don't get fresh.

The feature of our show is that the ghost walks every Saturday night, stop and see it.

If you aint satisfied tell your trouble to the Counstable' we haven't time to listen.

Dont strike the piano thumper, he's doin the best he can.

Weer here fur money If you had to cum in take what you get and say nuthin, we serve leed free and have a good supplie fur kickers so beware of Ketchup Billy manager.

Our graveyard is not full yet, if you want a burith in it just git fresh with the gurls.

### EXPLANATORY.

Last week the APPEAL noted the death of our esteemed citizen Mr. Miles Tompkins of Ragtown, and stated that he had served a term in the Iowa penitentiary. This was a mistake; He was a Church Deacon in his native town, and led an exemplary life as far as we know.

The way the item crept in was done by some of our compositors playing football on a moving day in the composing room, they pied several galleys of type, and in gathering up the debris the sentences got mixed up.

We are trying hard to make the APPEAL a good family journal, but with the class of drunken compositors we have working for us, it seems a hard matter to get things anywhere near richt.



## OUR ART DEPARTMENT.

Although the APPEAL is regarded as a rough and tumble journal in some respects, its art department may justly be considered the best in the city. In order to better illustrate the immense superiority of this journal over our slow going contemporary the Examiner, we have borrowed some of Mr Hearst's best cuts to print in the same issue with our own. The reader will at once note the wide difference. The cuts run by the APPEAL were drawn by Charles Nahl, the best delineator of early Californian life who ever lived. They were engraved on wood over thirty years ago, and as a result our readers are treated to some very clever things in the art line, not to be found in the other papers in the city. Of course a daily paper cannot possibly expect such work in the hurry and bustle of getting out an issue every twenty four hours.

It is also now an impossibility to secure artists in California like Charles Nahl, principally because they are dead. A large number of Nahls' pictures have been secured through the Mining and Scientific Press, to which most of them belong, and some of them have also been loaned us by Perham W Nahl, a nephew of the great artist and publisher of the excellent souvenier of "Early Days of California" in which many of Nahls' best pictures are reproduced in half tones. The APPEAL during the Fair will be the best illustrated paper in the city. Our pages will not be sprinkled with cheap cuts like our contemporaries who's readers are not particular about the sort of art they get, but will be embellished with a few exceptionally good engravings of life in the early days with an accuracy to life that no pioneer will hesitate to recognise.

At the last meeting of the Press Club M. H. de Young was unanimously exonerated from being the funny man of the Chronicle.

Parson Fair arrived here last night and will preach at the Oro Fino theatre on Sunday. There is a movement on foot to postpone the prise fight until after the mining service, but the general idea is that there would be no sense in it, the mill was advertised at 10 o'clock to enable the Spanish Flat miners to get home in time for the fandango. There is even talk of stopping the regular exercises as the singing of the choir will interfere with the calling of the rounds if the fight takes place in the mule corral opposite the theatre.

Red nose Billy was hung in front of our office yesterday, for soliciting a horse that belonged to Old Harry. We are getting mighty tired of having stiffs hangin about in front of our shantie. If there are going be any more hanging "bees" let them be elsewhere. So look out for blizzards.

The above item was handed in by one of our carrier boys, who said that while there was no truth in the item he thought it would help sell the paper.

The Examiner has kindly donated its big grizzly to the '49 Camp, and a regular bear pit is being dug for the animal. After over two years confinement in a cage he will enjoy his new liberty.

I have noticed more than once, the utter failure of many of my seemingly intelligent countrymen, who have entered the lists of competition with native born Californians. In the first place they can't make beer, and can't draw a joker. Old Mis. Mather seems to have been singularly unfortunate with her children. Her eldest boy was hanged last fall at Hog Eye and the other is now in jail at Hog Jaw on running the weekly organ of the combine who says is the worst sheet of the entire litter.

## OUR JACKASS CORRESPONDENT.

Jackass Ravine, April 40th.

Pi Traynor came down to this Camp last week hunting for a fellow who said he knocked Wardner Fredericks, with the exception of cutting off of Dandy Jim's ear Pitt did little harm.

Billy Kelley has opened up his quinz alley at Elizabethtown, but is still sticking to the law business as well. The rumor that he had neglected Bruce Paved Annie's case has no foundation, in fact she got three months and Bill was well satisfied.

Charley Hogard has opened up a balsam factory close to Quincy and is now well on the road to fortune.

Say, if you dont return two whoodistinted youths from the 49 Camp, old Jacks will pop. Billy Edwards and attorney Webb were last seen in your delusion, illusion I mean, bobbobbling with the fandango girls and gin, and they should have been home three days ago. Put tags on them and ship C. O. D. to Quincy.

Cy Mudkey is a veritable Californian. He tells of having weighed out salt for gold in the days of '49, with as much gusto as he trains twenty Sheriff Sprecklis horses with real ability.

The horse race I spoke of last week came off Wednesday. Jersey Jim's mare was not considered a probable winner, as she was suffering from natural cussedness previous at this season of the year. But Jim put Scabbilised with a few exceptionally good engravings of life in the early days with an accuracy to life that no pioneer will hesitate to recognise.

Mule indignation was expressed by old '49 ers at the Bay Districts last Tuesday. The Judges ruled off Hackett for life. At first it was supposed that the disabling jockey was an old trotting horse named. The indignation began to be expressed when it was discovered he was a biper.

Old Bill Schlatter is talking of starting a brewery here as he has been knighted by this district. He, however, is putting on lots of style since running with royalty and our boys are a little sore. He will have to square a few of us or the Weiland Beer will do him up.

Jim O'Brien of Sweetwater paid the Camp a visit last week, but he came loaded with a jag that did credit to Col. Bookwell. What kind of beer is sine are you selling at the 49 Camp? Sheriff Beardsley and assistants Superintendent Foss of Plumas county have been having a monkey and parrot time during the past week. It has been hard to tell which is the prisoner, but both seem to enjoy the company of the other.

Ora Scott, a natural born jail, was over here Saturday and had a high old time with the boys. Jay is one of our own kind of people and Preemo people go there to pick on the sheriff.

Warren Scotton a native son of an illustrous sire was down from Orleanville a few days ago and reports the N. S. G. W. in a flourishing condition. His tales of fabulous wealth in the Butte county mines needs confirmation.

HANK.

The editor of our ex-wing coon journey across the street was thrown into the cooler yesterday by the Constable for beating his mother with a stove poker. Old Mis. Mather seems to have been singularly unfortunate with her children. Her eldest boy was hanged last fall at Hog Eye and the other is now in jail at Hog Jaw on running the weekly organ of the combine who says is the worst sheet of the entire litter.

Dear Sirs:
If New Castle Thaw has all it
said for you we aint sorry for that
little girl he shot. Either will stay a week
more Yours truly
Of Coeur d'Alene
Old Rent man
& Inspector

## OUR JACKASS CORRESPONDENT.

FROM A VOTER.

Jackass Ravine, February 1.

Mister Editor — I want to say just now that I do not like the way you are talking about Deputy Sheriff Spreckels and my old friend Joe Harvey. You say:

"Last Thursday Deputy Spreckels, a ward-striker and ballot-stuffer in San Francisco, came down here and had a confab with Joe Harvey, the faro man, in the rear room of the El Dorado saloon. The job was to call a convention for next Monday and to pack it with heelers from the race course and gambling dens along the river."

Now I want to say to you, sir, right now, that Joe Harvey never stood in with Deputy Sheriff Spreckels, but on the contrary he is a henchman of John D. Spreckels, who tries to throw all the blame on his brother.

However, Joe has always stood for clean politics and does not care to be mixed up in any dirty work. It is a well-known fact that he has always been for law and order, having "disposed" of two dealers who tried to "do" innocent players, and there is not a man in the camp who thinks that Joe would take advantage of the voters. He is looking for play from the better class and he cannot afford to stand in with the Deputy, who has told several friends that his brother is looking for backing from the stage office, he having sent down to the city for a number of hoolers. Joe and Dolph are all right, but look out for John, who will try and do the honest murder.

GRIM.

## FROM JACKASS RAVINE.

### Those Who Are Going to the Convention.

Jackass Ravine, Feb. 6—Since my last letter there are several things of importance that you should know. Last Monday a gang of toughs came over from Hullabaloo and tried to start a poker game with some of our people, but we were onto their little "sneap" and refused to play. In the party were Al Whitney, Bill Curtis, Uncle John Deere, and Bill Barnes; the latter we are glad to say was foiled and staked Jersey Jim to play, but after Jim had won a little more than a hundred dollars the game quit as Barnes refused to allow Jersey to put up a "pinch" for each drink.

We have had a whole lot of talk about the coach combination alluded to in your last edition about the coming election and I have taken great pains to find out the names of the delegates from our neck of the woods. The following are the names of the gentlemen who will meet with you on convention day.

Bagtown — Levi Bradley, Captain White, A. J. Bailey and Hank Garfield.

Rattlesnake — Billy Dillon, Hank Moore, Billy Bormer and old Bob Woods.

Jackass Ravine—Hoosier Dan will lead the delegation, but look out for him, as it it is generally thought he will stand in with John Spreckels. His fellow members are Paddy Conners, Carriboo George and Zeke Wilson.

Shirt-tail Canyon will send a hard lot, their names being Tom Atchinson, Lon Whipple, Kangaroo Sam and Theo. Rose.

The Mountain House is well represented in Jim Orndorff, Bill Boone, Napa Dick and Wall-eyed Murphy.

Turkey Ranch might have made a better selection, however, their representatives being Baldy Hamilton, the old stage man, Alack Corcothers, Bill Kennedy (look out for him, he is Joe Harvey's friend), and Mush-head Bill.

Table Rock has selected Tom Markham, Billy Acock, Lon Hamilton and Big-mouth Francy.

Chrono Pam will send down to the convention Si Rollins, Nibsey Levy of the Queen's Life Guards, George Anderson and Gus Somers.

Half-way House—Pete Boyce, Joe Gavin, Pat O'Neil and "Doc" Shaw.

As the stage is waiting I will simply say that Jim Hennessey and Andy Blessington have sat down in the "Last Chance" to play crib for two stags a side. Will let you know the result next week.

Ese Johnson and Bud Marsh are going to start a faro game this evening, but if they don't allow the rounders from Frisco to play our boys will all go over to Joe Harvey's game at the '49 Camp.

Pat Trayner, Ross Trayner, George D. Lee and Alex Waugh will all be over to vote on election day.

GRIM.

## JACKASS RAVINE NEWS.

Jackass Ravine, Mch. 3.—The voters of San Francisco have at last declared themselves, and you can bet your bloody that the combine will find themselves washed out when convention day arrives.

Last Monday night the boys met at the old Atlantic and adopted a scorching set of resolutions, the tone of which set them pawing the air with enthusiasm. The battle cry from the hoy will be "Down with the ring and get all the votes you can for Theo. Reas for the Judge's position." The gentlemen selected to represent the voters in convention were Gus Mooney, Colonel Stagg, Uncle Billy Woods and Paddy Hughes.

Con and Billy will take a few sacks along, but I have not heard how much the main will be for. Hustling Jack Hastings has sold his trotting horse and will back the Mooney chickens. Look out for him at the convention.

On my arrival back at the Ravine your correspondent found that Soldier Mary had been beat most to death by Big Foot Liz. It seems that Mary had sent down to the bay for a new dress, giving the order, of course, to Charley Kornfeld. When the gown arrived Soldier fixed herself up and marched down the street. On passing the house that Liz bosses the latter came out and shouted that Mary was wearing second-hand clothes, and furthermore stated that the dress in question was once owned by Strangler Moll of Dry Town. Then the fur flew fast and furious. Finally they were separated and both arrested by officers Ben Fitch, Bill Burdett and John Sedgwick. The case will be held when Judge Tobin returns, he being away hunting up Hibernia stock.

There is a rumor current that Patsy Crowley will come before the convention seeking the nomination for Constable. How true this is I am not in a position to state.

Big Casino got on one of her fighting drunks a night or two ago and deposited five slugs with Jimmy Atkinson of the Hole-in-the-Wall Saloon as a standing wager that she was the best formed woman in the State. Can you send up a girl from the '49 Camp to collar this stuff?

Two law chaps, who say their names are Barnes and Kowalsky, have hung out their shingles, but the boys are a little shy of them. The one with the tough name told two or three pretty good stories last evening at the Last Chance, but Tim McCarthy knocked him out with his latest New York production, called the "Silent Yarn." If you come this way have the Senator tell it to you.

GRIM.

## CHIPS FROM JACKASS RAVINE.

Jackass Ravine, Mch. 8.—Well, two tenderfeet are reported to have robbed the Angel's stage, but from this point of vantage I am inclined to the belief that the officers are off their base, for two well known characters have been around the ravine for several days. Of course, I rather hate to mention names, but just watch Baldy Hamilton and Alex Waugh if they should come to Jackass Ravine to visit your camp —look after them carefully, for they were both broke prior to the robbery.

Theodore Ross is making a hard fight for the Justice's nomination, and many delegates are pledged to support him. This end of the country will vote solid for Theo if the convention should favor him. Do what you can for him as he will strengthen the ticket.

An Englishman named Butler appeared here the other day wearing a high hat; however, Frank Clayton shot it full of holes and it is supposed that in future all Johnny Bulls will give this camp the go by. Southern gentlemen will not be imposed on.

A lot of horsemen have had a meeting in Frisco to start a Pacific Coast Association. Up here we do not know what they are after, but John Allman, the stagoman, will go broke that he has a mule that can out trot, out pace or out run any animal owned in the bay counties. As John has a long sack here is a chance for Tom Williams, Dolph Spreckles or Joe Cairo Simpson to win a good big dab.

Steve Crain of Turlock and Fred Loeber of St. Helena are here trying to swap horses, but as there is a hundred difference between them in the trade the betting is even that no dicker takes place. Both of them want the best of the bargain.

There was a letter received here a few days ago by an old New Yorker asking if claims were plentiful in this locality, as three citizens of the Empire State wanted locations. Will Green of the Colusa "Sun" was willing to sell but Old Man Carter of the Shasta "Courier" said newspapers were not wanted by the prospective settlers. So a committee was appointed to look over the Forty-nine Camp and select a spot for them. The three gentlemen are Burke Catchrane, Frank Allen and John H. Corckrell. As I know them back East look out for them.

Gen. Bamberger and a man from Indiana called Ben Harrison are going to discuss the topics of the day, and it is dollars to murbles that the General does the hoosier up.

GRIM.

## OUR JACKASS CORRESPONDENT.

Jackass Ravine, March 15—A rumor reached here last week that Billy Stevens our well known barkeep, was suspected of stealing a mule belonging to John Donnelley, but as Billy walked into town last Monday looking for a job, he either did not steal the mule or else struck a stud horse poker game on his way here.

Old Paddy Hamilton states emphatically that he did not rob the Angel's stage, and furthermore positively asserts that he saw a newspaper man named Davis with a Wells-Fargo box in his possession. Paddy also affirms that the aforesaid Davis had a bottle which did not contain the choicest liquor on earth.

We have a young gentleman who smilingly sets out the glasses and charges a bit for each smile. When he let his rubber shoes a few evenings ago, at the '49 Camp, he refused Fandango Fanny of stealing the same, now he thinks that the shoes were put up at the El Dorado.

Jim Butler has been around trying to borrow a gun for the purpose of cleaning out your office when he visits the Gulch on convention day. Jimmy Du Bois gave him a small 38, telling John A. Faull that the old stagger would not fire at a tripod, and consequently would not try to kill you.

Sierra County is getting awful high tonel, and has had "a day." It made me laugh to see Ty Ford acting as Master of Ceremonies, as I used to rank him when a kid, all the same he filled the bill to the Queens taste, and no one ever visited the Forks was proud of our "Ty." Ford was a Republican so I could vote for him for Governor some day.

You would have laughed fit to split your sides Tuesday night to have seen Uncle John Anderson call down "Ah Kinson of the Hole-in-the-Wall Saloon as a standing wager that she was the best formed woman in the State. Can you send up a girl from the '49 Camp to collar this stuff?

Two law chaps, who say their names are Barnes and Kowalsky, have hung out their shingles, but the boys are a little shy of them. The one with the tough name told two or three pretty good stories last evening at the Last Chance, but Tim McCarthy knocked him out with his latest New York production, called the "Silent Yarn." If you come this way have the Senator tell it to you.

GRIM.

## OUR JACKASS CORRESPONDENT.

Jackass Ravine, March 26.

I am more than surprised that you have taken the liberty of publishing a cut of how I left Hangtown. If you had sent over word that I had signed would have told you all about the hilarity. There was more fun than enough. And Bill Selkirk can vouch for my part of the story. Put it in straight or expect trouble before your next issue.

A fellow named Alvinzo Hayward has made a hit in his quartz claim at Plymouth and miners are flocking to the claim in great shape.

Joe Harvey's clique are trying hard to have Theo Ross step down and out as Treasurer; but I want to say right here if Ross quits, I am in the fight for the same position.

My three partners and your humble servant want to declare themselves, if any dog busted son of a sen cook steals another copy of the APPEAL from off the table the responsibility lies on their own heads. For two consecutive weeks some prowling thief has got away with our copy and now we are prepared to cut his fingers off.

Walter Bernard and Frank Bettman took a six-shooter away from a foot-pad Tuesday evening, and the would be holder up had the two arrested for seizing the tool of his profession. An intelligent jury acquited the prisoners but suggested that on the next attempt they kill the plaintiff.

When I was up at Niggar Bar a man named Jake Wallace loaned me $20. If the banjo player you have in your camp is the same Jake, let me know and the first time Joe Stewart goes over the divide the money will be sent.

A Chinaman opened up a bran new laundry at Shirt Tail last week, but the Tail boys are down on the Chinese and ran the poor Mongolian out of town. Send over Pussy who advertises in your last issue and we will all patronise her.

A young narrow waisted chap named Bruce Harris has opened up an American hat store and is loud in the '49 Camp and is selling tolerable fair hay juice. He smashed Caribou George in the nose for insulting him on his opening night and thus established a fighting reputation. Doc Keane sewed up the rent in the mouth but his rubber shoes a few evenings ago, at the '49 Camp, he refused Fandango Fanny of stealing the same, now he thinks that the shoes were put up at the El Dorado.

Jim Butler has been around trying to borrow a gun for the purpose of cleaning out your office when he visits the Gulch on convention day. Jimmy Du Bois gave him a small 38, telling John A. Faull that the old stagger would not fire at a tripod, and consequently would not try to kill you.

Sierra County is getting awful high tonel, and has had "a day." It made me laugh to see Ty Ford acting as Master of Ceremonies, as I used to rank him when a kid, all the same he filled the bill to the Queens taste, and no one ever visited the Forks was proud of our "Ty." Ford was a Republican so I could vote for him for Governor some day.

You would have laughed fit to split your sides Tuesday night to have seen Uncle John Anderson call down "Ah Kinson of the Hole-in-the-Wall Saloon as a standing wager that she was the best formed woman in the State. Can you send up a girl from the '49 Camp to collar this stuff?

Two law chaps, who say their names are Barnes and Kowalsky, have hung out their shingles, but the boys are a little shy of them. The one with the tough name told two or three pretty good stories last evening at the Last Chance, but Tim McCarthy knocked him out with his latest New York production, called the "Silent Yarn." If you come this way have the Senator tell it to you.

GRIM.

## PEST.

BIG TRAIN ROBBERY.

Lassenie, March 10—This morning on the west bound train a man named McLaughlin was asleep in the smoking compartment a thief extracted $20 worth of gold from his back teeth and made his escape. The man McLaughlin is the party who located the Golden Gate Mine on the Feather river. The thief also took two teeth. It is believed that the robber first stupified McLaughlin by giving him a bottle of dosped brandy telling him that it was a new brand of cough medecine.

POLITICAL EXCITEMENT AT COTHAM.

New York, March 10—There is great exsitement here over the report that Bill Gladstone the ex London political boss is coming over here on a large salary to manipulate politics for Tammany.

He has been in correspondence with the Tammany leaders for some time, and is preparing to take the whole Bowelly in hand. He will live on the Bowery and cultivate an acquaintance with the Democratic masses.

A JUSTICE REBUKED.

Nevada City, March 10—Jim O'Kief was brought before Judge Jones Monday for disturbing the peace. When the fine was fixed at $30, Jim spit quite a smart invoice of tobacco juice in the Judges eye and walked out. Jones will probably loose the use of his eye. The general opinion is that had the court worn specks he might have saved his bacon.

ROW IN CARSON.

Carson Nev. March 10—Several members of the new Athletic Corporation at Reno, called on the Governor to-day to know if he would allow the Corbett Jackson fight to be pulled off in Reno. On the refusal of the Governor they attempted to clean out the Executive Chamber, but were all licked and pitched out by Vanderleth the Private Secretary. Senator Boyle was thrown over the Capital fence.

PRINCE COLONA ARRIVES.

New York, March 23—It is reported that the Prince of Colona arrived today and took up palatial appartments at the Bowery House. He is armed to the teeth and will scour the United States to find his wife and children. He has been banqueted by society women who are anxious to marry him for his great graft on the aristocracy. He says that he will lick John Mackay on sight.

Later, Mackay met him in front of the Hoffman House last evening and licked the sinning out of him in the presence of a large crowd. Mackay's supercuts were pronounced to be fine by Peter Jackson who was present. Colona's head is as big as the old bonanza.

HELL IN ALAMEDA.

Alameda, March 21—The Ladies Aid Association for the amelioration of the condition of the poor, are still having a gay old time in the association rooms. At last accounts they were bawling each other over the head with broom sticks and mop handles, and the poor starving to death on the outskirts of town. Came of the row, too many women wanted to hold office.

CESARISM AT WASHINGTON.

Washington March 23—A Herald dispatch from New York says its said it is reported that Cleveland will proclaim a Monarchial Government next week, and be crowned King of the United States. The report created great exsitement at the Capitol. An APPEAL reporter traced the story to its source and found that one of the colored servants of the White House had ordered one of the old red bed quilts dyed purple, and Senator White supposed that it was an imperial robe Cleveland was going to wear at the coronation. The city is now quieted, but the newspapers are sending interviewers to the colored man, and to-day the quilt will be raffled off for the benefit of the darkey, who hasn't received his pay from the White House for over eight months.

VICTORIA AND JIM

London, March 28—There is quite a stir at Windsor Castle over the contemplated visit of Jim Corbett to the Queen. Victoria has decided to receive the pug in a 24 foot ring. She is to occupy one corner and Jim another. The Princess of Teck has decided to wear three ounce boxing gloves and all court ladies are expected to follow suit. Indian clubs will be placed at the corner of the throne to steady it. The Marquis of Queensbury will be the master of ceremonies. It is now under serious consideration whether or not to allow Tony Moor and Charley Mitchell to remain standing during the reception. Corbett's colors will be run up on the castle in place of the flag of St. George. Parliament will adjourn and a boxing tournament will enliven the guests after dinner. Peter Jackson will never set foot on British soil if he dont get invited.

Later—This morning all London was thrown into excitement because the Queen had let fall a ten pound dumbbell on her toe when practicing athletics. A Paris Doctor has just arrived.

TO HELP BRECKENRIDGE.

Washington, April 5—A bill was introduced here to-day aiming to help Breckenridge. It provides that no young lady can make love to a Representative of Congress, without first taking out a permit from the Librian of Congress, in which she binds herself not to exercise undue influence over her victim, and further binds herself not to bring breach of promise suits in case of seduction. All other business has been suspended to let the bill have gang way.

JONES NOT MOLESTED.

Reno Nev. April 4—Senator Jones passed through Nevada on his way to Washington last evening, and was not molested by a demand from the Republican Central Committee. They expected to way-lay him and secure funds for the next campaign, but he slid through disguised as a brakeman on a cattle car. After the incident Bragg and Foley resigned from the Central Committee.

CORBETT IN NO HURRY.

New York, April 5—Jim Corbett was interviewed here to-day. He says that he is anxious to meet Jackson, provided he can name the time, place, referee, and stake-holder, and be assured 90 per cent of the gross receipts, and nine tenths of the purse. While not drawing the color line he wants Jackson to bleach himself out about four shades before fighting. Corbett to be judge of the shade. These points being all settled he is more than wild to get into the ring, providing the authorities dond't interfere.

THE COMMON SQUEALERS.

Oakland, April 6—Editor Moffett and Senator Dargie joined the Army of Common Squealers to-day. Moffett addressed the mob from a box car and offered to pay all their fares to Washington. He offered to give his note to the Southern Pacific Company for 60 days for the ammount of the fares, and Dargie offered to endorse it. The announcement was received with cheers, and free beer was set up by the Mayor, who told the bar-keep to chalk it up. The army moved on at once.

A NEW WITNESS FOUND.

Washington, April 12—It is rumored here to-day that a new witness has been found who could have given important testimony for Congressman Breckenridge in the Pollard suit. It was the coachman who took the couple from the Seminary. He says that after Miss Pollard had taken him into the coach he heard Breckenridge scream, and call for help twice when about a mile from the Seminary. His voice seemed smothered as if a hand had been placed over his mouth. He did not interfere, but thinks had he done so in time he might have saved Breckenridge from his awful fate. The coachman is a brother in law of a Congressional porter, and at one time was agent for Beecher's "Life of Christ."

HEADED THIS WAY.

Stockton, April 18—Tho newspapers and politicians of San Jauquin county have formed an Industrial Army and are headed for San Francisco under the leadership of Ed Colnan the editor of the Stockton Mail.

ROW IN WASHINGTON.

Washington, April 18—Grover Cleveland got on a drunk yesterday and thrashed Senator Carsile and Bill Stewart. The rumor that he licked his mother-in-law is not verified.

STRUNG UP.

Hangtown, April 19—Alex Waugh the bar keeper for Diamond and McCarty was strung up by the vigilance committee here last evening. Nothing particular was charged against him, just strung up on general principals.

It's high time that we had a sober man for Postmaster. On Thursday last our best girl came up from Hog Eye and emptied a couple of six-shooters through the window at our head, several of the balls piercing our clothes, all because we had not answered her last letter. An investigation showed that the letter we mailed on last Valentines day was still kicking around the floor of the Post-office, and had been read by every loafer who hangs about the place.

We are now reconciled to our girl, but dont want any more fire-irons banged at us at close range. Sometimes in a case like this a bullet is liable to glance off us and kill a good cross, to proclaim that there are not enough Christians in the State to persuade them to live sufficiently to make the scheme pay. This will put the religious element on their mettle, and it is argued that the tickets will reach an enormous sale. Already the stockholders of the company have begun to fight for an advantage, and Senator Jones charges that the stock has been watered. People who were not let in on the ground floor refuse to speak to the promoters on the street.

It also transpires that Colonel Fred Davis, who has charge of the colored help at the Palace, has still further carried out the idea by buying up all the Bibles and prayer books south of Market street, with a view of cornering the market. He pays the help at the Palace 25 cents apiece for all the Moody and Sanky hymns they can bring in, and now there is a corner in sacred songs at the Palace.

The Sliea Sandstone Company, who manufactured the Prayer Book Cross, is also in the scheme, working for a big advertisement.

White-hat McCarthy agreed for a consideration to corral the sacred literature at the race track, and started out with Stonchin Maloney to clean the Bay District inclosure of every Bible and prayer book in sight. Yesterday they had stored in the cellar of Spreckel's sugar warehouse over 5000 books, which proved to be merely copies of the "American Turf Notes, "The California Horse," by Mark Borsck, and "Schenk's Poker Rules."

Meanwhile the stock of the Oroville company is rapidly advancing in the market.

Boston Charley the house sharp, was sadly beaten in the El Dorado saloon last evening. Some one took his old brass mounted quarix pin off his shirt front and caused the trouble.

Deputy Sheriff Spreckels, who has been off to Los Gatos getting the Keely cure is back again, and will make an attempt to have the county foot the bill. Better wait a few weeks and see what sort of a hold the cure has on him.

We understand that on Sunday about noon the Mid-winter Guards will raid the APPEAL office and remove the type and printing machinery. They will find all hands and the cook on deck ready to receive them. We give the Fair administration due notice that we will recognise no one who comes without a warrant from the city or municipal authorities.

AN OLD TIMER.

"THE DAYS OF '49."

Written for Jake Wallace by John Woodward, The Pioneer Stage Manager. Music by Jake Wallace, the old Original Banjo Soloist.

Oh! here you see old Tom Moore,
A relic of former days;
A bummer too they call me now,
But what care I for praise.
My heart is filled with the days of yore,
And oft do I respire
For the days of old, the days of gold,
In the days of '49.

I'll comrade then that loved me well
A brave and jovial crew,
And all the boys that now remain
I'll low there is but few.
They were good souls, they never flinched
Or never yell or whine,
But like good old bricks
They stood the kicks,
In the days of '49.

There was Monie Pete, I'll ne're forget
The pluck he always had.
He'd deal for you both night and day
As long as you had a roast.
One night a pistol laid him out;
Twa's his last lay-out is fine,
It caught Pete sure, right in the door
In the days of '49.

There was Joker Bill, one of our boys,
And always in for a game,
And whether he lost or whether he won
To him 'twas all the same.
He'd pass the "buck" and ante a slug,
And go a hatful blind,
But in a game of death Bill lost his breath
In the days of '49.

There was New York Jack
A butcher boy, so fond of getting tight,
Whenever Jake got on a spree
He was spoiling for a fight.
One day he ran against a knife,
In the hands of old Bob Cline,
And over Jake we held a wake
In the days of '49.

There was Rattlesnake Jim,
Who could outroar a bull yon bet.
He roared all night and roared all night,
I believe he is roaring yet.
One night he fell into a prospect hole,
'Twas a roaring bad design,
In that hole he roared out his soul
In the days of '49.

There was old lame Jess a hard old case
Who never did repent.
He never missed a single meal,
And never paid a cent.
But poor old Jake like all the rest,
Did at length to death reaign.
For in his boom he went up the flume
In the days of '49.

Of all the comrade I had then,
There's none left to boast,
And here I walk around the Camp
Like some poor wandering ghost.
And as I go from place to place,
Folks tell me a wandering sign,
And say there' old Tom Moore
A bummer sure, of the days of '49.

Last Saturday the wife of Mayor Boggs eloped with a gin-slinger at the El Dorado saloon. Mrs. Boggs will be sorely missed by society here. Old Boggs has been lull ever since.

A MIDNIGHT ARREST.

(AFTER THE STYLE OF THE DAILY PAPERS.)

Last night about eleven o'clock, as Officer John William McIntosh was standing at the corner of Clay and Montgomery streets, he saw a suspicious looking individual approach with a bundle under his arm. Suspecting that the fellow had effected an entrance into some house and burglariously despoiled it, Officer McIntosh accosted him, at the same time blowing his whistle. Officers Frank Murphy, Patrick Flanagan, and Gottlib Shimmerhorn ran up. A few minutes later Officers Guseppi Cadannasse, Michael Toomey, Denahi Flunery, Ivan Petrovich and Albert Brown arrived. Suspicioning from the movements of the police that he was in danger of arrest, the man with the bundle suddenly started off down Clay street on the dead run. The blowing of whistles attracted the attention of Special Officer James Hennessey, who attempted to head off the fleeing man at the corner of Sansome, but the fellow turned up Sacsom and ran toward Washington. Here Officers H. W. Smith and Edward Rinaldo Mulligan sprang out of a doorway with raised clubs, but the man dodged and fled down Washington to Battery, where Private Watchman Heinrich Beersch will attempted to intercept him, Failing, he drew his pistol and fired six shots in rapid succession and at short range—but not effect, however, except to bring the fugitive to a halt. Within three minutes Officers McIntosh, Murphy, Flannagan, Schimmerhorn, Toomey, Flinerty, Petrovich, Cadanasso, Brown, Smith, Mulligan, and Special Honnessey and Private Watchman Beersch will,

"Is this next to you engaged?" asked a traveler of a young lady in the stage.

"Yes sir, it is."

"Who's engaged it?"

"A gentleman, I believe," she said.

"Well he can't engage a seat this way and not sit in it. I don't see any baggage. Where's his baggage,?"

And as he was on the point of sitting down, when the young lady, assisted by all of her courage, exclaimed: "Oh I sit. I'm his BRIDESS."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"WHITE SEAL"
AND
"BRUT IMPERIAL"
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BURKE'S
BASS' ALE.
IRISH & SCOTCH
WHISKIES.
KEYSTONE
"MONOGRAM"
PURE RYE WHISKEY.
"CLUB COCKTAILS.

CARLISLE REIMPROVED
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NEW AND SECOND-HAND Water Pipe. Mine and Mill Supplies.
Catalogues and Prices Freely Furnished.

GOLD.

## "OLD TIMES." ROCKS.

### Old Pioneer Reminiscences of Early Theatricals Boiled Down By Jim Armstrong.

THE FIRST THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE.

It is thus recorded by a member of "Stevenson's Regiment," The stirring events in California gave the theatrical star no chance to assume the sock and buskin. But when Stevenson's Regiment arrived here and was stationed in barracks, the want of amusement soon roused up talent which lay hidden away among the soldiers, and Santa Barbara was the first place to have the honor of introducing the English drama on the Pacific Slope. This was in the month of August 1847. The company consisting of C. K. V. Lee and his brother, L. Gannon, J. Rowe and others of the regiment. Written bills announced that they would give an entertainment in a large adobe house, which they had fitted up regardless of expense. The bill of the evening promised Bulwers "Lady of Lyons," "Comic Songs," Dancing and Farce." The part of "Claude Melnotte," by Mr. C. V. Lee. "Colonel Damas," Mr. Gannon. "Pauline," Mr. J. Rowe.

The first theater in California was on the corner of Pacific and Decatur streets Monterey, in an adobe building. This property belonged to Jack Swan, a mutable pioneer of 1833, and was dedicated as a theatre by C. E. Bingham, Ned Bingham, and a company largely composed of Stevenson's disbanded regiment. In 1847, prior to the opening of Swan's adobe as a theatre four volunteers Matt Gormly, Bill Tyndall, Jake Morgan, and Long Lee came to Monterey from Santa Barbara on military duty, and in conjunction with three local characters called "Tips," "Taps," and "Tops," gave two theatrical performances.

The next theatre in California was the "Eagle Theatre" in Sacramento in 1849, back of the round tent on Front street, a noted gambling establishment. In fact the entrance to the theatre was through the tent. So it was evidently a man's affair. The theatre cost $75,000 although it was only 30x60 feet; the lumber for the frame work cost $700 per thousand feet; the canvas for the scenery came at $1 a yard, and those who sewed the canvas were paid $16 per day. The roof was of sheet iron and tin, and when the rains set in the music was so deafening that the actors could not be heard, upon which the audience would adjourn to the gambling tent. There were no dressing rooms, and but three sets of scenery, a wood street, and chamber, which with the drop curtain was painted by George Wilson, and it is commentory on the taste of the times that while the canvas stillsides were paid at the private figures named above, the poor artist was put off with $50 for the entire job. The auditorium consisted of a so called dress circle and parquet. Seats were of rough boards, the bare ground serving as a floor. At an entrance to the second tier, or gallery, a step-ladder was provided outside the building, and in deference to ladies, canvas was raised beneath it. Admission was $2 and $3 and was opened amid great excitement in October 18, 1849, with the following company: J. B. Gaskill in "400 per night; Charles P. Free $200 per week; J. H. McCabe $100 per week; Harry Daly $60 per week; Lieutenant Wright $50 per week; Mr. and Mrs. Ray (the only woman in the company) $75 per week and their board and washing free. (She last being a consolation, as washing was $12 a dozen. The orchestra received $60 a day, but for some unexplainable reason the salaries of the officials in the front of the house were about the same as they are to-day, and yet the stage carpenters were paid $125 per week As might be expected the expenses were enormous, and some idea of the disadvantages under which the company labored may be gathered from the one fact that all the plays had to be changed and rewritten to meet the exigency of the one woman. Sacramento had no levees at that time and when the rains came on the water flooded the theatre, covering the parquet seats, the flood played havoc with the flimsy building and it was closed January 6th 1850.

The first concert in San Francisco was on Monday June 2? 1849, by Stephen C. Massett, better known as "Jeems Pipes of Pipesville." The entertainment was given in an old building on the north west corner of the plaza, since named Portsmouth Square. The building served as a dual purpose, Judge Almond's court and it was also used as a public school. Massett was the only performer. The only piano in all California was loaned for the occasion by the owner Mr. E. Harrison, who was collector of the port. The little room was crowded. Front seats were reserved for ladies, of whom there were four present. The programme consisted of "Songs," "Recitations," and "Imitations." Admission $3. Tickets to be had at Dr. Robinson's Chemist and Druggist on the plaza, and at the office of Colonel J. D. Stevenson. The receipts were over $600.

"The New York Serenaders" were the next to the amusement world of "Frisco." The ringmaster was W. H. Bernard then known as W. H. Wilder. The company consisted of W. H. Bernard, Interlocutor; J. Lee, Bones; J. Price, Tambo; J. Nash, Tenor; J. Kitts, Bass; and C. Cushing, Banjo. Here performed in the Parker House on the site now occupied by the Odd City Hall. They commenced early in 1849 and met with great success.

The first theatrical performance in San Francisco was given by "The Eagle Theatre Company" of Sacramento, in Washington Hall, Jan. 16th 1850. The play was "The Wife," and an after piece called the "Sentinel or the Deserter." Admission $3. Tickets to be had at Dr. Robinson's Chemist and Druggist on the plaza, and at the office of Colonel J. D. Stevenson. The receipts were over $600.

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WHISKY.

open space on the north side of California street, not over one hundred and fifty feet from the corner of Montgomery street. On this space Mr. Rowe the pioneer of ring amusements opened a circus. Mrs. Rowe and Master Rapid act as the star riders.

The National Theatre on Montgomery and Kearney streets opened on February 19th 1850. It was destroyed by fire May 4th 1851.

"The Eagle Theatre" was was a building fronting on high water mark, within a door or two of the "City Hotel," on Montgomery street. It would have been taken for an ordinary drinking saloon but for the sign, "Eagle Theatre," which was nailed to the top of the canvas frame. Passing through the bar-room the visitor arrived at the entrance. The dress circle was a single gallery at one end consisting of containing seven one-hundred persons. The pit would contain about three hundred more. The sides and roof were canvas, which when wet effectually prevented ventilation, and rendered the atmosphere hot and stifling. It was built early in 1850.

"The Phenix Theatre" on Pacific street opened March 23rd 1850. Burned out in '51.

"The Thespa Theatre," was a building of more pretensions near Sacramento street. Mrs. Kirby in connection with her first husband a Mr. Wingert became the managers. Mr. Wingert was killed January 17th. 1850, and in August of 1851 Mr. James Stark took the management.

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# THE MIDWINTER APPEAL

AND JOURNAL OF FORTY-NINE.

VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1894. NUMBER 21

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HEADING UP JACKASS RAVINE.



## NEWS BROUGHT IN BY OUR CAYUSE.

### FUMIGATING THE MAILS.

Washington, May 22—The Supreme Court has decided that references to the Breckenridge Pollard case can go through the mail as second class matter if stamped. The court said that times were too hard to require any reserve. The Department was authorized however, to send fumigation compounds and spraying machines to all post offices requiring such service.

### CLEVELAND IN DANGER.

Washington, D. C., May 25.—Yesterday President Cleveland was brought back to town by a special train. He is terribly blonted and it is feared he has been bitten by a fly. The doctors say that the fly evidently mistook him for one of the suckers he had been fishing for and blowed him. Many telegrams of sympathy have been received. His wife is by his side trying to keep up his spirits with a fan and a bottle of bay rum.

### TO JOIN THE INDUSTRIALS.

Philadelphia, May 25.—Carnegie, the battleship man, has decided to join the Industrial Army. He says the Government has refused to give him a chance to live by condemning his work on the Monterey. Coxey is already showing signs of jealousy as he expects the name of Carnegie will have greater weight with the men than his own. Carnegie says that if refused transportation he will lead a mob to take a train as he dont propose to walk.

### A TRAGIC END.

New York, May 25.—A prominent member of the Union League Club was assasinated at three o'clock this morning. According to the waiter, who was the only sober person present, the circumstances that led to the killing are as follows:

Several members were discussing the latest breaking off of an international society engagement when deceased remarked:

"Ezeta fact that the girl's mother broke it off, or didn't the General think it Wright to take his lady-love into such scenes of strife?"

"Dere was silence for a moment," said the waiter, "denn—Biff! an de gund was a stiff."

A very palpable printer's blunder in the Special Miner's Edition of the APPEAL was one which stated that W. C. Ralston, Secretary of the Miner's Association, was the son of Walter instead of William Ralston.

### THE LION GOT THE TIP.

The reason the lion didn't wrestle with Sandow was because he had a straight tip at the last moment that the referee was bought up to give the perfect man the match. He concluded it would be a waste of time to wrestle and so he took it easy.

It is a pleasure to note good work, no matter what field it is in. Last week one man was killed at Hog Hollow for stealing a spavined horse, and the Royal Flush gang was run out of town for trying to hold up Fargo's Pony Express.

## MINE FOR SALE.

A gravel hydraulic mine rich from grass roots down. 70 feet deep. Deposit o vers 120 acres and is in a region of the finest water supply in the state. Terms easy. Apply at this office.

## HAFFORD'S ILLUSION.

All the illusionists are making money now. The latest is "Luna the Maid of the Moon," in Hafford's Arizona Museum. It is a dazzlingly beautiful woman cut square in two at the waist and placed on a swinging board. The half of the beautiful creature hangs in mid-air, and even passes a fan under her severed waist to prove that the lower half of her body is not there. Crowds go to see this wonderful spectacle every day.

## THE HAUNTED SWING.

This most wonderful illusion must be seen to be appreciated. Words fail to express the curious and realistic results obtained. Every one paying the Haunted Swing a visit will be more than satisfied. This is certainly one of the best shows in the Fair grounds. The admission is but 10 cents.

Kuhne Beverage's grand-father proposes to make an example of Coughlin the actor who married the poor child while he had a wife living. Kuhne knew perfectly well when she married him that he had a wife. Failing to get away with her scoop, she now proposes to have her grand-papa make an example of Coughlin.

Col. Cochrane informs us that he proposes supporting our old townsman Jim Fickleburgh for Chief of Police of Skunkville in the June election.

Glass Eyed McCormick has been advanced to Surveyor of the "Jerries" in the Fulton building; he expects to make his "pat" now that he has assumed his new position.

Through the extra demand for the Special Edition of last week, we may have overlooked some of our subscribers. Any of them who have failed to receive their paper will kindly inform us that we may adjust the matter.

Kickers are always on deck. Last week our compositors kicked because we only furnished one keg of beer a day. The next time we have occasion to hire a gang of "typos" we will lease Wieland's Brewery.

## FOR SALE.

Owing to departure two elegantly furnished Dental offices for sale cheap. Apply to Dr. Luella Cool, Kearney near Post street.


HENRY C. DROGER.
NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER.
Room 2, Ninth Floor, Mills Building San Francisco, Cal.
TELEPHONE 65.


This week we sent our special artist up to Jackass Ravine to make a sketch of the celebrated gold field. The artist got drunk about two miles this side of town and made the above sketch.

## THE BRACELET RACE.

Spanish Puss leads this week having made a gain of 76 votes. The score now stands:

| | |
|---|---|
| Spanish Puss | 243. |
| Carmen | 194. |
| Flossie Brown | 168 |
| Minnie | 166. |
| Trixey | 93. |
| De Vallian | 58. |

Favorite Girl in '49 Camp.

Name

Fill out the blank.

## BACK AGAIN.

La Petite May De Vallian is back among the Fandango Dancers and once more kicking her tamborine to the delight of the visitors. She is back just in time to enter the favorite girl race. She has set a hot pace and on the first quarter shows in the race with 58 votes.

Last night we were awakened by a strange noise on our office steps. On arising we found our worthy contemporary dead drunk and asleep across our threshold. This may be a good mode of Chinese revenge, but the next time it happens we will paint the worthy a beautiful black with a keg of printers ink.

## CAMP JOTS.

Glass Eyed McCormick left Nolans for Oregon today to look for nuggets.

Mr. Thomas Callahan late of the Hop Scotch Investment Bureau is in town

Senator Maloney is rapidly convalescing at Dr. Spitboxes hospital for old ladies.

The eminent barrister Wm. Charles Ross O'Brien is stopping at Squeezers hotel Cuckoo Canyon.

Robert Cochrane late of Fitzgeraldburgh is visiting his mines in Jump Up Gulch Calaveras County.

Commissioner Ed Antenreith of Yreka who through his great efforts placed the Siskiyou potatoes prominently before the local authorities is now raising apples on Hi Jingles farm with the Petaluma incubator.

Tomato Mouth Sal and Broken Nose Pete have both left the Camp. Some even think it is an elopement, if so we wish several more of the same kind would follow.

One Fingered Dick, the Monte man, is again laid up. We are afraid Dick wont rastle with the three little cards any more. He put his finger under our paier-cutter, and the office devil unwittingly pulled the lever. Dick will have to change his name.

Whenever you see a man all smiles and a grand look of contentment on his face you will know that he has just been at W. J. Barnes' Garden Cafe "The Palm" and had a good meal with the very best of liquid refreshments. It is no trouble to find the place, as it is situated under the Scenic Railway on the South drive.

Spanish Puss is back from Hangtown. She says the town is full of drunken printers who are spending money like water which they made on our special edition. The printers are the only ones that have made enough out of it to get drunk on.

Grim, our correspondent has failed us again. He is always coming in with the excuse that some of the hellineal flings up his way have way-laid him. We are sorry to publish the belief that we think it must be old "John Barley Corn" that is causing the delay. We would suggest taking up a purse to send him to the Keeley Cure under the management of Charley Fair and Warren Sheridan, but since we have seen the utter failure of the cure on Adolph Spreckels we are convinced that it would be a worthless expenditure of money.


Our Name Is Known

and when on cork, capsule or label of wine or liquor, is a positive guarantee of the purity and excellence of the contents.

Medicinal Liquors

for Physicians' Prescriptions a specialty.

Old Stock Bourbon

at $1.50 a bottle has no equal.

GOLDBERG BOWEN —AND— LEBENBAUM

S. H. COLLINS,

ESTABLISHED 1858.

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, AND JEWELRY.

—OPTICAL GOODS.—

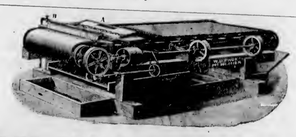
Watches and Jewelry Repaired by Practical Workmen.

227 Kearney Street.

BET. BUSH & SUTTER SAN FRANCISCO CAL.

FOR SALE
PARK LOTS.
On Installments $25 Each.
C. H. FORD. ROOM 5.
Crocker Building.

18



FRUE ORE CONCENTRATOR

Over 4000 in actual use.

Manufactured under Patents of April 27, 1880, July 24, 1888, and March 31, 1891

SAN JACINTO ESTATE, LIMITED, Office of the General Manager.
P. O. Address, South Riverside, San Bernardino county, Cal.
OLANCHO, December 18, 1891.

FRUE VANNING MACHINE CO., 132 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.—GENTLEMEN: After a continuous trial of different Concentrators (comprising the Frue Vanner, the "Holland," "Paradox," "Triumph" and the "Woodbury" Concentrator, has less wear and tear, and—having a positive travel—gives less trouble than the other more complicated and ever-changing machines now in use here. The Frue Vanner not only saves a cleaner concentrate, but has less loss in the tailings, and is in several ways preferable to the other Concentrators here. I am, my Dear Sirs, yours faithfully,
S. HARRIS, Manager.

Price of 4-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner..... $550, f. o. b.
" " Improved Belt Frue Vanner..... 800, f. o. b.
" 6-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner..... 800, f. o. b.

For any information, or for pamphlets, or for circulars or testimonials, call on or address us at our office.

H. J. SUMMERHAYES Successor to ADAMS & CARTER, Agent Frue Vanning Machine Company
NO. 132 MARKET STREET..... SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

AT LAST.

People who have money they want to retain ought to congratulate themselves that Dan McDonald and his pals may wear the stripes. The whole McDonald outfit belong to that class of people who think the public is their oyster.

The only idea of a business transaction lived by this peculiar and turbid ex-convict is to beat some one.

From a scrambling temperance reformer who fostered temperance in order to sell a vile compound known as Vinegar Bitters, the editor Mr. Dan and now, wealth, and the straw rain, the fair-seeming banks wrecked them both and engineered all manner of jobs I can't enumerate; they came in contact with.

In their time Californians throw an examples of the pill edged swindlers, and when the thieves of these two leaders are wearing stripes and cracking rock, the highway of rotten financiers will be cleared. There are a lot of rotten thieves in connection with their failure who ought to be serving time with the big ones.

OUR WOOD CUTS.

Where they Originally came from.

The excellent wood cuts in the APPEAL which so well carry the flavor of '49 were originally owned by Alex Badlam.

When the Morning Ledger was started, Dan O'Connell, Jessop and the writer were employed on the local staff. Harry Lemoyne was manager of the concern, and had an idea that poetry (original poetry) was the man thing to catch the Sunday readers. In this we differed, and somestandy suggested that the poems should be illustrated. I agreed to furnish the engravings, and the next day called on Alex Badlam, whom I knew had the facilities, and he loaned me about a hundred of old wood-cuts which had seen service in the Pacific Rural and some illustrated newspaper venture of his own years ago. The drawings were by Nahl, and the engraving extra good. When the basket was brought in, Mr. George sat down and began to pass over the blocks, distributing them among the staff, remarking as he handed O'Connell a square foot of box wood, "Here, Dan, is a woman waiting for a ship at sea, I look up half a column of poetry on it, entitled, "Waiting." Dan took the block and surveyed it carefully, as he observed, "It strikes me this is meant for a washerwoman, and she's waiting to see if the little nigger on the wharf is going to make a raid on the clothes-basket." "In that case," replied Mr. George, "we can saw off the nigger and the wharf, that will leave the sea and the beach on the right, and it's just the thing." A hand-saw was brought into requisition and the block was sawed in two. "Now, Dan start that right up; the printers are waiting for copy. And Sam, tack a few verses on the nigger and then we'll have two first class cuts and two original poems." The next cut he picked up was a woman sitting on a rock wielding coffee mules, but by sawing off the mules and gouging a club out of the woman's hand with a chisel, Jessop was enabled to build up a poem entitled "Deserted," and calculated to bring tears to the eyes of a Mills-Seminary girl by the time the sixth verse was reached. Sometimes Mr. George would saw up a big engraving into three pieces and divvie it between us. In addition to our regular salaries, we got $6 a column for these verses, and the carpentering work at the head was sometimes counted into the measurement as a special tribute for meritorious work. Whenever the saloon-keeper next door, saw the Sunday issue pretty well filled with original poetry he would contemplate a heavy run of custom on pay-day, and view the scores on the slate with more cheerfulness than usual. One day a temperance poem, penned by Jessop, got mixed up with a picture intended to represent a widow weeping over her husbands grave, by Dan, and the poem O'Connell wrote got under a picture that had been carefully sawed and trimmed for Jessop. The change looked peculiar, but no one noticed it. On the second, after an elaborate poem had been written by a combination effort of three of us, the cut was mislaid just as the paper was going to press. An old Vinegar Bitters cut was put in, however, and then a bill for advertising sent the agent of the agent of the bitters.

He paid it cheerfully.

The paper died, and the cuts returned to Badlam, who afterwards sold them to the Dewing Co., who kindly lent them to the writer to reproduce in the Mirrorers APPEAL. They are regarded as the best illustrations of early life in California extant.

DECORATION DAY.

Oh, who would stand where bullets whizz,
Or cannon thunder,
Where camp-fires gleam and deathless arts cast,
To dread that misty bridge which spans the stream,
Where sweeps between us and the bright past,
To see the glare of crimson on the sky
Or hear the woods resound again with clam'rous battlecry?

Would'st view once more the brave of mangled flesh,
Where rise the smothered moans of men in pain?
Would'st see the wounds of martyrs bleed afresh,
And red mouthed trenches gaping for the slain?

The shivered saber and the crushed cuirass,
The hoof-flailed grass, the riven earth,
the powder blackened grass?

No rather seek some consecrated court,
Where surplused choir, with organs solemn note,
Chant requiems for the dead, or boys in sport
Peer down the cannon's dark and rusty throat,
Where scents of roses drench the summer air
On rusted moat, and black and yellow tiger-lillies flare;

Or find the rent redoubt, where ivy creeps
O'er shattered shell and broken bayonet,
Plaiting its leafy standard on the steeps.
To win the grim, demanded parapet.
Making a conquest none the less complete.
Than when the savage slope was pressed with wounded, weary feet.

The past has left its heritage of hate
To exalt still grieving for the dead adored,
But who will turn the dial-hand of Fate
To cancel legacies so golden stored,
Or rouse the ranks from tentracidal field,
To place again the blot of bondage on a nations shield.

SAM DAVIS.

MISTOOK HIS CROWD.

The last Jinks of the Press Club was accompanied by a thoroughly disgusting innovation of the programme.

A guest who had been invited to unctuously entertain the Club, and who was quite capable of doing credit from that standpoint, strayed from the subject and treated the Club to a song which for unadulterated liquid filth was never surpassed in the halls of the Press Club.

Salacious anecdotes with a good point are relished by most men, but when a company of gentlemen sit down to be entertained, they do not want filth ladelled out with a dipper and the dipper flung after it. The party who indulged in the song alluded to very much mistook the crowd he supposed he was entertaining.

CHATEAU MARCAUX.

The wine made at Tiburcio Parrotts Vineyard St. Helena bids fair to eclipse all other red wines made in America.

GEN. OLIVER ROBERTS.

He seems to have luckily hit on a piece of ground in the mountains of St. Helena that has special qualities for a grand brand of wine. When ordinary wine is selling for 15 and 20 cents a gallon, his is not affected by the market value but sells for $12 a case, while his olive oil brings $10 a gallon.

General Oliver Roberts has charge of his winery and oil factory, and has produced some of the finest oil ever manufactured in California. The General will manage Mr. Parrott's interests during the next five years while the latter is in Europe with his wife.

The General is a Nevada man, and once when he was a Deputy State Officer he was the only official who was inside the state line for a day, thus he was acting Governor for the time being.

In addition to a large acreage of grapes and olives, Mr. Parrot has over three acres of flowers and more than 3000 varities of roses, the collection of which he is justly proud.


'49 MINING CAMP.

A FAITHFUL REPRESENTATION OF THE OLD-TIME FEATURES OF A NEW DIGGINGS IN '48.

Mining Strikes, Hydraulic, Sluice and Quartz Mining Faithfully Represented.

Mining Riots, Pistol Arbitration, Lynching Bees and Claim Jumping Riots Realistically Enacted.

The Postoffice, Justice's Office and mayor's Office. All in the same Saloon Open Night and Day.

The Tiger With His Teeth Pulled Will be There in Mimic Representation of Old Times.

STAGES RUNNING BETWEEN THE CAMP AND FRISCO DAILY.

Good Tavern Accommodations and Mule Corrals.

Mrs. Woods' Souvenir Paintings of Camp Cabins.

Halstead's Horses on Snow Shoes.

PRECIPITOUS FLUMES AT THE FOOT OF MT. SHASTA.

GRAND PANORAMIC EXHIBIT, SHOWING MT. SHASTA FIFTY MILES AWAY.

The Millionaire Cabins of Early Days. John Mackay's Cabin, Built by Him, and in Which He Lived When He Made His First Big Strike in Alleghany, Sierra County.

U. S. Senator Perkins' Cabin, Built by Him 25 Years Ago at Thompson's Flat, Butte County.

The Original Downie Cabin, Reproduction From a Cabin built by Major William Downie, the founder of Downieville.

The Oro Fino Concert Hall. Old-time Ballads and All Kinds of Terpsichorean Novelties.

Typical '49 FANDANGO with forty sweet-faced Senioritas dancing to the strains of the famous Mexican Orchestra.

A REGULAR NEWSPAPER OFFICE ON THE GROUND.

ADMISSION - 25 Cts.

RUSS HOUSE,

MONTGOMERY ST., EXTENDING FROM PINE TO BUSH,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Business center of the city, convenient to all banks, insurance offices and places of amusement during the Midwinter Fair.

Containing 300 Rooms.

J. S. YOUNG . . . . PROPRIETOR

TERMS:

$1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 Per Day.

Bill lower terms for excursion and other large parties. Superior accommodations for families at very moderate rates.

Hotel coach in waiting at all boats and trains to convey guests to and from the house free of Charge.

For further particulars apply at '49 Camp.

Charles Nathan,

Merchant Tailor,

NO. 39 SUTTER STREET,

San Francisco Cal.

WHAT DO YOU THINK About The Celebrated Coney Island FRANKFERTERS!!!

The people say that if you taste them once you will say they are MAGNIFICENT!

Fredericksburgh Larger Beer 5 CENTS A SCOONER.

Coney Island Clam Chowder, Every Kind of Lunch and Refreshments at City Prices.

A. LAPANTI, PROPRIETOR.

Near Bodges Arena. 17

RUSS HOUSE

BARBER SHOP AND BATHS.

—Fresh and Salt Water, 25 Cents.—

317 Montgomery street, between Bush and Pine.

Shaving, 15c. Hair Cutting, 25c. Baths, 25c. First class in all particulars.

REPPUH & KLEINHANS, Proprietors

Ladies' entrance next to Rose House elevator. 4

GEORGE GOODMAN,

—Patentee and Manufacturer of—

ARTIFICIAL STONE

In all its branches. Schillinger's patent sidewalk. Garden walk a specialty.

Office—307 Montgomery street, Nevada block, San Francisco. 7 1m

COLONEL HAFFORD'S ARIZONA EXHIBIT

Of all the Birds, Animals and Reptiles of the Territory.

The most Complete Private Collection in the World

The Colonel has taken twenty-five years to Amass this Collection.

South Drive, in rear of the Administration Building.

ADMISSION - - - - - - - 25 CENTS

H. E. Jones.

CONTRACTOR & BUILDER.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

Store and Office Fittings.

SHOP, 522 16TH STREET

RESIDENCE, 1765 MARKET ST., OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

J. Walsh M. J. Fortune

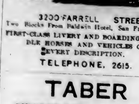
DEL CORONADO.

FORTUNE & WALSH

PROPRIETORS.

13 Third Street

PALO ALTO STABLES, E. R. MILES, Proprietor.



3200 FARRELL STREET,

Two Blocks From Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

FIRST-CLASS LIVERY AND BOARDING. SADDLE HORSES AND VEHICLES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

TELEPHONE, 2615.

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—INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION—

1894.

Studio on Central Court, Exposition Grounds, between the Administration and Mechanical Arts Buildings.

—ALSO—

121 Post Street,

Between Kearny and Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal. Tan11tf

New Peerless Restaurant.

NO. 60 THIRD STREET.

THE BEST 15 CENT MEAL IN THE CITY.

Short Orders At All Hours. Private Rooms for Ladies.

DONT LEAVE CAMP!

Until You Have Seen SMITH'S EXHIBIT

of

An Old '49 Camp Store.

Admission Free.

Ask for a copy of their Catalogue, or mail one to your friends, and before you leave town drop in and see their down town Establishment.

No. 414-416-418 Front street, San Francisco 12

PEOPLE'S PALACE MUSIC HALL.

CORNER EDDY AND MASON.

CLEVY PHILLIPS, Proprietor and Manager.

Vaudeville Performances

Every Evening and Saturday and Sunday Matinees at 2 O'clock P. M.

Admission - - - - Free.

JOHN A. ROEBLING'S SONS CO.,

Manufacturers of

Wire Rope, Wire Cloth, Insulated Electric Wire, Telegraph Wire, Fence Wire, Galvanized Fruit Dry-ing Cloth, Galvanized Wire Netting.

Works—Trenton, N. J.

WAREHOUSES.

117 Liberty street, New York.
121 Lake street, Chicago.
25 Fremont street, San Francisco. 6

If You Don't Buy THE Official Catalogue You Don't See THE FAIR.

Old '49'ers Like Our Ways.

McAfee Bros.

If you miners want to invest your money in a

SURE THING

Call around after your regular clean-up and see

McAfee Brothers,

Who have some of the BEST GRASS LAND in Palermo for sale at terms to a miner can get off at. Don't gamble it your dust or blow it in at the faro tables, but stick it into a

Sure Thing

And have something to fall back on in your old age.

McAfee Bros.,

108 Montgomery Street. 6

J. T. MOORE,

Express Business.

Corner Seventh Avenue and D Street, (Opposite Midwinter Fair Grounds), At terminus of Geary, McAllister and California-street cable lines, San Francisco, Cal.

Furniture and Articles of Every Description Moved at Lowest Possible Rates. All Orders Promptly Executed. 6


MINING FOR GOLD.

Occupations Adopted Preparatory Thereto.

PRENTICE MULFORD'S NOTE BOOK

Beef Peddling—Provision Packing—The Mountain Flight of the Mexican Mustang—The Gold Rocker—"Crevicing" a Rocky Camp—Our Mining Company.

[Copyrighted, 1893, by the Author.]

VII.

HAVING finished my own tribulations and those I fed as a sea cook, I resolved to go to the mines. I went. By boat and stage I got over the 300 miles intervening 'twixt San Francisco and the "diggings." I had friends on Hawkins' Bar, on the Tuolumne river, in Tuolumne county. Thither I went. When I "struck" Hawkins' in 1858 it was on its last legs. Still it boasted a store and a dozen houses. Golden hopes were still anchored in the bed of the river. Expensive river claims were then being worked from Red Mountain down to French Bar. But a premature rain and consequent freshet swept the river that season from end to end with the besom of destruction, and sent for the winter the miners back to their two dollar per day bank diggings.

It was at Hawkins' that I had first "buckled to the mines." My first "bucking," however, was in the capacity of a meat-peddler. I became the agent of a firm of butchers up on the mountain for distributing their tough steaks to the Hawkins' Bar miners, through the instrumentality of a horse, over whose back was slung a couple of huge panniers, I continued the agency for a week. Then one morning the horse kicked up his heels and ran away. As he ran, at every kick a raw and bloody steak would fly out of the boxes, flash in the brilliant morning sunshine, and then fall in the fine red dust of the mountain trail. I followed hard after, gathering up these steaks as they fell, and when the larder became too heavy I piled them up by the roadside in little heaps of dusty, very dusty meat. At last, dusty, perspiring and distressed beyond measure, I managed to catch that villainous horse. Forbe, after having ejected nearly the whole load of meat, concluded to stop and be caught. I loaded the panniers again with the dusty, carnivorous deposits, led the horse down the steep trail to the river, then muddy and of a rich coffee color from up country mining sediment. Herein I washed my steaks, rinsed them as well as I could of dust, and, as was then the custom, hung up piece after piece in the gauze curtained meat-safes at the miners' cabins. I think Hawkins got his share of grit that day in its beef. Shortly afterward I went out of the beefsteak distributing bureau.

Then I went into the service of the man who kept the Bar store, saloon and boarding house. I was errand boy, barkeeper, bookkeeper, woodchopper, assistant cook and general maid of all work, and possibly worthlessness. One day the storekeeper's horse, packed with miners' supplies, was given into my charge to lead three miles up the river to the camp of the Split Rock river claim. The load was strapped to a "cross-jack" saddle. It consisted mostly of flour, potatoes, bacon and a demijohn of whisky. I was advised by the merchant, on setting out, not to let that horse get ahead of me. If he did it was prophesied that he would run away, "sure pop." But I had not gone forty rods from the store when the beast made a rush, got ahead of me, tore the leading halter out of my grasp and set off along the narrow mountain trail at the rate of twenty knots per hour. I followed on a run of about ten knots per hour. Hence the distance between us soon increased. As he ran, the motion burst the bag of flour, ditto the potatoes, and then the whisky demijohn broke. It was a fine night. The flour rose in the air like a white cloud above the horse, out of and above which flew potatoes, and the whole was interspersed with jets of whisky. It looked like a snow squall traveling on the bosom of destruction, and sent for the winter the miners back to their two dollar per day bank diggings.

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## DECORATION DAY 1882—1893.

Decoration Day was first inaugurated in San Francisco as a legal holiday on May 30th 1882. The literary exercises were held at that time, and in fact on every annual reoccurance since, at the Fellows Cemetary. On this first celebration there were thousands of citizens in attendance. And as the breezes were wafted in from the boundless ocean, kissing the warm sunbeams into cooler rays, roses were strewn with loving hands upon the graves of the blue and grey alike. Standing here upon the western shore of this great Republic, where the shadows are last seen, before the setting of the sun, the heart of a great people beat in unison. How grand, how noble, and how sweet the thought of having one day set aside, to be devoted to strewing the graves of departed comrades, relatives and friends with nature noble gift of flowers.

As the orator of the day ceased to pronounce his solemn words, the minute guns stopped their thundering and the last dirge was rendered by the band, all was hushed through and about the city of the dead. As I passed along the pathways and byways I noticed monuments which had been erected by the rich, carved and adorned in artistic taste. Tributes of respect to the dead were symbalized by a wreath of flowers of the most exquisite colors and great value. Those engaged in distributing the rich adornments appeared to be doing so because it was the order of the day. Further on I noticed a little grave surrounded by turned wood railings, the top of which reached only a few inches above the sunken mounds within. The grass and weeds surrounded this little enclosure, and clusters had grown up inside the railing. A woman with her little child were picking and clearing the space within. As I watched I saw an old oyster can filled with wild flowers and deposited at the head of this grave. A tear stole down the mothers cheek as she walked away.

I looked out through the Golden Gate and saw the white winged sails of commerce, then with solemn thoughts and steps I wandered across the way to Lone Mountain, thinking perhaps the lesson of the day had not been lost.

Once inside the gate where so many have entered never to return again, I devoted my time in reading the names carved on the gravestones. Presently I came to a tall marble column, which reached far above the others, and noticed that the ground about it was nicely kept. Then I read in solid marks this historic name "David C. Broderic." Wandering still beyond I noticed a raised tablet on each end of which was placed a small urn. The weeds surrounding this raised slab were thick and dry. As I made my way through this mass of weeds I could scarcely read the name, as the letters were cut in the marble on the top and were filled with dirt and sand. I climbed up on top of the slab and brushed away the dirt. I could hardly believe my eyes, yet it was true, the remains sleeping their long last sleep beneath this inkept monument, if monument it is, were those of Col E. D. Baker. That the name of this hero, whose heart had throbed with patriotism should be thus neglected, was to me a sad commentary upon his surviving fellow citizens. I have placed a bequet upon that tomb every year on Decoration Day since. I regret to say that for eight years the flowers which I placed upon that tomb were the only ones that withered above the orator and patriot. In 1891 some unknown hand added another small collection. I found that returning in the years following to pay this annual sad tribute, that the weeds had been cleared away, and the spot about the grave assumed an air of respectability. In the latter years as I was negotiating for my annual contribution with the flower venders near the Lotta's Fountain, a friend, himself an old veteran, chanced to be passing. I hailed him and explained the purpose of my purchase. No further argument was necessary, and the flower merchant as he one more says than he otherwise would. In 1893, eleven years after I had placed the first bunch of flowers on the marble tomb of Col. Baker I met the appointment made the year before to meet my veteran friend, and to my great surprise we found three other contributions beside the two we went prepared to make.

As Decoration Day will soon be here, I hope that the last years record may be broken, and that renewed efforts may be made to erect a suitable monument to the memory of this man who so gallantly laid down his life in defence of his country and its flag.

P. W. Johnson.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

The public are notified that Gen. Bouton and his son Victor Bouton have no connection with this office, and are not authorized to collect money or transact business.


A MARVEL.

THE

CALIFORNIA AMALGAMATOR.

The California Amalgamator is a thoroughly practical machine, possessing simplicity, durability and effectiveness.

It not only has no superior, but no equal.

It is the cheapest and best in existence.

It will save all floured mercury from Stamp and Huntington mills.

It will save all fine gold from Snake river sands and other similar deposits.

It will save all fine gold from beach or black sands.

It will save every particle of gold that floats in water, no matter how fine. It will save flake gold so fine that it will not settle in still water in ten seconds.

Call and examine it at the Mechanic Arts building, Midwinter Exposition. It has no equal.

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602 MARKET STREET,

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"Meet Me at the Cafe Royal."

One hears this a thousand times daily because it is a

Sporting Center.

It is hardly necessary to say that the CAFE ROYAL is on the corner of Fourth and Market, and that JIM ORNDORFF and AL HALL will steer the destinies of the place.

We merely make the remark to fill this space

C HERRMANN & CO.,

THE HATTERS,

Will give you a better hat for your money than any Store on the Coast.

Factory and Store in One Building

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CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

Luke Robinson, M. D., Senior Physician and Gynecologist.
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T. E. Bailey, M. D., Resident Physician.
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FOR THE

FORTY-NINERS

And all the '49 Mining Camp boys when they stray from the Camp is at the

LA ROSE,

213 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Mount & Storey, - - Proprietors.

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—EMPLOYMENT BUREAU,—

424 SUTTER STREET,

Between Stockton and Powell, San Francisco, Cal.

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Special attention paid to country orders.

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Hot Lunch constantly on hand. 42 EDDY STREET. southeast corner

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MILLS BUILDING
4TH FLOOR
ROOMS 22 & 23

TELEPHONE 826

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Colorado Gold Mine

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Ride Through the Mine.

See a Gold Mine in full operation in all its details.

The finest educator of the day.

Indorsed by the Denver Mining Exchange, Colorado School of Mines and thousands of others.

After you enter the tunnel you can easily imagine yourself 1000 feet underground.

PRICE OF ADMISSION - - - 25 CENTS
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WHEN AT THE FAIR.

you want to wash your hands, and get a good drink, go to

ROME HARRIS'

AMERICAN BAR.

At the rear end of the Vienna Prater. A door has been opened between the bar and the concert hall so that guests can pass to the bar and return without extra charge. 12

REST FOR THE WEARY

Food and Feed for Man and Beast.

Baked Beans Cooked in the Ground. None Better.

OLD PAPA PEAKES, the Well-Known Caterer, Will Personally Superintend the Management.

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Table Wines and Brandies

The Standard of

Excellence and Purity.

Grown and bottled at the celebrated

INGLENOOK VINEYARDS

Rutherford, Napa County, Cal.

San Francisco Agency, 101 Front St.

California's Choicest Production 9

Tamales.

2 For 25 Cents,

—OR—

1 For 25 Cents,

Including a Bottle of National Prize Beer, with a napkin, plate and fork.

The groceries are from Goldberg, Bowen & Lebenbaum.

The peppers and corn from John J. English.

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No seagull business here. Genuine chickens and turkeys, and don't you forget it.

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TAMALE COTTAGE.

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Songs, Ballads, Skirt and Serpentine Dancing,

And Every Other Terpsichorean Novelty Known.

Old-time Jigs and Reels.

New Talent this Week—Come and hear the One Man orchestra,

New Novelties Every night.

W. J. Burnes Proprietor.

JONES BEER JOINT

AT THE

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BUFFALO BEER

5 Cents.

THIS IS THE ONE AND ONLY PLACE WHERE YOU CAN GET 5 CENT BEER.

BUFFALO BEER POSITIVELY ON TAP.

Call and see us at the left of the 49 Camp. 12

Cross, Hall, Ford & Kelly.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS,
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FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.
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THE VIENNA PRATER,

THE ONLY PLACE OF AMUSEMENT AT THE EXPOSITION.

THE IMPERIAL VIENNA PRATER ORCHESTRA,

COURT DIRECTOR, FRITZ SCHEEL.

STRING CONCERT AND MILITARY CONCERT DAILY

FROM 3 TO 11 P. M. AT THE

KAISER FRANZ JOSEPH HALL. - - MIDWINTERFAIR.

Centrifugal Roller Quartz MILL.

This mill can be seen in operation in the MECHANICAL ARTS BUILDING.

F. A. Huntington,

Manufacturer, 213 and 219 First street, San Francisco.

Illustrated Pamphlet on application.

A. COHN.

SAN FRANCISCO PEOPLE Who cannot get suited in the price and quality of San Francisco clothing will find

Abe Cohn's

In CARSON CITY the place to buy to advantage.

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ESTABLISHED 1849

BY

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CAPTAIN LOUIS BAGLIETTO

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FORMERLY OF THE UNION HOTEL NEVADA CITY.

WINE & LIQUOR MERCHANT.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

421 Montgomery St. Bet. Sacramento & California Sts. San Francisco Cal.

Mining men and strangers are cordially invited to give us a call. 17

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Engineering and Ship Building Works.

SUCCESSOR TO

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Engineers, Machinists and Iron Founders.

Office and Branch Works:
213 FIRST STREET.—MAIN WORKS: HARBER VIEW
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. 15



# THE MIDWINTER APPEAL

## AND JOURNAL OF FORTY-NINE.

VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1894. NUMBER 22

THE MIDWINTER APPEAL AND JOURNAL OF '49.

Published Weekly at 49 Montgomery Street San Francisco California.

SAM DAVIS.

$2.50 Per Annum. $1.50 Six Months.

SLUICING IN GOLD GULCH.



### NEWS BROUGHT IN BY OUR CAYUSE.

**FEAR FOR THE CANNIBALS.**

Caroline Islands (no date.) Word has just reached this point that terrible results have followed from the natives eating a couple of missionaries. Not many weeks ago a man named James Fair and an unknown man started for the interior, which they reached with little difficulty, and now word comes that the Cannibals are dying by the score. A native runner furnished the information that after partaking of roast human cheek (a choice cut) the entire village became sick, many of them dying. Several kegs of ipecac have been sent for the relief of the natives.

**WAR ON DIVIDED SKIRTS.**

Washington, May 28.—The city is in a fever of excitement. Yesterday the President received two female callers whom he supposed were representatives of some foreign country on account of their dress. Upon close investigation it was discovered that the two were none other than his wife and Susan B. Anthony, they were dressed in divided skirts and were representing the cause of the women of El Paso whom the town Council has forbidden wearing divided skirts. The President has refused to be interviewed on the matter, and it is feared that serious family troubles will come from it.

**CORBETT—HEART BROKEN.**

London, June 1.—When the news reached Corbett that his fight with Jackson was off he repaired to his room and cried like a child. He had been practicing a blow all Winter that would have knocked Jackson out in one movement, and he felt sorry that he would not be able to use it.

He said he never wanted to fight so bad in all his life and the falling through of the matter would break his families' heart. His papa has already wired condolences. Queen Victoria accompanied by the Marquis of Queensbury called on a Tandem bicycle this afternoon to see how Corbett stood the terrible shock. After the interview however, the Queen was on hand to tell the Marquis that Jim was "no good" and that her seals went on Jackson in case of a mill.

**KELLY AND CRIMMONS WAKED.**

San Francisco, June 2.—Today the South of Market street factions decided to hold a wake over the corpses of Kelly and Crimmons. Jimmie McGrath undertaking establishment was rented for the occasion. The two bodies were laid out side by side on the same slab of ice. In spite of every precaution the stench was simply awful, and a fire extinguisher filled with carbolic acid was sprayed over the new who gathered to pay last respects. When it was discovered that no whisky would be set up there was grand indignation and a crowd of '49 ward heelers came and threw the corpses out of the window. The Coroner's inquest held on Friday resulted in a verdict of death being caused by being stamped to death at a Central Committee meeting held at the Baldwin Hotel, and one Dan Burns is charged with being the assailant.

Dont forget to cast a vote for the favorite girl in Camp.

The above picture was made by our special artist a few days ago in order that the outside world may know just how mining at this gulch goes on. This picture was taken from the new strike, about two miles up the Gulch. Col. Andrews bought a nugget yesterday from the locators that weighed 43 ounces.

Sandow the invincible strong man strayed into Papa Peakes money vault one day last week. The door of the vault works automatically, and as soon as he entered it closed and he was a prisoner. He made all the noise possible but failed to attract attention. After being almost suffocated the "Perfect Man" raised his strong right arm and with one blow shattered the iron door. Papa Peakes' vault is now attracting as large a crowd as the fandango.

The game of baseball played on Monday between the '49 Camp boys and the Northern and Central County Club, was won by the '49'ers with hands down. After the seventh inning was played the score stood 49 to 24 in favor of the '49'ers. In the next two innings the County boys added one more tally to their score. The Camp boys under orders of their captain did not register another tally, as they had agreed to keep the score at 49. The '49 boys play again on Friday June 1st., against the Manufacturers and Liberal Arts Club. Little Baby Jones is the Mascot for the Camp boys, and should land them a sure winner.

We would like to see some of the many so called strong men do something besides talk. There is a whole lot of lifting they are dead scared of, for instance, the office back-saw, a few pounds of old type we want packed out of the cellar, moving our press across the house to get it away from a big leak, lifting a pick and shovel on our assessment work, and lifting our contemporary one under the ear

**FOR SALE.**

Owing to departure two elegantly furnished Dental offices for sale cheap. Apply to Dr. Luella Cool, Kearney near Post street.

**THE HAUNTED SWING.**

This most wonderful illusion must be seen to be appreciated. Words fail to express the curious and realistic results obtained. Every one paying the Haunted Swing a visit will be more than satisfied. This is certainly one of the best shows in the Fair grounds. The admission is but 10 cents.

**HAFFORD'S ILLUSION.**

All the illusionists are making money now. The latest is "Luna the Maid of the Moon," in Hafford's Arizona Museum. It is a dazzlingly beautiful woman cut square in two at the waist and placed on a swinging board. The half of the beautiful creature hangs in mid-air, and even passes a fan under her severed waist to prove that the lower half of her body is not there. Crowds go to see this wonderful spectacle every day.

**THE BRACELET RACE.**

We made two trips to the ballot box to get the exact vote up to date, but on both occasions some of the girls requested us to let it pass a week, as several new girls are at the Camp we do so that all may have a chance.

| | |
|---|---|
| Spaniah Puss | 243. |
| Carmen | 194. |
| Flossie Brown | 168. |
| Minnie | 164. |
| Trixey | 88. |
| Da Vallian | 58. |

Favorite Girl in '49 Camp.

Name.....

Fill out the blank.

Whenever you see a man in tow of one of the pretty fandango dancers it is safe to bet he will buy an armfull of APPEALS and cut the votes out for the favored one.

Calaveras Annie is in town and has kept the entire police force busy. The mountain air has a very bracing effect on the lungs, it is no trouble to hear Annies war whoop from the foot of Mt. Shasta to our office.

Yesterday things were a little brighter in camp. Only one man killed its true, but the one legged fiddler was ran over and promises to die. A man who can't play the "Arkansaw Traveler" correctly ought to die.

The 28th was letter carriers day, we wont forget it soon, the fact of the matter is it was the first day that our creditors haven't found us. Let the good work go on.

The weather has again taken on Summer air, we hope it intends to remain so, long enough for us to see how dust looks.

**THE CAMP NEWS BOY.**

The '49 Camp has the oldest newsboy on the Coast. Old Uncle John, 80 years old and gets out and sells more papers to his years than any other boy on the grounds. He has to be thrown out of the Fandango hall about six times a day as he is always walking off with the best girl in the dance. He is selling the MIDWINTER APPEAL, and if you want a '49er to go along with a '49 sheet, here is your chance.

While shoeing a mule yesterday, John Tully got kicked in the teeth. He is now chewing soup as a daily diet.

Yesterday the rain pilled into the APPEAL office in varied chunks. The reason of this was that we were deluded into thinking Summer was here and changed our Winter clothes.

The hottest lake yet, worked on the public at the Fair to secure a crowd was handled by the managers of the Hawaiian Village. They turned in an alarm of fire and in two minutes every person on the grounds had out the price of admission to see the damage.

Salt is good for many things; bread, sore eyes, sore throat, and to keep the hair from falling out, and is sometimes used on people who are too fresh. If any one will guarantee to apply the same to our contemporary across the street we will see that the remedy has a fair trial.

We dont object to seeing a man do plenty of irrigating in dry weather, but when the heavens are trying to drown out hell a man should quit. This refers to Sandy Jake and Doublin Pat, Sunday they tried to drink all the liquor in town. Some men think they were cut out with the only canal on earth in which whiskey can flow.


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and when an cork, capsule or label of wine or liquor, is a positive guarantee of the purity and excellence of the contents.

Medicinal Liquors

for Physicians' Prescriptions a specialty.

Old Stock Bourbon

at $1.50 a bottle has no equal.

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FRUE ORE CONCENTRATOR

Over 4000 in actual use.

Manufactured under Patents of April 27, 1880, July 24, 1888, and March 31, 1891.

SAN JACINTO ESTATE, LIMITED, Office of the General Manager.

F. O. Address, South Riverside, San Bernardino county, Cal.

CAJALCO, December 18, 1891.

FRUE VANNING MACHINE CO., 132 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.—GENTLEMEN: After a continuous trial of different Concentrators (comprising the Frue Vanner, the "Holland," "Pandora," "Triumph" and the "Woodbury" Concentrators), extending over several months, we find that we prefer the Frue Vanner, as it is easier of adjustment, runs smoother, has less wear and tear, and—having a positive travel—gives less trouble than the other more complicated and ever-changing machines now in use here. The Frue Vanner not only saves a cleaner concentrate, but has less loss in the tailings, and is in several ways preferable to the other Concentrators here. I am, my dear Sirs, yours faithfully,

S. HARRIS, Manager.

Price of 4-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner.....$550, f. o. b.
" " Improved Belt Frue Vanner.....800, f. o. b.
" 6-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner.....900, f. o. b.

For any information, or for pamphlets, w for circulars or testimonials, call on or address us at our office.

H. J. SUMMERHAYES Successor to ADAMS & CARTER, Agent Frue Vanning Machine Company
NO. 132 MARKET STREET.....SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## WORK FOR ALL.

While this great American Government is wasting good time wrangling over tariff bills and hedging on the silver question, thousands of good, honest men are becoming tramps. There should be some movement made to stop the miseries of these worthless loafers—of nonsense and work be made for America's millions. There is plenty in sight if Congress would only turn its hand the right way.

The entire West is covered with forest lands which must and should be developed, and in this Golden State there is certainly enough to keep an army of men busy for the next ten years. A general movement would be to throw work in the way of unemployment in the Nonantigua-mania. In fact it is impossible to turn without a chance for the unemployed, if the head of the nation could only see it.

## THE FAIR ALL RIGHT.

The cry of take has ceased to be heard about the Fair. The reason of this is that the people from the outside world have had a chance to see for themselves, and one night is enough. The universal opinion is that it is the great est show for the money on earth. No man ever paid as little and received as much in return. People go to it to stay and pay more for peanuts and sideshows than it costs for a day at the Fair. All in all it has been the greatest show California ever had within her bounds, rose, and her fame has gone broadcast the world over. More good will come from this sowing than all the resource circulars ever printed.

## WARNING.

Because a man has on a new suit of clothes is no reason that he can pay his old bills. The last new suit we had cost two men their lives. The first was the wood man who sawing us with new togs thought we must have money and said he would camp on our trail until he got it. He contracted a cold waiting and left a widow and an unreceipted bill. The death of that livery man was indeed a sad affair. We only owed him a trifle, but the fatal suit caught his eye, and he insisted on shadowing us. Red Dave, who thinks he has a grudge fired the shot at us and hit the shadow. We publish this that others may take warning, as we expect a new suit before our next issue.

Things are not as they should be. Every advertised big day at the Fair somehow up above turns loose the fair, and the people get very wet and a good many very mad. The one mistake made in the advertising of the big affairs is this: that there does not vertise it right, it should read: Grand Floral Exhibit, followed by rain. Grand arrangement of floats of all nations, followed by rain. In the afternoon the procession will go twice around the Court, and will be accompanied by a liberal display of rain. In the evening there will be elaborate fireworks supplied by rain.

The more you do for some men, the less they do for you. Ingratitude has broken our teeth and credit. We staked Rod Dale two weeks ago with $500 and he started a faro bank. He is now wearing a mammoth diamond pin, a quarts watch chain, a new suit of clothes and has money in every pocket. Tuesday day we struck him for a few "smalls" and he struck us with a brick-bat. Never mind Dale, yellow dogs must know you inside of two months, and you will want to sleep on the office steps, but it don't go. Prosperity has killed you and it will land you a rank corpse.

While we are busy and have to drill eight days in a week to make a living, we look across the street and see a man with no more brains than a pumpkin, and nearly the same construction of anatomy, smoking the best of Havanas and doing well. It is not strange that this is so. This vegetable kingdom specimen can be handcuffed by the bosses and never even reads his own paper. Like all of his kind the day isn't far distant when he will become broken off from this vine of substance and rot in the cold and unfeeling air.

A man from Bodie strayed into the Camp the other day and announced that he was a bad man. It didn't take long to convince him that he was in the wrong town, for in less than two minutes Old Jake Wallace and Papa Peakes had him climbing over the summit of Mount Shasta. A bad man has to come from some tougher camp than Bodie to make a bluff work here.

OUR JACKASS CORRESPONDENT.

Jackass Ravine, May 34th.

Well my old college chum how are you? two long weeks and not a word from the '49 Camp, is the fandango house still in full blast, and is the theatre running at its full capacity?

Pizo was over here the other day and told a yarn about you having to leave Camp on account of a bill Papa Peakes has against you for beans eaten on Miners Day.

Things are quiet here in the Ravine, no one has been killed for three days. Ben Heath was on a tear Tuesday, but he went no further than licking Dutch Snow, the latter pulled his knife but Ben took it away from him and soaked it for the drinks. Kitty Lee has announced her engagement to Percy Charley, so would be married but better keep away, as our gambling tyrant is known to be a bad man and will not tolerate any intruders.

Harry Lowden a would be commercial traveller was in town this week trying to sell whiskey as he did not go down up for the boys, he was turned and twirtered and run out of town.

Charley Kerr the old time gambler was arrested for horse stealing last Monday, however it was proven that the charge was unfounded, a similarity of marks causing the trouble.

A Young kid called Barnes has been around trying to secure votes for one of the high offices in the coming convention, but as he failed to grease and muzzled Kiss Waugh, his chance is no good.

Baldy Hamilton challenged Tom Williams to run a race, the former agreeing to run a mule against anything Tom could name. Five hundred a side was put up to bind the match, Sam Ivers being stake-holder. Sam has not been seen since, and as Tom has gone to the land of the Mikado, the race will probably not take place.

Three young fellows who are termed on large posters as "the Joes" have leased Gracie Plaisted, but I mean have leased the Tivoli and engaged the charming Gracie to have a benefit Thursday night. In my next letter I will tell you how they get on. Find out for me how much Pizo will charge to give me a benifit. I need one badly.

Jim Scott from Siskons was in town last week, but the only dicker he made was ten thousand feet of lumber for a round of drinks. Jim came here for business and was bound to accomplish his purpose.

The Joe Harvey combination are once more on the defensive. Rumor has it that they can account for the disappearance of Charley Rose, if any one of the gang will squeal.

Pit Traynor, George Lee and Charley Hoggard are off on a hell roaring toot, and I have been told that they are all in the cooler in Quincy. Sheriff Bransford and Bill Kellogg refused to bail them out, so the chances are they will have to work their fines out.

GRIM.

THE FANDANGO HALL.

Under the direction of Joe Vincent the Fandango Hall at the '49 Camp is drawing large crowds. Several new dancers have been added and each seems more attractive than the other. Theo, the pretty little dancer who was injured in the stage-coach turn over, is on deck again and is as much admired as of old. Following is the list of dancers now at the hall. Gentlemen: Joe Vincent, Frank Valenzuella, Fred Galvez, Chas. Louie, Arthur Bingham, Tom Weston, Charles Newson, and Francisco Al Dia. Ladies: Carmen, Spanish Pete, Theo Lorrie, Allie Murphy, May Orelling, May De Vallion, Essie Kern, and Rosie DeVoe.

We were indiscreet enough to let a couple of female compositors come in and learn the trade. They have married our compositors and now we have to support two whole families of type slingers.

When that tired feeling comes over you at the Fair, all you have to do is to go to "The Palms" Garden Cafe and have it relieved. All kinds of solid and liquid refreshments at city prices. W. J. Barnes under the Scenic Railway on the south drive.

Jones' Beer Joint is doing as great a business as ever. The damp weather dont count; the sun seldom shines in on the outside the dryer he is on the interior.

## MINE FOR SALE.

A gravel hydraulic mine rich from grass roots down. 70 feet deep. Deposit o vers 120 acres and is in a region of the finest water supply in the state. Terms easy. Apply at this office.

# '49 MINING CAMP.

A FAITHFUL REPRESENTATION OF THE OLD-TIME FEATURES OF A NEW DIGGINGS IN '49.

Mining Strikes, Hydraulic, Sluice and Quartz Mining Faithfully Represented.

Mining Riots, Pistol Arbitration, Lynching Bees and Claim Jumping Riots Realistically Enacted.

The Postoffice, Justice's Office and Mayor's Office. All in the same Saloon. Open Night and Day.

The Tiger With His Teeth Pulled Will be There in Mimic Representation of Old Times.

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Good Tavern Accommodations and Mule Corrals.

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PRECIPITOUS FLUMES AT THE FOOT OF MT. SHASTA.

GRAND PANORAMIC EXHIBIT, SHOWING MT. SHASTA FIFTY MILES AWAY.

The Millionaire Cabins of Early Days, John Mackay's Cabin, Built by Him, and in Which He Lived When He Made His First Big Strike in Alleghany, Sierra County.

U. S. Senator Perkins' Cabin, Built by Him 33 Years Ago at Thompson's Flat, Butte County.

The Original Downie Cabin, Reproduced From a Cabin built by Major William Downie, the founder of Downieville.

The Oro Fino Concert Hall. Old-time Ballads and All Kinds of Terpsichorean Novelties.

Typical '49 FANDANGO with forty sweet-faced Senioritas dancing to the strains of the famous Mexican Orchestra.

A REGULAR NEWSPAPER OFFICE ON THE GROUND.

ADMISSION - 25 Cts.

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TERMS:

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Hotel coach in waiting at all boats and trains to convey guests to and from the house free of Charge.

For further particulars apply at '49 Camp.

Charles Nathan,

Merchant Tailor,

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San Francisco Cal.

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT The Celebrated Coney Island FRANKFERTERS???

The people say that if you taste them once you will say they are MAGNIFICENT

Frankfurters Bigger Than Boss 5 CENTS A SOOKNER.

Coney Island Clam Chowder, Every Kind of Lunch and Refreshments at City Prices.

A. LEBARE, PROPRIETOR.

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BARBER SHOP AND BATH.

Fresh and Salt Water, 25 Cents.

327 Montgomery street, between Bush and Pine.

Shaving, 15c. Hair Cutting, 25c. Baths, 25c. First class in all respects.

SEPTIMUS KLEINHANS, Proprietor.

Ladies' entrance next to Russ House elevator. 4

GEORGE GOODMAN,

Patentee and Manufacturer of—

ARTIFICIAL STONE

In all its branches. Schillinger's patent sidewalk. Garden walk a specialty.

Office—327 Montgomery street, Nevada block, San Francisco.

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Of all the Birds, Animals and Reptiles of the Territory.

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PROPRIETORS.

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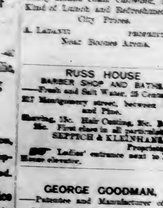
PALO ALTO STABLES, E. R. MILES, Proprietor.



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—ALSO—

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Between Kearny and Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

New Peerless Restaurant.

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THE BEST 15 CENT MEAL IN THE CITY.

Short Orders At All Hours. Private Rooms for Ladies.

DONT LEAVE CAMP!

Until You Have Seen SMITH'S EXHIBIT of An Old '49 Camp Store.

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## INDIAN WAR IN OREGON.

### 1855—1856.

### GEN. JOE LANE UNDER FIRE. A NIGHT'S RIDE.

In 1855 the Rogue River Indians commenced committing depredations in Southern Oregon. Stock belonging to the settlers were killed and large numbers of them were run off into the hills. These lawless acts continued without any determined effort to stop them until an occasional lonely traveler or prospector was missing, and when found their bodies showed unmistakable evidence that the murders had been committed by Indians. In order to put a stop to this condition of affairs, volunteers were called for and war declared.

As the enemy was in his own country, and knew every nook and boulder, and the difficult passes, he was hard to find, and when you did find him you generally had a feeling of regret that you had done so. He always selected a portion of the universe to suit himself, and that portion was never in the white man's favor. In fact it was the best judgement when you found his trail, to follow it until the evidence indicated that the enemy was near and then return to camp. The policy may not be considered brave, but it saved a whole skin. At the time that active operations commenced in earnest to bring these Indians to terms, Gen. Jo Lane was the most popular man in the State. He was in Jacksonville when the reports came in that the Indians were skulking in the mountains near by. In order to ascertain the the truth of the reports a reconnoitering party was organized under the command of Gen. Lane. Lane knowing the superiority of the mule on mountain trails selected one for his use.

After leaving the valley they made their way up a long gulch, covered on either side with trees and dense undergrowth. When well up the canyon they began to think the story that Indians had been seen in that vacinity, was the result of some ones imagination.

Without warning, and no time to prepare for defence, a shower of arrows came from almost every quarter, and higher up the mountain an occasional rifle shot. They did not wait for a second volley, but wheeled and made down the grade, without waiting orders to retreat. Lanes mule wheeled with the others, but instead of making an effort to keep up with the fleeing party continued to plunge and back, while the General was applying his spurs with both feet. Seeing that he was being deserted by his companions, and left to the mercy of the red devils, he raised himself in his saddle and in a command-ing voice shouted: "Hold on boys, we can whip them, there isn't half a dozen of 'em." About this time an arrow struck the mule in the rump, it was all the hint the mule required. He lit down the trail in a manner that would have made Salvator envious. As he passed the retreating party, he commanded in a voice that made the hills ring: "Come on boys, by God there's a thousand of them." The party supposed that it was an act of bravery that had caused Lane to make such a determined stand. The same was noised about the town, and the next day a meeting of the citizens was called for the purpose of forming a resolution in praise of the Generals bravery. General Lane was a man of much dignity. When the resolution was read, Lane rose in his place and opposed this amendment; that the words General Joseph Lane be stricken out and the name of the infernal mule he rode be inserted. He said that the reason he opposed this was from the fact that the stand he made was on account of the damned stubbornness of the mule.

In February 1856 the settlers in the lower portion of the Umpqua Valley had become alarmed at the first outbreak of hostilities, and for mutual protection had gathered on a small stream running down from the Coast Range and emptying into the Umpqua river. They had cut pine logs, dug a deep ditch in the the form of a square, and planted the logs on end forming a stockade including several acres, through which the little stream ran. In this enclosure they had erected tents and were fairly well prepared with supplies and ammunition to stand a reasonable siege. The time taken to subdue the Indians had taken longer than supposed, and by the time I volunteered word came that the supplies of those settlers were running short.

An expedition was organized to give them immediate relief. I was determined to assist in guarding the supply train.

I was furnished with a good horse, rifle and revolver. After leaving the most thickly populated portion of the state, we soon came into disputed territory. It soon became the order, that when the evening meal had been finished the camp fires were put out.

However we arrived at the stockade in due time without incident or accident, and was most royally received. It was worth all the risk we had taken to hear the expressions of gratitude and see the happiness depicted on the faces of everyone. As we had arrived about 2 P. M. all hands busied themselves in unpacking and making a partial distribution of the supplies. Later in the day when those most urgent duties were disposed of, Captain Milleron who was in charge of the expedition summoned me to his tent and informed me that a telegram must be taken to Roseberg with as quick dispatch as possible, and that he should expect me to be ready to make the start at daybreak the following morning. I knew just enough of the Indian character that he generally employed the early morning to do his mischief. Considering this fact, I stated to the Captain that my horse was not in good condition, the journey having been slow and tedious, and would start in the evening so as to be a considerable distance from camp before daybreak. This was readily assented to. For several days preceding the rain had been falling and that evening the sky was covered with threatening clouds. I got my horse in readiness and as I prepared to mount almost the entire camp came out to say good-bye. As I rode out of the great gate and across the opening which surrounded the great enclosure, and entered the pine forest a gentle rain began to fall.

Later in the evening while it was yet twilight an occasional bird would fly up from near the trail and disappear among the trees. Darkness was fast covering the land with its cheerless and sombre mantle, and I began to feel nervous from the lonliness of the situation. The forest was becoming more dense. The old, dead, fallen trees and logs were covered with trailing vines and creepers. Now and again the tall pines would shut out all the light and the undergrowth shut out all the space between. Storm threatening, and alone; night as dark as Erebus; the owls dismal cry; the doleful music of the pines as their long needle-like leaves quivered in the winds, which by spells and gusts swept through the forest.

Near by I heard the roaring of rushing waters and knew that I was approaching a tributary of the Umpqua river. When I gained the bank of the stream I noticed quantities of driftwood floating down the current. Logs fifteen or twenty feet long would occasionally strike a huge boulder, which almost projected above the surface of the water, and from the force of the current the upper end would rise several feet out of the water and fall back with a splash, which only seemed to indicate the danger of an attempt to cross the stream.

While considering the matter I heard the brush crackling behind me, and at the same time my horse gave a bound to one side, which almost threw me to the ground. I turned in my saddle to ascertain the cause and to my consternation, immediately in the trail that I had just passed over, and but a few feet away, two great eyes were staring at me. They were unlike any eyes that I had ever seen. Perhaps most like a cat's, only much larger. In the darkness, made more so by the dense wooded growth surrounding the spot, I could see nothing but those two eyes, and had not the remotest idea what kind of animal possessed them. It was enough however to determine my course and my horse appeared quite as anxious as I to take the chances of crossing the swollen stream. With but little urging he gave one bound, and when he struck the water he went down until he reached the bottom. He came up snorting, with me hanging to the pommel of the saddle. I gave him the rein and he struck out for the opposite shore with all the strength he possessed. The current carried us some distance below the proper landing point, but we fortunately landed on a bar that was under water, but not beyond the horses depth, and gained the point where the trail went up the bank from the stream without much difficulty. Just as I had gained the top of the upper bank a scream went up from the opposite shore that caused my heart to nearly choke me. Through the dim light caused by the opening made by the stream, which was not wide, I could see a large California lion trotting up and down on the bank lashing his tail from side to side and from his anxiety seemed to be lamenting the fact that he had lost a "square meal." The individual who thinks I did not put as many miles of Uncle Sam's domain between myself and that animal in as short a time as possible is mistaken.

The wind had risen and the rain that came in sheets against my face continued for some hours. The broken clouds chased each other along the range and the little stars peeped out and gave their light. Now and again the narrow trail led through an open space, that promised soon the open land. Hope for goodly day to-morrow gave me cheer. I rode into an open glade. Quick as thought my horse was seized with fright and almost with a single bound we were back in the woods again before I had the power to stop him. Speaking gently I made an effort not to share his fear. After getting him quieted I returned to the opening. There I discovered a monster grizzly, who fled upon being fired at.

As I rode out where the grass was tall the first gray streak of dawn made its appearance, above the blue outline of the high and distant Cascade range of mountains. It was soon bright daylight and hungry and worn out I arrived at my destination and found that the battle of Hungry Hill had been fought and peace declared. For my services I received a promise to pay with blue ribbon and a red seal attached, but that was all.

Ten years later I was in the employ of Uncle Sam, and presented my claim, which was approved. Twenty one years after the service was rendered I received my pay without interest.

The other day while we had our best girl with us, we wandered into the Mechanical Arts Building. Through mere ourlosity we tackled the giant horseshoe magnet. The man at the wheel pressed the button and we did the rest. In other words we wiped up the floor for several yards trying to let go of the infernal thing. The only thing we are kicking about is that the electric current twisted the last $90 piece we had so out of shape that we are unable to spend it.

Word came into Camp last night that a man had been eaten up on the road leading to the summit of Mt. Shasta. He was an Industrial Army man and was walking to this Camp. This is an object lesson. Never walk; always take a train and ride; follow Cozey to the letter and bears won't bother you.

A small four page weekly came yesterday from Oak Park, Ill. It is full of the questions of the day and all the articles are well handeled. Civic Letters is the name of this interesting publication and is edited and published by Walter Thomas Mills.

On account of an assistant editor being laid off without pay, we have been obliged to overlook several important manuscripts. If the depositors will pay his salary we will put him on the list again.

We have had six calls for completed files of the paper this week, and in every instance have had to say no. Those who have them had better hang on as they will be looked for as curios inside of a year.

If you want a good shave or hair cut, go to the barber shop at the Midwinter Camp. Nothing rests a man more than to be straightened out by a first class barber.

Great attractions at the Oro Fino are always on the bill. You miss half the fun of the Camp if you dont take it in. New dances, new songs and no chestnuts.

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## A CARSON POKER INCIDENT.

Ever since civilization began to make any progress in Nevada, Carson has been considered the stamping-ground of the poker expert. While the superior dexterity of the Virginia City faro-dealer is never questioned, the artistic accomplishments of the Carsonite at a little or big game of draw is often alluded to with pride or delight by residents of that metropolis. The parlpatetic stranger in his wanderings through the sage-brush, would sometimes stop over night at Carson, and realize the superior mentality of the artist of that section, when telegraphing home for the funds necessary to get his baggage away from the Ormsby house. It is said that on one occasion the Chaplain of the House of Representatives lifted up his voice and prayed. "Give us this day our daily stranger."

Yet there was an occasion when Virginia City wrested the laurels of victory from Carson in a style worthy of record.

Some of the boys had been down to a picnic, and while there fell into the hands of the poker Philistines. Their absence was not noticed in Virginia City however, until about eight o'clock in the evening, when Orndorff & Magee, of the Delta, received the following dispatch:

Send down $500 by telegraph.—Billy.

Then it was known that Billy Robinson and some of the boys were down at Carson, holding the fort for reinforcements. The Delta boys, with characteristic promptness, sent the required sum and waited anxiously for the next hour, when they received the following:

Send $1,000 more and Joe Dixon.—Billy.

Dixon was soon found in his palatial headquarters, next De Washoe club rooms, going for the exchequer of a number of prominent citizens. The situation was at once explained. Joe rose from his seat, sent up to Mooney's for a team, and took a fat sack of coin from his safe. Jack Magee joined him in a few minutes, and Joe drove across to the Western Union.

"A friend of mine passes Reno on the Eastern-bound train. He's a lightning striker, and if I can stop him with a dispatch, the game is ours." Joe spoke with great deliberation, and sent the following:

To Charles Huntley, on board eastern-bound train at Reno—Get off and come to Carson by rapid conveyance. Meet me at Ormsby House before 3 o'clock. Dixon.

"He'll be there," said Joe, "if the wires don't go back on us."

In another instant the two men were flying over the Divide en route for Carson.

It was a little before midnight when the horses, drenched with foam, reached the city. There was no time to lose. They began to hunt the leading sporting resorts, and soon found Billy Robinson and his gang in the hands of a crowd, whom the new-comers recognized, at a glance, as the very flower of paste-board chivalry of Carson.

Joe is an open-up sort of a man, and, walking up to the table, remarked: "I s'pose a man with coin can take a hand here?" And he laid down a roll.

Nothing suited the Carson chaps better. Room was made for Joe and Jack and a fresh deal inaugurated as they took the places of Virginia men, who had been fighting, like the soldiers of Marathon in the pass of Thermopylae, since noon. Joe looked at his watch. It was 20 minutes past twelve, and Charley, his friend, must be on hand before 3 o'clock. Robinson stood back a little from the game and telegraphed important results.

Meanwhile the Delta Saloon, in Virginia City, was the scene of an anxious gathering, and the bulletins from the seat of war were posted up. They were as follows:

Carson, 1 o'clock. Jack has just taken a pot of $800.—B.

Here all hands imbibed. Presently another came:

1.30. Joe stalled them out of $700. Set up the wine.—B.

The wine was set up. At 2 o'clock came the intelligence, which dropped like a bombshell into the place:

We've just lost a pot of $1,500. Send down more coin.—Joe.

The answer went back at once:

We endorse your paper for $10,000.
Orndorff & Magee.
Grant Isrial.
Dick Brown.

Fortified by the sinews of war, the little band still held the fight gallantly. Joe went out to raise some more money on his dispatch, and Pantling, of the Ormsby, furnished the bullion. Joe left word where to send Huntley, and was soon in the field again.

At a little after 3 o'clock Huntley stalked in. Joe and he had not met for years, and during the time had known each other only by correspondence; yet there was no gleam of recognition as Huntley slid like a phantom into the game. He showed the requisite amount of coin, and the Carsonites laughed inwardly because they had another victim. He looked like a divinity student. When he dealt, his thin hands played like lightning over the pack; his shuffle was the work of a magician, and the cards seemed alive.

After the deal, the bets began to pile up very much as if every man had a big idea of the value of his hand. They went twice around, and everybody stood in with the raise.

A Carson man remarked quietly: "I see it two thousand better."

It was a stranger's turn next. He said: "I raise it five thousand," and laid down the checks. Then the Carson men, after a brief consultation, dispersed, leaving the table and looking for the door.

Virginia had won.

The morning light was stealing in just as the worsted Carson gamesters were stealing out. It was a bright, inspiring kind of morning, too, but they didn't seem to notice it. The stranger helped Joe and Jack rake the pot into a big bag, and then they all shook hands.

"What did you have?" asked Joe.

"Don't know," said Mr. Huntley. "To tell you the truth, I haven't yet looked at my hand. If a man looks at his hand, sometimes he gets confused and loses his nerve."


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# THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
## AND JOURNAL OF FORTY-NINE.


VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1894. NUMBER 23

THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
AND JOURNAL OF '49.
Published Weekly at 429 Montgomery Street San Francisco California.
—BY—
SAM DAVIS.
$2.50 Per Annum. $1.50 Six Months.

THE TOWN OF HOG HOLLOW.



### NEWS BROUGHT IN BY OUR CAYUSE.

CLEVELAND AND COXEY MAKE UP.

Washington June 5—This morning the city sustained a severe shock of surprise. The early risers saw President Cleveland and Coxey the Industrial leader riding down Pennsylvania Avenue at a break-neck rate. Cleveland was driving and sitting in Coxey's lap. They were driving Coxeys fine trotter and the President seemed very well pleased at the horses gait. As they neared the Capitol grounds the horse shied at the sight of an Industrial soldier and ran over an old apple woman who was crossing the Avenue. After they entered the Capitol grounds the President pulled the horse down and allowed Coxey to get out and walk on the grass for fully five minutes. It is now understood that Mrs. Cleveland will drive the horse every afternoon and the President and Coxey are to take their turn in the early morning.

EXCITEMENT IN MAINE.

Portland, Me., June 6.—There was a wild excitement here this morning over the report that several of the most respectable people of Maine were carousing in the '49 Camp at the Midwinter Fair. The rumor that Greeley Hilborn was gambling at the wheel caused a town meeting to be called. The Governor telegraphed to have all Maine people in good standing keep sober, and stay away from the wheel and Fandango House.

The dispatch that was sent back read as follows:

To Governorof Maine:—To late the crowd has gone wild and can't put on the brakes. Five hundred Maine men in the carouse and four dollars and a half already squandered. The Maine people celebrated in the '49 Camp on Wednesday and over 400 ate dinner at Peakes' Beanery.

They kept away from the gambling hells and saloons, but crowded the Fandango and Theatre.

TRACKS UNDER WATER.

Oroville, June 7.—Yesterday the rain poured down in torrents and the whole country is in danger of being wiped out. Yesterday morning Squint Eyed Charlie went to the home ranch of Major McGlaughlin and ran off twenty head of his finest yearling calves. Bloodhounds and a posse were started in pursuit, but up to date have accomplished nothing. It is said the tracks are under water.

THE HAUNTED SWING.

This most wonderful illusion must be seen to be appreciated. Words fail to express the curious and realistic results obtained. Every one paying the Haunted Swing a visit will be more than satisfied. This is certainly one of the best shows in the Fair grounds. The admission is but 10 cents.

Mrs. Dr. Loella Cool's many city friends will be pleased to hear that she will not go to Australia but continue her practice here.

Mrs. Leilia Francis' musical composition accompanying Joaquin Miller's poem on the days of '49 is still for sale at the '49 Camp. The band frequently plays the air and it is very catching.

The above picture is an exact representation of the celebrated camp of Hog Hollow. The dead pine tree on the extreme bluff of the picture is the scene of the hanging of French Charley. Since the above sketch was made the cosy little town has been almost totally destroged by the recent storms. There is some talk of rebuilding, but we are afraid that times wont permit it.

### A FRENCH FISH STORY
It is a Literal Translation of a Thrilling Account.

The following is the French translation of an English story: A rich proprietor at the interior had made to establish a pond artificial, where found themselves agglomerated 3000 trout.

This proprietor is the father of a girling of from 5 to 6. She had taken the habit to go each morning to give to eat to the trouts at the aid of crumbs of bread.

The fishes were become so tamed that they skipped out of the water for to attrap the crumbs which the infant held in the crevice of her hand.

It arrived one day that she lost her equiteribium, and she fell the head first into the pond, of which the water was enough profound.

At the cries emitted by the girling the father was ran himself.

But what horror! He saw his infant extended without movement at the surface, where she floated as a cork.

What was not the surprise of the father in seeing that she had been supported by a mass compact of trouts.

The fishes had arranged themselves under her body so as to sustain and to prevent her drowning.

If this history is truthful the fishes are not so much deprived of the intelligence as one pleased himself to believe.

KNEE BANGLES.

The latest craze here in Camp is knee bangles. All manner of designs have been introduced. When the scheme was first started they only used $20 pieces, each man of a young lady acquaintance giving her the piece of money elaborately designed. Yesterday Spanish Puss brought down the envy of the Camp with a knee bangle, out of sight of course, that had a regular chime of bells. It plays "Home Sweet Home," "Down Upon the Swampy River" and "After the Ball." It works automatically and all the fair one has to do is move about. Puss says she will have a new set of bells put on in a few days that will play "Comrades" and "We Wont Go Home Till Morning."

HAFFORD'S ILLUSION.

All the illusionists are making money now. The latest is "Luna the Maid of the Moon," in Hafford's Arizona Museum. It is a dazzlingly beautiful woman cut in two in two at the waist and placed on a swinging board. The half of the beautiful creature hangs in midair, and even passes a fan under her severed waist to prove that the lower half of her body is not there. Crowds go to see this wonderful spectacle every day.

THE BRACELETE RACE.

This week Spanish Puss is so far in the lead that it looks as if she would win in a walk. A report is in circulation that a blonde beauty will come to the front in the last quarter and with a driving finish give Puss a hard chase down the stretch. Following is the list as it now stands:

| | |
|---|---|
| Spanish Puss | 390. |
| Minnie | 269. |
| Carmen | 239. |
| Flossie Brown | 168 |
| Amelia Mourey | 140. |
| Trixey | 93. |
| De Vallian | 73. |

Favorite Girl in '49 Camp.

Name——

Fill out the blank.

VISITING WORKMEN.

This Camp has been flooded with visiting workmen. For two months the place has been crowded with these people. We like to see visitors in Camp but when they hang out a year or so their welcome is worn out. We would suggest that the vacation be ended and a pick and shovel be placed in the hand of each of these visitors. Give them one more chance boys and then its time to be stretching that new rope.

An inventor in the East thinks he has struck a big thing by manufacturing dress goods from pine wood. The introduction of wood for dress goods isn't new by any means. We are told that Eve's first costume was a fig leaf and in our judgment this invention is away behind the times.

While other camps report failures in their business losses this camp continues to troone forward with new strikes. The richest strike made lately was discovered by Jake Wallace the banjo man. He struck an Irishman in the mouth for trying to show him how to play an Irish jig. The Mick didn't do anything to him—Jake looks like he had bumped up against a street car and had been painted all the colors of the electric fountain.

Spanish Charley came in yesterday from Jackass Ravine and says that the camp was nearly wiped out by the recent rains. The snow melting on the mountains above during the rain caused the trouble. He also said that it was supposed that our correspondent had been carried away in the washout and had floated off with the copy he had prepared us. In case his body is found, forward us the manuscript and let the coyotes do the rest.

MINE FOR SALE.

A gravel hydraulic mine rich from grass roots down. 70 feet deep. Deposit overs 120 acres and is in a region of the finest water supply in the state. Terms easy. Apply at this office.

Some low minded and underhanded vulture of ingratitude loaded our pipe with assafoetida, and we smoked it in our parlor in the presence of invited guests. We wondered why our friends grew pale and with trembling hand tore themselves away from us. The next morning we came out of the stupor that laid us out, and we are looking for the double distilled ingrate that did the deed with a howitzer loaded with nonpareil pi.

Dont go hungry while at the Fair. Go to "The Palm" Garden Cafe and get a good meal at city prices. Under the Scenic Railway, near the South Drive.

A few days ago while in the Mechanical Arts Building, a woman who looked as though she might in her infancy have had reuse, leveled a lorynette, (a pair of specks with a derrick) at us and indignantly asked us if we thought the Bohemia glass was made in Berkley. We guessed not and thought it was made in China. The reason we thought so was that log with a yet attached rattled us.

It is stated in the morning papers that a man named McGowen is suing the city for the loss of a little canicle. Holy smoke, what will these city bred sufferers kick about next. Right here in camp we have no less than three men who have lost half a nose, and one man with his entire ear gone. None of them bring suit about it. The are mighty glad to be alive, and all you can get out of them is "you ought to see the other fellow."

Dont forget to take in the Oro Fino, you can see the best show on the rounds for the money. Always some thing new.

Jones' Beer Joint is crowded at night with thirsty men. If you stay with the Buffalo you will never see the snakes.


Our Name Is Known
and when on cork, capsule or label of wine or liquor, is a positive guarantee of the purity and excellence of the contents.

Medicinal Liquors
for Physicians' Prescriptions a specialty.

Old Stock Bourbon
at $1.50 a bottle has no equal.

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BOWEN
AND
LEBENBAUM

FRUE ORE CONCENTRATOR
Over 4000 in actual use.
Manufactured under Patents of April 27, 1880, July 24, 1888, and March 31, 1891
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P. O. Address, South Riverside, San Bernardino county, Cal.
CAJALCO, December 18, 1891.

FRUE VANNING MACHINE CO., 132 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.—GENTLEMEN: After a continuous trial of different Concentrators (comprising the Frue Vanner, the "Holland," "Parador," "Triumph" and the "Woodbury" Concentrators), extending over several months, we find that we prefer the Frue Vanner, as it is easier of adjustment, runs smoother, has less wear and tear, and—having a positive travel—gives less trouble than the other more complicated and ever-changing machines now in use here. The Frue Vanner not only saves a cleaner concentrate, but has less loss in the tailings, and is in several ways preferable to the other Concentrators here. I am, my Dear Sirs, yours faithfully,
S. HARRIS, Manager.

Price of 4-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner ..... $550, f. o. b.
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" 6-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner ..... 800, f. o. b.
For any information, or for pamphlets, or for circulars or testimonials, call on or address as at our office.
H. J. SUMMERHAYES, Successor to ADAMS & CARTER, Agent Frue Vanning Machine Company
NO. 132 MARKET STREET ..... SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

### A FITTING END

Now that the life of the Fair is drawing to an end the one important question is, when shall it end. The Fourth day of July would be the proper caper and we hope every public spirited citizen in the State will throw in their share of effort to make it a fitting close. The Fourth of July Committee seems favorably disposed to make this plan a success. It would only be the right thing for the grandest exhibition ever held in the State it, close on the most thoroughly renowned holiday that America observes. It should be a free admission day and every man, woman and child in the Golden State, that is in reach of the opportunity, would gladly grasp the final chance and it would be the remembered day of all days.

### A GOOD LESSON.

A great lesson has been shown the people of this city by Judge Baker of Indianapolis. He has sentenced the crew of bank-wreckers of the National Bank to terms ranging from five to ten years apiece. In spite of the influence back of them, they have all received sentence to hard labor in a States Prison. Why the same kind of justice can not be dealt out to the gang of robbers of the People's Home Bank, only the rotten machinators of our Courts know. Evans got a life sentence for stealing a tenth part of the sum taken by the McDonald slug, and because it was a corporation's money, he was convicted. The people, in the eyes of the paid and overbribed Courts, are merely a poor lot and their money is considered as a public matter, to be used as high class thieves see fit.

### A GOOD MOVEMENT.

One Long Ned came into these precincts a few weeks ago. Thinking he had a fruitful field on which to raise the wind, and with a decidedly small capital of wits, he started to work by borrowing small sums of money from different persons on different pretenses. This same Long individual was landed in durance vile, and disgorged his plunder when released. During the night he received a valentine containing the suggestive imprint of a coffin and the curious figures "001," and inviting his attention to the healthy climate, green field and pastures new in other localities, far from the dinging crowd of this Camp's festive citizens; whose playful instincts might induce him to become the involuntary ghost of a necktie party, where he would be allowed to dance the devil's hornpipe on the end of nothing. Camp '49's hospitality was too profuse for him; he shook the dust off his feet and sought new worlds to conquer.

A new girl came to Camp and tried to convince the people that she could out dance any of the fandango girls. She was given a square trial and the general opinion was that she had better put on quarter boots, knee knockers, and a little weight in front, and one citizen suggested that she ought to be muzzled over night. She moved on the next morning and it was afterwards discovered that she was one of the Cairo street dancers trying to do a graceful turn.

Tomorrow will be one of the biggest days the Fair has seen within its gates. The German population of this city and vicinity will turn out in union. Whenever this sturdy race tackle a proposition it is safe to bet that they will land on top. The Fatherland people will give St. Patrick's Day a severe rub for first honors as a national day at the Fair.

The old joke about the black cloud causing rain, as a colored gentleman walks by, should never be uttered again in San Francisco. Tuesday was the Colored Peoples day at the Fair and it was the first day in a week that the sun has shown long enough to wake up a house fly.

We can remember when a boy how we used to fight shy of the castor oil bottle, the squills and the epicac, but ye good old days are indeed sweet compared to some of the rotten doses we have to take nowadays. Think of it. Moses for Judge, Spreckels for Sheriff, and Alex Waugh for Pound Master, ugh! it is worse than a dose of diluted mustard.

A Jackass Ravine man recently found a red white and blue snake. His address is wanted at the Keeley Institute.

### A SINGULAR FREAK.

While S. R. Burkham was on his way to Lonely the other day, he met with a singular as well as a laughable incident. As he was jogging along the road he met a man on the dead run who looked at him with pleading eyes as he shot by and agonizingly shrieked. "Stop me, for God's sake!" and away he flew in a cloud of dust. Barkham noticed that the fellow's face was covered with dust and sweat, thinking he was a fleeing fugitive propelled by some occult force—or perhaps a flock of hornets in the slack of his breeches—he turned his horse and gave chase. He could still hear the wild cry for help. The man was a sprinter, but Burkham soon overhauled him. "Stop me! Stop me!" "Stop yourself, you damned fool!" retorted Burkham. "I can't!" howled the flyer in a despairing voice. Then Burkham drove up alongside and seized him, when he fell in an inanimate heap, apparently dead from exhaustion. A generous jolt of whisky revived him sufficiently to enable him to state the cause of his singular conduct. He said he was afflicted with a sort of nervous paralysis. When one of the spells came on he lost all control of his legs and they ran away with him. He usually carried a halter with which to hitch himself, but had carelessly left it in camp the night before. "How far did you come at that gait?" asked Burkham. "I dont know how far it is," was the reply. "but I came through Mammoth about daylight this morning—been going all night like a train of cars." "Good Lord!" ejaculated the astonished Postmaster, "you have come more than 100 miles." "That's nothing for me," said the freak. "I would have done it quicker, but down here a piece one of my legs went faster than the other, so that I had to run around a circle for about four hours. I was pretty well tuckered out, and if von hadn't stopped me I'd have run myself plumb to death. Guess I'll take a rest here for two or three hours, then I'll work myself up another spell and run back again. Much obliged to you for stopping me. But you'll never catch me out again without a halter." Burkham suggested that it would be better for him to go hobbled all the time, and he rode off, wondering how the freak could be utilized.—Lundy Index.

### WORK.

This Camp can never be classed as one of the idle ones. All the citizens are workers from the jump. First in the field is old Judge Moses. Why work just hangs out all over him, even his nose shows the hardy effects of it. We know for an actual fact that he walks seven miles a day working on his route, and at night it is the hardest work on earth for him to get home. Then there is Dolph Spreckels. He has had to do more pulling the past six months to keep his place, than any anchor man on a tug of war pull on record. This heavy pulling is beginning to show on him, and it is only a matter of time when he must go down under it. Monte Pete is a worker, his hand dont look like it, but if you could only see him wrestle with a sucker once, you would conclude that his life was indeed a constant case of hard work. Joe Harvey is another great worker. He has developed one of the mightiest arms on record giving a wheel of fortune a turning. He is willing to bet that he can turn a wheel longer and steadier than any professional on earth.

Best of all the hard workers is Boston Charley. He has been lately been caught in the act of lifting a herd of twenty five yearling calves on Shasta Meadows, and from the overstrain on his mighty muscles, is resting quietly in the County jail. The only heavy work he is now doing is trying to lift $20,000 bonds for his release, but up to date has been unable to do so.

Tomato Month Sal is back in Camp again. She says that the report that she had eloped was a piece of spite work. Marriage is a failure, so she says, and she ought to know. Seven times has she been a widow (grass and otherwise) and she now refuses to foot any more bills from an undertaking establishment.

We are glad to note the good work going on by the Street Commissioner. Yesterday he drove his cart up in from of our office and picked up twelve dead cats, a half a ton of spoiled cab bage, and several bushels of rather old Salt Lake eggs. All of these articles must have been contributed by unknown admirers. We are certain that we never owned a breeding establishment for cats, a vegetable garden or a Petaluma incubator.


# '49 MINING CAMP.

A FAITHFUL REPRESENTATION OF THE OLD-TIME FEATURES OF A NEW DIGGINGS IN '49.

Mining Strikes, Hydraulic, Sluice and Quartz Mining Faithfully Represented.

Mining Riots, Pistol Arbitration, Lynching Bees and Claim Jumping Riots Realistically Enacted.

The Postoffice, Justice's Office and Mayor's Office. All in the same Saloon. Open Night and Day.

The Tiger With His Teeth Pulled Will be There in Mimic Representation of Old Times.

STAGES RUNNING BETWEEN THE CAMP AND FRISCO DAILY.

Good Tavern Accommodations and Mule Corrals.

Mrs. Woods' Souvenir Paintings of Camp Cabins.

Halstead's Horses on Snow Shoes.

PRECIPITOUS FLUMES AT THE FOOT OF MT. SHASTA.

GRAND PANORAMIC EXHIBIT, SHOWING MT. SHASTA FIFTY MILES AWAY.

The Millionaire Cabins of Early Days. John Mackay's Cabin, Built by Him, and in Which He Lived When He Made His First Big Strike in Allegheny, Sierra County.

U. S. Senator Perkins' Cabin, Built by Him 35 Years Ago at Thompson's Flat, Butte County.

The Original Downie Cabin, Reproduced From a Cabin built by Major William Downie, the founder of Downieville. The Oro Fino Concert Hall. Old-time Ballads and All Kinds of Terpsichorean Novelties.

Typical '49 FANDANGO with forty sweet-faced Senoritas dancing to the strains of the famous Mexican Orchestra.

A REGULAR NEWSPAPER OFFICE ON THE GROUND.

ADMISSION - 25 Cts.



RUSS HOUSE,

MONTGOMERY ST., EXTENDING FROM PINE TO BUSH,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Business center of the city, convenient to all banks, insurance offices and places of amusement during the Midwinter Fair.

Containing 300 Rooms.

A. S. YOUNG . . . . PROPRIETOR

TERMS:

$1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 Per Day.

Still lower terms for excursion and other large parties. Superior accommodations for families at very moderate rates.

Hotel coach in waiting at all boats and trains to convey guests to and from the house free of Charge.

For further particulars apply at '49 Camp.



Charles Nathan,

Merchant Tailor,

NO. 39 SUTTER STREET,

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WHAT DO YOU THINK About The Celebrated Coney Island FRANKFERTERS!!!

The people say that if you taste them once you will say they are MAGNIFICENT!

Fredericksburgh Larger Beer 5 CENTS A SCOONER.

Coney Island Clam Chowder, Every Kind of Lunch and Refreshments at City Prices.

A. LADANTI PROPRIETOR. Near Boones Arcun. 17



RUSS HOUSE BARBER SHOP AND BATHS.

—Fresh and Salt Water, 25 Cents,— 217 Montgomery street, between Bush and Pine.

Shaving, 15c. Hair Cutting, 25c. Baths, 25c. First class in all particulars.

SEPPICHI & KLEINHANS, Proprietors

☞ Ladies' entrance next to Russ House elevator. 4



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COLONEL HAFFORD'S ARIZONA EXHIBIT

Of all the Birds, Animals and Reptiles of the Territory.

The most Complete Private Collection in the World.

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FORTUNE & WALSH PROPRIETORS.

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Between Kearny and Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal



New Peerless Restaurant.

NO. 60 THIRD STREET.

THE BEST 15 CENT MEAL IN THE CITY.

Short Orders At All Hours. Private Rooms for Ladies.



DONT LEAVE CAMP! Until You Have Seen SMITH'S EXHIBIT of An Old '49 Camp Store. Admission Free.

Ask for a copy of their Catalogue, or mail one to your friends, and before you leave town drop in and see their down town Establishment.

No. 414-416-418 Front street, San Francisco 12



PEOPLE'S PALACE MUSIC HALL.

CORNER EDDY AND MASON.

CLAYE PHILLIPS, Proprietor and Manager.

Vaudeville Performances

Every Evening and Saturday and Sunday Matinees at 2 O'clock p. m.

Admission - - - - Free.



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Manufacturers of

Wire Rope, Wire Cloth, Insulated Electric Wire, Telegraph Wire, Fence Wire, Galvanized Fruit Drying Cloth, Galvanized Wire Netting.

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McAfee Bros.

If you miners want to invest your money in a SURE THING

Call around after your regular clean-up and see

McAfee Brothers,

Who have some of the BEST ORANGE LAND in Paterno for sale at terms. Get a miner an get off at. Don't dabble off your dust or blow it in at the lobby joints, but stick it into a

Sure Thing

And have something to fall back on in your old age.

McAfee Bros.,

108 Montgomery Street. 6



J. T. MOORE.

Express Business,

Corner Seventh Avenue and D Street, (Opposite Midwinter Fair Grounds), At terminus of Geary, McAllister and California-street cable lines, San Francisco, Cal.

Furniture and Articles of Every Description Moved at Lowest Possible Rates. ☞ All Orders Promptly Executed. 5


### KENO.

"Card Number Thirty-six."

"Keno!"

The voice rang shrill, clear and with startling vehemence throughout the smoky room, as the lucky player with a flushed face and triumphant smile, excitedly placed a button on the last vacant number in the central row of his only card. "Card number thirty-six."

Every head was raised in an instant. Every eye sought out the fortunate individual; while slurs, forcible imprecations,—rather expressive than elegant—fonnd free utterance, as with an impetuous movement the buttons, or markers, were swept angrily from the cards of disappointed players and went dancing in innocent merriment over the smooth tables.

The room—a moderate sized one—was well filled, every seat being occupied with anxiously hopeful participants in the fascinating game, and playing with from one to half a dozen cards each—if they could attend to so many, or had the necessary equivalent to invest thus largely in the rough, uncertain chances for a "pot."

For the third time in succession card thirty-six had won.

Now there was nothing peculiarly strange in this fact, for one card stood as fair a chance to win as another; but the striking feature which drew forth the majority of the angry exclamations and deep mutterings, was that the winner used but a single card against the others' half a dozen; and notwithstanding the large odds against him, came off victorious.

"Lucky boy!" cried a young man, good humoredly, glancing over to where the holder of the winning card sat, as the "crier out" at this moment brought up a pile of checks and handed "Thirty-six" the amount of the stakes.

"That feller's scooped three pots han'runnin'," said the companion of the first speaker, avariciously eyeing the winnings. "I think it's a put up job."

"A put up job!" returned the other. "What makes you think that? Can't a fellow rake in a little currency when he gets a streak without being inside of the ring?"

"Of course he kin; but this thing looks bad!—tough!—Here I've been buckin' three cards to a time again that chap's one, an' he beats me three times dead in a string. It looks bad, bad!"

"Well, Jake, I can't see it that way," remarked his companion. "The young fellow that wins so often, may as well have the 'stakes' as any one—as long as we cant make it."

"As I said afore Bob, it's bad. I can't stand a racket o' this kind, 'thout I take the Gran' Duke for a yard. It's too heavy; let's git," and Jake half arose as if to go.

"Hold on a minute," said the other; "let's give them one more shake and probably luck will change."

"Can't, 'm busted; sugar's run out; clean goos, dead an' broke," and the young man slapped his pockets, which gave forth no sound, but only flattened out under the pressure like an exhausted air bag.

"Well wait; sit down!" cried Bob, drawing his companion back into his seat. "I ain't broke yet. Keep your place and I,ll stake you. Here's a divide, and we'll go halves."

Saying which, he separated the small pile of checks before him and pushing half across the table to his friend, "There!" said he "there's enough to get square on if you can manage to nip a lucky row; so fire away, and success."

"Good 'nough," returned Jake, chinking the ivories and selecting a couple of cards, which he paid for preparatory to resuming the game.

Everything was now in readiness for a new trial of luck, and avaricious eyes turned hastily towards the "indicator" which told how many cards were in the game, and consequently how much money would be turned over to the next winner.

"Bob," said Jake, after consulting the "tell-tale," "how much do you make the pile reckon?"

"One hundred and forty four cards—at twenty five cents each—'m—let's see; thirty-six dollars. Fifteen per cent off for the house, leaves—thirty dollars and sixty cents."

"Thirty dollars and sixty cents," replied the other after he had taken out a lead pencil and "figger'd up" on the edge of a card.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" exclaimed Jake, running his eye over the resnlt of his companion's arithmetic, "ef that cussed thirty-six ain't got a dip into everything. Look-a-here Bob, the hull pile counts up to just thirty-six; now you take off the discount for the ranch, an' you got thirty-sixty. Pull ont the two oughts from atween an' hyar we find the the bloody thirty-six agin!"

"The devil!" cried Bob, looking with amasement at the peculiar coincidence, which had escaped his previous notice. "I—

"Number—Five," drawled out the teller of the game, as he removed an ivory ball from "the goose" and glanced at the number on it.

Instantly all noise and quibbling was hushed, and the players, with hands full of buttons eagerly scanned the pasteboards before them for a duplicate number.

"Twenty-three!" was the next cry in speedy succession.

Giving the receptacle for the numbered balls a vigorous rattle, he removed another "ivory."

"Thirty—six!"

"The divce! I 'spected it!" exclaimed Jake with a suggestive shrug as the lucky number echoed throughout the room.

"Forty—nine," yelled the individual in charge as he looked smilingly around and far over the heads of the deeply interested holders of the cards.

"Sluk'm up!" bawled a stentorian voice from the other end of the room.

"I'll bet a dollar," remarked Bob, significantly, "that the young fellow takes this pot. I feel it in my bones."

"Here too."

"Seventy—Seven,"

"Keno!"

The same piercing tones rang out again as the last number was called, penetrating to every part of the room like a shrill clarion cry of triumph.

"Card Thirty-six!" had won again.

"I know'd it," said Jake, with an air of resignation. "A feller can't 'spect to make a haul, when Old Harry hisself's a playin agin you. Let's cash an' skip."

"Wait," said Bob, with a quieting gesture to his impatient comrade, "I'm getting interested. Wait, and see the thing out."

"I reckon we've been seein' the thing out ever since we kim. My currency-bag can tell that story to a T."

"True enough; but it would have told the same story if you had stayed away," retorted Bob.

"Posserbly, an' I guess your'e right. But I'm dead broke, an' I'm goin' to see the thing out, if I can manage to nip a lucky row; so fire away, and success."

"Bob," said Jake, after consulting the "tell-tale," "how much do you make the pile reckon?"

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"Forty—nine," yelled the individual in charge as he looked smilingly around and far over the heads of the deeply interested holders of the cards.

"Sluk'm up!" bawled a stentorian voice from the other end of the room.

"I'll bet a dollar," remarked Bob, significantly, "that the young fellow takes this pot. I feel it in my bones."

"Here too."

"Seventy—Seven,"

"Keno!"

The same piercing tones rang out again as the last number was called, penetrating to every part of the room like a shrill clarion cry of triumph.

"Card Thirty-six!" had won again.

"I know'd it," said Jake, with an air of resignation. "A feller can't 'spect to make a haul, when Old Harry hisself's a playin agin you. Let's cash an' skip."

"Wait," said Bob, with a quieting gesture to his impatient comrade, "I'm getting interested. Wait, and see the thing out."

"I reckon we've been seein' the thing out ever since we kim. My currency-bag can tell that story to a T."

"True enough; but it would have told the same story if you had stayed away," retorted Bob.

"Posserbly, an' I guess your'e right. But I'm dead broke, an' I'm goin' to see the thing out, if I can manage to nip a lucky row; so fire away, and success."

Without the room the scene was fearful. Led by a couple of ringleaders, the crowd, feeling their cause was just, had charged on the proprietor and his assistants; yells, imprecations, curses, and groans filled the apartment, mingled with the crashing of glass, as windows, pictures, chandeliers and other articles were stove to pieces. Tables were overturned and rent asunder in a jiffy, chairs broken and pulled apart in a twinkling; everything useful or ornamental shared the same fate, and a great rush was made for the implements by which the game was carried on.

Fragments of broken articles were hurled through the air, with a recklessness and total disregard whether they struck friend or foe, in a manner which can only be witnessed in a like scene when the frenzy of a destructive mob is at work.

A tremendous crash from the other side of the room pronounced the downfall of the "indicator," and the last vestige of anything movable—excepting the stove—had shared the fate of demolition.

All this time the police had not put in an appearance, although the yells, cheers, and cries and furious hurly-burly; as if Pandemonium had been turned loose, continued to create a demoniac racket which could be heard a couple of blocks away.

The individuals interested in the concern found it impossible to escape. The screeching mob surrounded them and drove the hapless devils to bay in a corner, where armed with fragments of furniture they struck out wildly to keep their feet until succor came.

At this juncture the gang of roughs came surging up the stairway, and into the apartment.

A hasty glance, then a furious charge, and the fight commenced in earnest. Pistol shots broke on the air, yells, screeches, shouts of murder, Police! and some one turned off the gas. Then was "hell turned loose." Amidst the confusion the red-hot stove became overturned. An exclamation of horror broke from every throat, and as the flames spread and lept over the floor, a terrific rush was made for the hallway and back windows. Crowds of frightened, error-stricken, sweltering humanity trampled over one another in mad effort to gain the street.

Above the clamor and uproar, the whirr and rattle of policemen's calls and whistles now were heard; then the clanging tones of the fire bells and the Babble was complete. The building was speedily in flames, and engines and firemen flocked to the spot in a manner which gives Gotham a supremacy over the world.

The bloody, battered, and bruised belligerents poured into the street and were soon lost to view scattering among the gathered crowd.

Jake and Bob had "seen the thing out" and glancing up to the window-light over the door, the former directed the attention of his companion to the number painted thereon, now made plainly visible by the flame from the inside.

"It was "Thirty-Six!"

By a strange coincidence, the engine having the first stream of water on the fire, was also—"Thirty-six."


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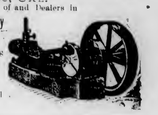

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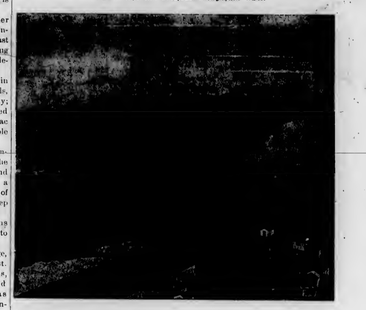

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THE FINE OLD ARKANSAS GENTLEMAN.

As sung by Jake Wallace, the pioneer banjo pusher.

Come good fellows listen and a story I will tell,
Of a very clever gentleman who lives extremely well,
In the western part of Arkansas, close to the Indian line,
Where he gets drunk once a week on whiskey and immediately sobers him-self on the very best of wine.
This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line.

This fine Arkansas gentleman has a mighty fine estate,
Of four or five thousand acres of land that will be worth a good deal some day or other if he dont kill himself too soon and will only condescend to wait.
And four or five dozen niggers that would rather work than not,
And such quantities of horses and cattle and pigs and other poultry and never pretends to know how many he has got.
This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line.

This fine Arkansas gentleman raises several hundred bales,
Unless from drouth, worm, a bad stand or some other damned contingency, his crop is short or fails,
And when its picked and ginned and bailed, he puts it in a boat,
And gets aboard himself likewise, charters the bar, and has a devil of a spree while him and his cotton down to New Orleans float.
This fine Arkansas gentleman close to the Choctaw line.

And when he gets to New Orleans he sacks a clothing store,
Puts up at the city hotels, the St. Louis, the St. Charles, the Veranda and several others if he succeeds in finding any more,
Then he draws upon the merchant and he goes about and treats,
Every man from Kentucky, Alabama, Arkansas, the Choctaw Nation and every other damned vagabond he meets.
This fine Arkansas gentleman close to the Choctaw line.

The last time he was down there when he thought of coming back,
After by lending and spending and being a prey in general to gamblers, boosers, tailors and several other individuals, white and black,
He had distributed his assets and got rid of all his means,
And had nothing left to show for them barring a couple of headaches, an invincible thirst and a general promiscuous acquaintance in the aforesaid New Orleans.
This fine Arkansas gentleman close to the Choctaw line.

And when he got home he took unto his bed,
And Dr. Rayburn physicked him and the chambermaid who had great affection for him with her arm held up his head,
And all his friends came weeping round and bidding him adieu,
And half a dozen preachers whom he didn't know and didn't care a cuss if he didn't, came praying for him too.
This fine Arkansas gentleman close to the Choctaw line.

And they laid him out all ready for the tomb,
And merely to console themselves they opened the biggest kind of a game of faro right there in his room,
But when he heard the checks he flung the linen off his face,
And sang out precisely as he used to do, "stop, dont turn Pringle, I go twenty on the king and copper on the ace."
This fine Arkansas gentleman close to the Choctaw line.

HYDROCEPHALUS.

This camp has been afflicted sadly of late by the disease of hydrocephalus (big head.) There are several cases that defy the knowledge of our best physicians. Red Dave's case is serious. He has killed three men within a year, and each man that went down under his steady aim caused his head to expand about three inches, there is only one cure for him and that is for some one to bore him full of holes.

Across the street is a man who pretends to run a newspaper. His head is so badly swollen that he actually can not reach around it to comb his hair. A cooper should be his constant valet.

Old Judge Moses is suffering badly. His case is the real old fashioned kind that got its work in on our forefathers, just plain straight booze. It is indeed a sad sight to see him of a morning trying to reduce the swelling in a horse trough. It is to be hoped that the trough will be enlarged for his benefit.

There is no foundation in the report that James G. Fair has retired from the pulpit, but there ought.

A Chicago woman paid $50,000 for the Tiffany chapel, displayed at the World's Fair, as a memorial to her husband. Her taste may have been good from an artistic stand point, but her judgement of the value a dead man holds wealth in is way out of gear. Here in this camp we have planted a dozen as good men as ever drew a gun, and their wives only put a plain board over them. When they left money behind the good widows didn't waste money on stain glass louses, but bought them a good live husband to help them keep the departed ones grave green.

Leave your votes for the favorite girl in the ballot box. You cant tell who will roll you before morning.


A MARVEL.
THE
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The California Amalgamator is a thoroughly practical machine, possessing simplicity, durability and effectiveness.

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It will save every particle of gold that floats in water, no matter how fine. It will save flake gold so fine that it will not settle in still water in ten seconds.

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One hears this a thousand times daily because it is a

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It is hardly necessary to say that the CAFE ROYAL is on the corner of Fourth and Market, and that JIM ORNDORFF and AL. HALL will steer the destinies of the place.

We merely make the remark to fill this space

St. Mary's Hospital,
CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

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FOR THE
FORTY-NINERS
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BUFFALO BEER
5 Cents.
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Illustrated Pamphlet on application.

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SAN FRANCISCO PEOPLE
Who cannot get suited in the price and quality of San Francisco clothing will find
Abe Cohn's
In CARSON CITY the place to buy to advantage.

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STRING CONCERT AND MILITARY CONCERT DAILY
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KAISER FRANZ JOSEPH HALL. - - MIDWINTER FAIR.



# THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
## AND JOURNAL OF FORTY-NINE.

VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1894. NUMBER 24

THE MIDWINTER APPEAL AND JOURNAL OF '49.
Published Weekly at 49 Montgomery street San Francisco California.
—BY—
SAM DAVIS.
$2.50 Per Annum. $1.50 Six Months.

FOREST FIRES AT HOLLOW BAR.

NEWS BROUGHT IN BY OUR CAYUSE.

A TOWN BURNED.

Jackass Ravine, June 15.—A special courier from Narrow Bar arrived this morning and says that destructive forest fires are raging in the neighborhood of Hollow Bar, twenty miles east of here. The two county bridges have been destroyed, stopping all traffic. The burning district covers a mile wide by four long and the destruction to timber is enormous. Turtle Town, a small place, was entirely wiped out last night. Every man for ten miles around is out fighting. It was learned this morning that a forest home was destroyed and the family burned alive.

Our cut gives a good representation of this awful conflagration, but our artist could not stay longer to make a more perfect sketch as the heat and smoke nearly overpowered him.

ROW AT A BALL.

London, June 13.—There was a lively scene at Mrs. Mackay's ball this evening occasioned by the attempt of Mr. Boyne age to gain admittance on an old ticket belonging to some other ball given by Mrs. Mackay years ago.

The door keeper attempted to stop him but he knocked him down and went in. John Mackay then took a hand and threw Mr. Boynage over a chandelier. Mr. Boynage then got up and smacked Mr. Mackay in the eye. The Prince of Wales who was there then gave Boynage a jolt in the jaw and knocked him out. Boynage was then rolled down the steps and the ball went on, the guests having a pleasant time.

The APPEAL correspondent, who was the only newspaper man admitted, sprained his ankle dancing with the Princess of Teck.

REID COMING WEST.

Carson Nev., June 15.—Word was received this morning by the Republican Central Committee that Tom Reid had concluded to come to Carson to live. He says that he is so much interested in the advancement of the cause of silver that he is going to take up the pick and shovel and help dig for it. He further said in his letter that John W. Mackay and James Fair had promised him a job on the Comstock, but he had concluded not to take it as the people of the west might think he was under obligations to the millionaires. The Republicans of Ormsby County started a collection for him and at dusk had raised two dollars and eighty cents. The money will go to defray Mr. Reids' expenses while out of employment.

HAFFORD'S ILLUSION.

All the illusionists are making money now. The latest is "Luna the Maid of the Moon," in Hafford's Arizona Museum. It is a dazzlingly beautiful woman cut in two at the waist and placed on a swinging board. The half of the beautiful creature hangs in midair, and even passes a fan under her severed waist to prove that the lower half of her body is there. Crowds go to see this wonderful spectacle every day.

AN EXPLOSION.

An explosion occurred at the Hazel Pan mine yesterday. Jim Murphy and Holy Mike were putting in a blast, when it went off. The shaft they were working in was about fifteen feet deep and when the cartridge went off it blew them clear out of the hole. At first it was supposed that the men were fatally injured, but with a hearty jolt of whiskey they both came out allright. The queer part of the affair was that in trying to brush off the dust that had been shot into their clothes, it was found to be pure gold. On washing their clothes they cleaned up over $40 dollars worth of the pure stuff. There is great excitement in the district and a big bonanza in sight. It's an ill wind that blows, "etc."

NABBED.

A man was arrested the other day at the terminus of the Geary Street Railway at the Fair grounds. He was rather slight and effeminate in his looks, and one of his favorite games was to dress up as a woman and work the street cars. He has followed it for years, but made an unlucky break and got nabbed. He was in a hurry to get off the street car and forgot to get off backward. A cop, who happened to be looking at him knew at once he wasn't a woman and ran him in.

The attendance at the Fair last Sunday—German Day—exceeded that of St. Patrick's Day by 1200, the turnstiles recorded 68,634 visitors to the exposition.

Since Tillie Shattock has retired from the Tivoli it is rumored that she will be in the chorus of Queen Lil's combination.

President Cleveland is reported as feeling sick. He has evidently looked over his record.

Dont forget to tackle Jone' Beer Joint. Buffalo Beer always on tap.

We are warned to look over our $5 bills. Four clerks are now busy doing the work.

Tomorrow is Chinese Day. No small boys or brick-bats allowed.

Men who come from adjoining camps and load themselves with bad whisky before their arrival generally land before Old Moses. It is seldom that one of this Camp's boys has to be tied down with a ship hawser as was Joshing Joe of Hangtown.

THE HAUNTED SWING.

This most wonderful illusion must be seen to be appreciated. Words fail to express the curious and realistic results obtained. Every one paying the Haunted Swing a visit will be more than satisfied. This is certainly one of the best shows in the Fair grounds. The admission is but 10 cents.

MINE FOR SALE.

A gravel hydraulic mine rich from grass roots down. 70 feet deep. Deposit overs 120 acres and is in a region of the finest water supply in the state. Terms easy. Apply at this office.

HENRY C. DROGER,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER.
Room 2, Ninth Floor, Mills Building San Francisco, Cal.
TELEPHONE 65.

THE BRACELET RACE.

Spanish Fuss continues to lead in the race. There will have to be some fast and furious driving to make a close finish. Minnie came up with a great burst of speed last week and it looked like she was going to give the leader a drive for first place. The vote now stands:

| | |
|---|---|
| Spanish Fuss | 420. |
| Minnie | 284. |
| Carmen | 246. |
| Flossie Brown | 178. |
| Amelia Monroy | 150. |
| Trixey | 100. |
| De Vallian | 88. |

Favorite Girl in '49 Camp.
Name.....
Fill out the blank.

Bill Kennedy the banjo player, while returning from the Fandango the other night, fell in a post hole at the base of Mt. Shasta. His partner, Joe Harvey, having heard of his sudden disappearance, instituted a search, and with gratifying success, rescued him, after he had lain over eight hours in the aforesaid post-hole. Bill says he will be more careful hereafter and keep away from holes that he is not posted on.

Yesterday a vaquero, who had been imbibbing a little too much of the "overjoyful," while riding around on a wily steed showing off for the benefit of numerous onlookers, who were highly entertained, had the misfortune to fall from his horse, but being extremely "hooey" and lucky he received no injury.

The Renovatory Company, Corner of Stockton and Geary, is a live firm and the public begins to know its worth. Low prices and perfect satisfaction appears to be its motto.

Jas. S. Brownell is now the agent for the celebrated Frue Ore Concentrator. There are over 4000 now in use and Mr. Brownell intends to put an many more on the maret. See the advertisment on this page.

CAMP JOTS.

Barker Green is now spelling for Rothair.

The boys say that Jake Wallace hasn't been sober this week.

Loud Mouth Charley departed last night. He went by the lousy route.

Dutch Kate was sentenced to ten days in jail by Judge Moses for insulting the Court while drunk.

A lot of Bedouin Arabs were arrested the other day for feeding their camels on the Park grass.

It was reported last evening that Tomato Mouth Sal had fallen heir to a fortune of $100,000. No one calls her nick names now.

The California Champagne Company is selling more of its excellent wine than ever. The public are fast acquiring a taste for it.

Miss Mouth Belle is again in Camp. Judge Moses was seen with her at a late hour last night. It is to be hoped that the Judge dont contemplate an elopement.

If you want to get a first class shave go to the barber shop at the Mining Camp. Nothing rests a man more than to be straightened out by a first class barber.

It is rumored that Luna the half woman at Hafford's Museum, is engaged to be married to a newspaper man. He evidently thinks her public appearance is an optical illusion.

Lux the wildman after being caged up during the day gets his needed relaxation by taking a run on the Midway in citizens clothes. He was paralyzed drunk the other evening and singing "We won't go home 'till morning."

Captain Chas. Anderson is out with a rhyming description of his experiences along the Midway. The book is for sale at the APPEAL office, '49 Camp.

There is talk of erecting an electric light at the base of Mt. Shasta. Don't do it, remember you were young once yourself.

Smallpox Charley departed last night for the State Pen to take a finishing course in jacket jugglery. He went through a citizen last week and not being an expert was caught and detained. We hope he will improve.

The report is going the rounds that a new mill will be erected up the gulch to work on a recently discovered gold ledge. The only mill we ever saw in active operation up the canyon was between Dublin Pat and Mexican Charley. The coffee colored duffer wasn't in it and the mill broke up in a regulation donnybrook.

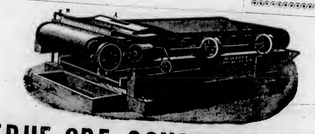
The sporting fraternity broke loose last Sunday and all went fishing up Shasta Creek. Jake Wallace returned with a vest pocket full of minnows Dolph Spreckels with a heap on, and Old Moses with two empty flasks and sober. Talk about a Keeley Cure, this is away ahead of it and we hope that the same may be practiced often in the future.

Since the sun has consented to shine again our hopes have sprung up anew. We collected a 50 cent bill on the first asking and the type founder didn't come to Camp and blow in for a new font. The sun always puts ones' happy side to the front except when some mother's son douands what you haven't got.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The public are notified that Gen. Bouton and his son Victor Bouton have no connection with this office, and are not authorised to collect money or transact business.


Our Name Is Known
and when on cork, capsule or label of wine or liquor, is a positive guarantee of the purity and excellence of the contents.
Medicinal Liquors
for Physicians' Prescriptions a specialty.
Old Stock Bourbon
at $1.50 a bottle has no equal.
GOLDBERG BOWEN —AND— LEBENBAUM



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NO. 132 MARKET STREET.....SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## BETTER THAN AFRICA.

### Nevada Will Soon be at the Head of Gold-Producing States.

During the past six months many new and valuable gold discoveries have been made in Nevada. The new finds have been made principally in the eastern, central and southeastern parts of the state. In these sections prospecting has been of late more active than the older districts in the western part of the state.

Though the regions in which gold is now being found were explored they were but little prospected. The early explorers did most of their prospecting "on the run." Parties of them scouted through the country on horseback, daily covering as much ground as possible. When a quartz vein was found one or two men dismounted and broke samples from its croppings for inspection. If these did not present the dark appearance of the rich black sulphuret ore of the Comstock they were pronounced "no good" and the party moved on. These early prospectors were looking for silver and wanted nothing else. When they found croppings showing lead, copper or iron pyrites, or a mixture of these metals, the vein was declared to be "too base." They did not care to look for gold—unless in connection with silver—for had they wished to prospect for the yellow metal they might have more conveniently done so in California, from which state most of them came. Besides the notion prevailed among the miners of that day that a gold prospect in the Great Basin region would not hold out in depth. "The only true gold region," said they, "is in California on the west side of the Sierra Nevada range, on the east side all is silver."

It was seldom that one of these parties halted anywhere to do any digging. A party of ten men from California once struck into Nevada near Honey Lake and ranged down through the mountains near to the Colorado river and on the whole trip never dug one prospect hole three feet deep. One great trouble was that they never could agree as to the value of the vein—whether it would pay to halt and set to work. A majority always thought that in going ahead something better would be found—probably a hole showing pure silver on the surface—and of course all wanted the biggest thing in the country.

The first camps almost everywhere in the state were silver camps, therefore the towns and settlements were all in the silver belts. It is only recently that the prospectors of the present day have scouted out from these silver belts. Since the kill ng of silver they have gone forth and done some good square prospecting in the sections of the country ridden over by the explorers of the early days. The result is that many valuable gold discoveries have been made, and in following these up several gold belts have been defined. Indeed just now the gold finds in Nevada are more numerous and valuable than those of any other Pacific coast state. The old mother Silver State is taking on a golden line. Not only are many lodes of gold bearing quartz being found, but also placer mines are being discovered in sections in which their existence was not even suspected one year ago.

Nevada will soon be marching up toward the head of the list of gold producing states. She is showing up some immense gold belts, and in her vast domain there still exist extensive regions that are wholly unprospected and almost unexplored. Already Nevada is attracting capitalists from Colorado, Utah, Montana and California. The parties who are now buying are all shrewd and experienced mining men who know very well what they are about. The opportunities for success in gold mining in Nevada are today far better than they are in South Africa. Here the poor man has some show as well as the capitalist who enters the field with unbounded means.

## ESTEE FOR GOVERNOR.

The Republicans have settled on Estee for Governor. No better choice could possibly be made. He is an old leader of the party and has stuck by it under all circumstances. No man in California deserves party recognition for good work done more than Estee. He has been walked on by small politicians in times past, but they never could stamp his party loyalty out of him.

With Estee to head the ticket the rank and file will have a leader that inspires confidence.

Europe has always been ahead of this country on the army question. However America is fast coming to the front. There is the Grand Army of the Republic, the regular standing army, the State army, Kelly's army and the Keeley army. Bring on yer chicken and give 'em a chance.

## DISAPPOINTMENT.

Disappointment has caused the downfall of thrones, the disruption of families and has driven many good men to an early and sad sought grave. We were disappointed in a most grievous manner the other day. On walking into an eating house a sign confronted us which read: "Squash Pies Like Your Mother Made." Another read: "Big Overgrown Doughnuts Fresh From the Grease." Upon looking in the cave which held these tempting dainties, we beheld the most magnificent adult pies and giant cookies, cakes and chestnut colored doughnuts, that we have seen since our happy boyhood days when we used to lick the pan. We ordered two pies, a couple of cookies and as many doughnuts. We watched the waiter open the glass case containing them as he filled our order. The whole order didn't fill one plate, and in just anger we rose to smite the deceitful proprietor. Upon investigation it was discovered that the glass in the case was covered on four sides with huge magnifying glasses, and these substantial, modern day cookies looked like the old days upon the farm style, under its deceitful reflections. The disappointment was terrible, and the inventor should be compelled to live on horned toads and turkey buzzards the balance of his days.

## A SENSATIONAL BOOK.

Jim Orndorff and Al Hall have compiled a book consisting of sixteen blank pages entitled "What Congress Has Done." Everything except the cover is bear of printers ink. Since issuing the book the authors have gone into the country to recuperate, and have applied for its admission to the Authors Club.

"It never rains but it pours." This has been the case in this Camp the past week. We sent to the City for a brand new six cylinder press and the rain swamped Tully's mules. At last accounts they were hunting for them with a dredger. The thing that hurts us is that some people say that it was the weight of our machinery that swamped the sturdy little animals. It has been a great drawback to our expectations to see the savings of a year go down in the mud.

We always kicked about the office boys smoking cigarettes. The principal reason has been that the paper used in the wrapper is made from old rags and smells like burning rag-carpet. Yesterday the office devil sort of knocked us when we elaborated on the injurious effect caused by inhaling rag-bag smoke. He said: "Well what's the diff, der's rags on me back and on me side, and what's de odds if I wants ter put 'em on me lungs, see."

Bread may be the staff of life, we always thought so and leaned on it for support, but when we find two flies and half-a-dozen whiskers therein we give it up, that is we did give it up. Times have changed, our mothers didn't wear whiskers and always managed to sift out the flies.

William Wablorf Astor has written a novel, which will soon be published. In these days when trouble accumulates and care is an uninvited guest at many a table, it is a thrice-blessed thought that nobody can be legally compelled to read the book.

We are sorry to see so little regard paid to the sanitary condition of the town. The Last Chance prospect shaft has received another victim, this time it is the spotted mule of Tully's. He buckled onto a barb wire fence and departed this life with a kick.

An enterprising newsdealer on Bush Street, between Kearny and Montgomery, displays on his bulletin board the gaudily painted legend: "The Examiner and other daily fiction for sale here." "Other daily fiction" is good.

A sharp explosion does not always indicate that a comrade has passed to the happy hunting ground. It may be one of the recent arrived Celestials chasing away the devil with a bunch of firecrackers.

Everything looks bright about our thriving little town. A new undertaking establishment, two new groceries and a gun store. All that is now wanted to set us a booming is to enlarge the town jail.

It is probable that Colonel Breckinridge will receive a great deal of Republican support in his Congressional campaign on the ground that he is evidently inclined to encourage infant industries.

It is not likely that the crusade against Breckenridge in Kentucky will beat him. We have yet to hear of a man being beaten in a political campaign on moral grounds.

In about three weeks we expect to see Mount Shasta move on its very foundation.


'49 MINING CAMP.

A FAITHFUL REPRESENTATION OF THE OLD-TIME FEATURES OF A NEW DIGGINGS IN '49.

Mining Strikes, Hydraulic, Sluice and Quartz Mining Faithfully Represented.

Mining Riots, Pistol Arbitration, Lynching Bees and Claim Jumping Riots Realistically Enacted.

The Postoffice, Justice's Office and Mayor's Office, All in the same Saloon Open Night and Day.

The Tiger With His Teeth Pulled Will be There in Mimic Representation of Old Times.

STAGES RUNNING BETWEEN THE CAMP AND FRISCO DAILY.

Good Tavern Accommodations and Mule Corrals.

Mrs. Woods' Souvenir Paintings of Camp Cabins.

Halstead's Horses on Snow Shoes.

PRECIPITOUS FLUMES AT THE FOOT OF MT. SHASTA.

GRAND PANORAMIC EXHIBIT, SHOWING MT. SHASTA FIFTY MILES AWAY.

The Millionaire Cabins of Early Days. John Mackay's Cabin, Built by Him, and in Which He Lived When He Made His First Big Strike in Alleghany, Sierra County.

U. S. Senator Perkins' Cabin, Built by Him 38 Years Ago at Thompson's Flat, Butte County.

The Original Downie Cabin, Reproduced From a Cabin built by Major William Downie, the founder of Downieville.

The Oro Fino Concert Hall. Old-time Ballads and All Kinds of Terpsichorean Novelties.

Typical '49 FANDANGO with forty sweet-faced Senioritas dancing to the strains of the famous Mexican Orchestra.

A REGULAR NEWSPAPER OFFICE ON THE GROUND.

ADMISSION - 25 Cts.

RUSS HOUSE,

MONTGOMERY ST., EXTENDING FROM PINE TO BUSH,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Business center of the city, convenient to all banks, insurance offices and places of amusement during the Midwinter Fair.

Containing 300 Rooms.

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TERMS:

$1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 Per Day.

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Hotel coach in waiting at all boats and trains to convey guests to and from the house free of Charge.

For further particulars apply at '49 Camp.

Charles Nathan,

Merchant Tailor.

NO. 139 SUTTER STREET.

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WHAT DO YOU THINK About The Celebrated Coney Island FRANKFERTERS!!!

The people say that if you taste them once you will say they are MAGNIFICENT!

Fredericksburgh Larger Beer 5 CENTS A SCOONER.

Coney Island Clam Chowder, Every Kind of Lunch and Refreshments at City Prices.

A. LADANTI PROPRIETOR. Near Boones Arena. 17

RUSS HOUSE BARBER SHOP AND BATHS.

Fresh and Salt Water, 25 Cents. 317 Montgomery street, between Bush and Pine.

Shaving, 15c. Hair Cutting, 25c. Baths, 25c. First class in all particulars. SEPPICH & KLEINHANS, Proprietors

Ladies' entrance next to Russ House elevator. 4

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Of all the Birds, Animals and Reptiles of the Territory.

The most Complete Private Collection in the World.

The Colonel has taken twenty-five years to Amass this Collection.

South Drive, in rear of the Administration Building.

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121 Post Street,

Between Kearny and Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal

New Peerless Restaurant.

NO. 60 THIRD STREET.

THE BEST 15 CENT MEAL IN THE CITY.

Short Orders At All Hours. Private Rooms for Ladies.

DONT LEAVE CAMP! Until You Have Seen SMITH'S EXHIBIT of An Old '49 Camp Store.

Admission Free.

Ask for a copy of their Catalogue, or mail one to your friends, and before you leave town drop in and see their down town Establishment.

No. 414-416-418 Front street, San Francisco 12

PEOPLE'S PALACE MUSIC HALL.

CORNER EDDY AND MASON.

Olliff Phillips, Proprietor and Manager.

Vaudeville Performances

Every Evening and Saturday and Sunday Matinees at 2 O'clock P. M.

Admission - - - - Free.

JOHN A. ROEBLING'S SONS CO., Manufacturers of

Wire Rope, Wire Cloth, Insulated Electric Wire, Telegraph Wire, Fence Wire, Galvanized Fruit Dry. ing Cloth, Galvanized Wire Netting.

Works—Trenton, N. J. WAREHOUSES, 117 Liberty street, New York. 171 Lake street, Chicago. 26 Fremont street, San Francisco. 8

If You Don't Buy THE Official Catalogue You Don't See THE FAIR.

Old '49'ers Like Our Ways.

McAfee Bros.

If you miners want to invest your money in a

SURE THING

Call around after your regular clean-up and see

McAfee Brothers,

Who have some of the BEST ORANGE LAND in Palermo for sale at terms that a miner can get off at. Don't grab off your dust or blow it in at the lucky joints, but stick it into a

Sure Thing

And have something to fall back on in your old age.

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J. T. MOORE, Express Business, Corner Seventh Avenue and D Street, (Opposite Midwinter Fair Grounds), At terminus of Geary, McAllister and California-street cable lines, San Francisco, Cal. Furniture and Articles of Every Description Moved at Lowest Possible Rates. All Orders Promptly Executed. 6


## HAND SHAKING.

There are as many styles of shaking hands as there are men and women. Character can be better judged by the mode of hand-shaking than it can by the condition of a man's bank account. It is safe to say that an editor, be he popular or otherwise, ranks next the President in opportunities to have his hand "squoze."

The first hand-shake we remember as a boy was upon an introduction to a palsied man, he stuck out two of our baby teeth that were loose, and it always had more horror for us than a dentist.

Our first venture in a business line was with a Briton who used to untangle one finger to shake. He only waited long enough to gather in all the outstanding bills and then shook us like a cyclone.

The heartiest shake we ever received was by Misquito Bill as he stood over the trap on a gallows waiting for someone to touch the button and give him a rest. He grabbed our hand like a vice and said good bye like a man who would like to linger but could not.

Of all the rotten hand-shakes we ever experienced came the other day. Some friends introduced us to our contemporary across the street in hopes that we could forgive and forget. A great fat uncleaned hand was joked forth, and when we grasped it it felt like an overboiled asparagus that had grown dank and cold. A man with that grave yard paw can't look to us for friendship, such a hand was only meant to steer stale beer and lift cold lunches.

## IRON AS A TONIC.

We see by the exchanges that a man in the east lately spit up a bullet that had remained in his lungs for a quarter of a century. Thats nothing; last week a sickly one lunged man arrived here from the States, his bent form and hacking cough caused much sympathy from our kind hearted citizens. He was standing in front of Harveys wheel the other day, and attracted the attention of all the players by a violent fit of coughing. In his extra effort to dispell his remaining lung, he fell to the floor almost senseless, and some one suggested standing him on his head for relief. Jake Wallace and Green the barber grabbed him by the heels and up he went. As they held him in this topsy-turvy position he gave a gasp and out rolled a four pound cannon ball. The man lost consciousness, and it was fully an hour before he could explain the mystery. When he did round to be informed us that he had received the ball in a fight at Culpepper Courthouse, October 11, 1863, and it was fired by one of the Union guns. The ball was originally a five pounder but his constitution had absorbed a pound of the metal, and it had acted as an iron tonic which kept him alive. The patient is doing well and the doctors say that he will be a sound man inside of a month.

## A TERRIBLE EPITHET.

On Sunday last some newspaper men were trying to drink all the whisky in the Dance Hall of the '49 Camp when one got hot and shaking his fist at another said: "You are a hard boiled egg."

"What's that?" queried the other quickly.

"I said it and it goes; you are a hard boiled egg!"

"No — — — — that lives can address that language to me!"

Biff! Biff and the two were having it in no time.

The guards threw them out and there was considerable scuffling on the outside before matters quieted. Then the two went in, shook hands and had several more drinks.

"What did you mean anyhow when you called me a hard boiled egg?"

"I meant you wasn't able to stand up on end."

"That so; les have 'nother drink."

## COLD TURKEY.

From their conversation as they sat in the little theater waiting for the muscle dance to commence it was easy to tell, from their lack of familiarity with the nature of the performance they were about to see, that they were from the country somewhere. The young man did not know what the Turkish dance was like, and the young woman who was with him could shed no light on it.

All their speculative conversation had been overheard by a young dude who sat directly in front of them, so when the wriggling became most furious he turned around and stared at the young woman to see how they stood it. One of them grew tired of being stared at, and, leaning forward, said:

"Young man, we're part of the Sacramento exhibit—Turkey is on the stage."

Squint Eyed Mike is in town; keep your chicken house door locked.

## PIONEER DAYS IN IDAHO.

### HOW I LOST MY JOB.

The transpiring events in Idaho from 1860 to 1865 were not unlike those in California from 1849 to 1854. The hopes and expectations of the big-hearted miners were the same. Those who were without claims prospected with the same unceasing toil and energy as did those who had staked out their ground and recorded their possessions. The latch string was always hanging out and no man ever went from a miner's cabin hungry. If he was short of dust and was in want of a grub stake he had only to apply to the miner who had been more fortunate, or to the merchant and he was sent on his way rejoicing. No one ever asked for security. The express came into Camp on stated days with regularity. On those days, after the water had been turned from the sluices and the day's work done, the boys came to town, hoping to hear from the dear ones at home. When a letter came how cheerfully the miner walked up to the counter and poured out his dust in a blower, from which the agent would weigh out one dollar for each letter. I was on one occasion awaiting my turn in front of the express counter, when a miner who chanced to be just ahead of me, received a small package. He paid the three dollars charges in dust. Before leaving the counter he tore the wrapper off and spread out the contents, which proved to be a pair of knit woolen socks. He hastily opened a letter that he had received at the same time. It was from his mother, who informed him that she had knit the socks with her own hands. He turned to me and said: "I can buy woolen socks here for a dollar, but these were knit by my mother, and God bless her I would have paid a hundred dollars for this pair." I am sure he meant what he said. Generous, noble-hearted, honest and true, with impulses as gentle as those of a woman; these were the characteristics of the pioneer.

I owned a third interest in three undivided claims on Oro Fino Flat, which panned out high, in expectations. On taking possession of my interest, which I had purchased, my two partners seeing that I was something of a tenderfoot, were disposed to give me choice of work. That is, whether I would prefer standing down in the cut and shovel the gravel and sand from the bedrock up into the sluices, or stand at the foot of the boxes and keep the tailings clear. In my supreme ignorance I chose the latter. I had reported for duty after the noon meal. At the proper hour we made for our respective working positions. As I toiled and trudged and sweat that afternoon, I watched closely the sun which seemed fixed in the heavens. I soon realized that I had made a mistake. I was compelled to shovel and handle all the material that my two partners threw into the sluices. When night came which it has a habit of doing, I made up my mind that I was not a howling success at shoveling tailings.

That night I walked into Baldwin and Whitman's store in Oro Fino city and asked Mr. Baldwin for a position as clerk. Having obtained this I lost no time in securing the services of a miner to represent my interests in the diggin's. In my new position I soon learned all the mining localities and became acquainted with many of the miners. It was their custom to come to town every Saturday or Sund evening and leave their orders for supplies for the following week. The firm owned two mules which were utilized in delivering those supplies. There was employed about the store a gener ous-hearted but one duty among other things was to deliver the goods ordered. Rhodes Bar about five miles up Rhodes creek was by far the richest diggings about the camp. I had for some time wished to visit the locality. I made this fact known to Mr. R. who said that I might take the mules and deliver the goods on the next day. Ned, the general utility man, gave explicit instructions as to the trail, location of claims and such other facts as he thought might be of use to me. The mules were loaded with a general assortment of miner "grub." Carrying out Ned's instructions I crossed Rhodes creek and struck the six-rag trail leading along the side of the mountain, sloping down toward the creek. I noticed a miner digging a prospect hole on the bar below. Along the edge of the bar and just at the foot of the mountain was a fringe of willow bushes. As I noticed these things I further observed that while the mountain side was very steep the trail passed over shaley ground and was almost lost.

The mule that was trailing behind was loaded with two sacks of flour, two kegs syrup and a sacks of beans. He lost his footing in the shaley part of the trail and before I could give any assistance was going end over end down the mountain side toward the prospect hole. I hollered to the miner to stand from under. There was a string of beans clear down the side of the hill. The flour flew into the air and looked like a small snow storm. The two kegs of syrup busted and as the mule made his revolutions in the air completely covered him from end to end. The shale, flour, dirt, leaves and beans clung to the syrup-besmeared animal, so that from a short distance he looked like a rough map of the United States. The willows prevented him from tumbling into the prospect hole. As the syrup dripped down from his long ears, face, and nose, there was never a more sorrowful looking animal on earth.

The news of my misfortune reached the office ahead of me, and when I arrived the small balance due me was already counted out on the desk.

I. W. Johnson.

## GONE.

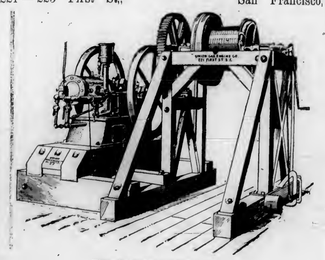
Our correspondent, Grim, has left us for good we are afraid. We have wiped away many a burning tear when we thought him numbered among the dead at the late cloud-burst at Hangtown, Sadler mows comes now, he is to be a Circuit Judge on a rare course. 'Twould have been better had the ravages of Nature folded him in her pitiless arms along with the other debris and lost him in a heap of rubbish. A week ago he was an aspiring correspondent giving fresh news to a delighted multitude. It was the name that caught him, Judge Grim. We hope he will reverse his decision, as it is merely a care of a good man gone wrong.

The busy little bee has flitted through the Camp again and left one citizen suspended until further orders.


Pioneer Gasoline Engine Manufacturers.

Union Gas Engine Company.

221—223 First St., San Francisco,



Though we were not here in '49—
Those good old days of yore—
We were the first arrivals in our line,
And are still here, in '94.

Engines For Mining Purposes A Specialty.

Send For Catalogue.

Joshua Hendy Machine Works.

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Principal Office: No. 51 Fremont Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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Boilers, Engines, Pumps and Machinery OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Specialties of Hydraulic Mining, Quartz Mining and Milling Machinery, Hydraulic Gravel Elevators, Hydraulic Giants, Automatic Ore Feeders.

Sluice and Dies and All Castings furnished promptly upon order. 6

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CARTRIDGE FACTORY, SHOT TOWER, First and Howard streets, San Francisco, Cal.

SMELTERS, REFINERS, ASSAYERS

Of Gold, Silver, and Lead Ores, Sulphurets, Lead Bullion, Gold and Silver Bullion, and Gold Dust Reducers of Jewelers' Sweeps and Photographers' Waste.

MANUFACTURERS OF—
Pig Lead, and Sulphate of Copper (Bluestone), Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead and Shot, Drawn Bar Lead, Drawn Lead Traps, Solder in various shapes, including Perfect Wire Solder, Babbitt Metal, Drawn Lead Sash Weights, Pure Block Tin Pipe.

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NEW HATS, NEW FLOWERS, NEW FEATHERS, NEW ORNAMENTS,

RIBBONS, LACES, VELVETS, ETC.,

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SPRING TRADE

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BRANCH STORE, 999 MARKET STREET, COR. SIXTH

Also Branch Stores in Oakland, and San Jose.

Goods sold at wholesale and retail.

## JOB'S STOCK TRANSACTIONS EXPOSED.

It is quite an interesting study to note how Biblical history is continually repeating itself. If any of the readers of the Appeal will take the trouble to call to mind the xxviii chapter of the book of Job, they will arrive at the conclusion that Job not only knew considerable about mines, but dabbled occasionally in stocks. Alluding to the lode, he says, like a sanguine old Washoe prospector:

"Surely there is a vein for the silver and a place for the gold when they find it. The stones of it are the place of sapphires, and it hath dust of gold."

He speaks like the poet of the miner as follows:

"He setteth an end to darkness, he searcheth forth his hand upon the rock; he overturneth the mountain by the roots.

"He cutteth out rivers among the rocks, and his eye seeth every precious thing."

It is also quite evident that folk-heading had to be resorted to in Job's time, as they had no improved pumping machinery, such is now running on half-stroke in the Savage, for, says Job:

"He bindeth the floods from overflowing."

And in another chapter: "He stayeth the weeping of the shaft."

It has always been a puzzle among scientists to account for so much water on the Comstock, and they are still at loggerheads whether it comes from Washoe Lake, the Carson river, or is connected by subterranean passages with the sea. Alluding to the water Job was in doubt like the rest of us.

"The depth saith, 'It is not in me,' and the sea saith, 'It is not with me.'"

The lower levels are thus described:

"There is no path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen."

This is not wholly correct, for in Virginia the miners carry down roast chicken in their dinner buckets, but we will not take a deceased author to task for such trifling irregularities as that. He continues:

"The lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it."

As he makes no mention of bears, or porphyry horses, they were probably zoological rarities in that section. Somebody, like Sutro, must have had a tunnel which could not be bought, and Job, in estimating the value, remarks:

"It cannot be gotten for gold; neither shall silver be weighed out for it. It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir."

Job dabbled in stocks and thus confesses it:

"He putteth my feet in the stocks, he marketh out all my paths."

He also got points from a man who enjoined him as follows:

"Hear diligently my speech and my declaration with your ears."

A little further on, he again alludes to the man who deceives him:

"Behold he breaketh down, and it cannot be built up again; he shutteth up a man, and there can be no opening."

"He taketh away the understanding of the aged."

And alluding to his host of victims, Job speaks feelingly:

"They grope in darkness without light, and he maketh them to stagger like a drunken man."

He then pays his compliments to the Board:

"The tabernacles of robbers prosper, and they that provoke God are secure. Into whose hand God bringeth abundantly."

"Ye are all forgers of lies."

That he was badly cinched in a seller 30 transaction there can be no doubt, as he rushed into print to expose the corrupt management, and the sharpers whithing under this exposure tried to induce him to shut up, but he treated their threats with contempt, and was too thoroughly roused to be pacified. Hear him:

"Hold your peace, let me alone that I may speak, and let come on me what will."

He then warns them to look out.

"For the congregation of hypocrites shall be desolate, and fire shall consume their tabernacles of bribery."

Being once on the war path, he continues to abuse the brokers with characteristic vigor.

"Do ye imagine to reprove words and the speech of one that is desperate. Yea, ye overwhelm the fatherless and ye dig a pit for your friends."

Job seems to have been utterly and completely dead broken through a succession of disastrous deals, and runs on his bank, and jots down on his diary:

"He breaketh me with breach upon breach, and runneth upon me like a giant."

There must have been some heavy operators in the market who carried others beside Job.

"He shall break mighty men without number, and set others in their stead."

Job finally retired from the street, and cursed himself for ever having dabbled in wild cat. "Therefore, I abhor myself and repent in sackcloth and ashes."


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ROOM 5.
Crocker Building.
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It will save all fiourel mercury from Stamp and Huntington mills.

It will save all fine gold from Snake river sands and other similar deposits.

It will save all fine gold from beach or Black sands.

It will save every particle of gold that floats in water, no matter how fine. It will save flake gold so fine that it will not settle in still water in ten seconds.

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We merely make the remark to fill this space

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And all the '49 Mining Camp boys when they stray from the Camp is at the
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Ride Through the Mine.
See a Gold Mine in full operation in all its details.
The finest educator of the day.
Indorsed by the Denver Mining Exchange, Colorado School of Mines and thousands of others.
After you enter the tunnel you can easily imagine yourself 1000 feet underground.
PRICE OF ADMISSION - - - 25 CENTS
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Free-Fresh Crabs Daily - Free
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Food and Feed for Man and Beast.
Baked Beans Cooked in the Ground, None Better.
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NO EQUAL IN THE WORLD
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Including a Bottle of National Prize Beer, with a napkin, plate and fork.
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—CONCERT HALL.—
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Songs, Ballads, Skirt and Serpentine Dancing,
And Every Other Terpsichorean Novelty Known.
Old-time Jigs and Reels.
New Talent this Week—Come and hear the One Man orchestra, New Novelties Every night.
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JONES BEER JOINT
AT THE
'49 CAMP.
BUFFALO BEER
5 Cents.
THIS IS THE ONE AND ONLY PLACE WHERE YOU CAN GET 5 CENT BEER.
BUFFALO BEER POSITIVELY ON TAP.
Call and see us at the left of the 49 Camp.
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STRING CONCERT AND MILITARY CONCERT DAILY,
FROM 3 TO 11 P. M. AT THE
KAISER FRANZ JOSEPH HALL, - MIDWINTER FAIR

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MILL.
This mill can be seen in operation in the MECHANICAL ARTS BUILDING.
F. A. Huntington,
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Illustrated Pamphlet on application.

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SAN FRANCISCO PEOPLE
Who cannot get suited in the price and quality of San Francisco clothing will find
Abe Cohn's
In CARSON CITY the place to buy to advantage.

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ESTABLISHED 1849.
BY
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Mining men and strangers are cordially invited to give us a call.
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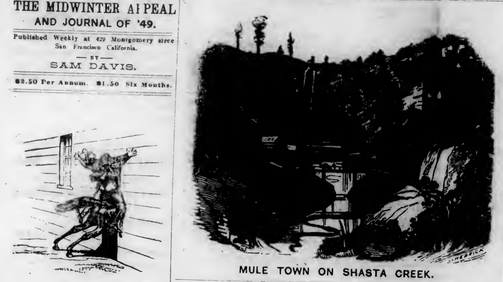
# THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
## AND JOURNAL OF FORTY-NINE.

VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1894. NUMBER 25

THE MIDWINTER APPEAL
AND JOURNAL OF '49.
Published Weekly at 429 Montgomery street San Francisco California.
—BY—
SAM DAVIS.
$2.50 Per Annum. $1.50 Six Months.



MULE TOWN ON SHASTA CREEK.



## NEWS BROUGHT IN BY OUR CAYUSE.

### FOSSILS FOUND.

Salt Lake City, June 19.—Yesterday the Secretary of the Interior issued permits to many curiosity hunters to enter the lithertofore forbidden reservation of the Uncompahge and Uintah Indians. Early this morning a party of excited fossil hunters returned from near the Nevada line and brought back a remarkable fossil. It proved to be the fossil form of the late Republican party of Nevada. It was shaped like a large octopus, the only difference being that the body was composed of a large coin sack. The body of this fossil was entirely empty, and its long emaciated arms were tied in many knots, showing that it died from starvation.

### CALIFORNIA POLITICS.

Sacramento, June 18.—It was rumored here last evening that Colonel Borns and a number of friends had kid-napped Morris Estee, stripped him of his clothes and roasted him on a grid-iron after which his flesh was devoured. Another rumor was that George Knight had tied Barnes to a stake and was burning him alive. The Colonels cries could be heard for two miles.

Later—Barnes and Estee were seen talking together this morning at the Golden Eagle Hotel in company with McClatchy of the Bee.

A brother of Emperor Joseph of Austria is peddling coal in New York. This is not so rapid a road to wealth as marriage with an American heiress, but it is equally as sure, and it has the advantage of being free from the unpleasant contingencies that are so likely to accompany a mating of blood and money.

Bliss mouth Sal left for Hangtown yesterday. She says she is going to follow the racing circuit and will keep her eye open for our correspondent Grim.

It is never any trouble to sell a hobo when he strikes Camp. Just watch and you will see demonstrations. The first break will be trying to beat the wheel of fortune, next mashing the fandango girls, but the greatest give away is when the wind rustles a hidden piece of paper, he Smart Alex will jump ten feet in the air and remark "I thought it was a rattler."

Cast your vote for the favorite girl, only one more week left.

### HAFFORD'S ILLUSION.

All the Illusionists are making money now. The latest is "Luna the Maid of the Moon," in Hafford's Arizona Museum. It is a dazzlingly beautiful woman an cut ware in two at the waist and placed on a swinging board. The half of the beautiful creature hangs in midair, and even passes a fan under her severed waist to prove that the lower half of her body is there. Crowds go to see this wonderful spectacle every day.

### AN INNOCENT ABRAOD.

Last week the '49 Camp was visited by Jacob Kline the well known Carson Banker, and the man whom the editor of the APPEAL borrows his money from when in his native heather.

Mr. Kline seldom visits the metropolis, but when he does he goes in for a good time.

As soon as he reached the city he invested in a $10 plug hat at Herman's and then visited Van Shucks clothing store and bought a $2 suit of underclotes for $14, and started out for the Fair.

Once at the '49 Camp he let go all holts and began filling himself with '49 whisky. He treated the girls a dozen times, cheered and applauded the high kicks, and then went in to print the '49 Camp red — In the gambling house he won $47 at the wheel and spent $50 at the bar. He had all the girls dancing at Jones' Beer Joint, took possession of the theatre, licked Constable Spreckels, cleaned out Smith's Cash Store, and wound up by treating all the Fandango girls at Peakes Beanery' while Spanish Pass said grace. He was allowed to sleep at the APPEAL cabin and pied one of the forms. It is rumored that he slept with his boots on, but Fandango Fannie and Bean Pole Annie say that they pulled them off about 12 o'clock.

On the following day Banker Kline took in the Midway, and is now busy compiling a letter to a German newspaper in Berlin in which he states that no big International Exposition can be a success without a '49 Mining Camp, a Fandango Hall and forty-seven beer joints all along the main thoroughfare.

This week we publish a picture of Muletown, about three miles up Shasta Creek. The camp is new, but the recent important gold finds will soon bring the place to the front. The place is assured a good population and much prosperity, from the fact that two men were killed over claims last week.

The voice of the cheerful liar reaches further than the melodious strains of the church organ.

### THE HAUNTED SWING.

This most wonderful illusion must be seen to be appreciated. Words fail to express the curious and realistic results obtained. Every one paying the Haunted Swing a visit will be more than satisfied. This is certainly one of the best shows in the Fair grounds. The admission is but 10 cents.

### MINE FOR SALE.

A gravel hydraulic mine rich from grass roots down. 70 feet deep. Deposit overs 120 acres and is in a region of the finest water supply in the state. Terms easy. Apply at this office.


FOR SALE
PARK LOTS.
On Installments $25 Each.
C. H. FORD.
ROOM 5.
Crocker Building.
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### THE BRACELET RACE.

The bracelet race grows a little warmer as the girls swing into the last quarter. As they turned the last pole Minnie took up a new gait and she is crowding Puss, there will be a whipping finish and its now a case of hard driving. Several of the other entries have closed up a large gap and a dark one may be the winner. The vote now stands.

| | |
|---|---|
| Spanish Puss | 480. |
| Minnie | 384. |
| Carmen | 346. |
| Flossie Brown | 281. |
| Amelia Monroy | 250. |
| Trixey | 240. |
| De Vallian | 118. |

Favorite Girl in '49 Camp.
Name——
Fill out the blank.

### DIDN'T TAKE IT BACK.

A pious and aged Hangtown lady, who felt that the end of her mortal existance was close at hand, was settling her bill with the iceman, and took occasion to remark in an earnest way: "I don't suppose I shall take ice of you another year. I expect to pass over to the other side of the river before long." Oh, no trouble, no trouble at all," replied the iceman; "we send a team across to Hog Hollow every day." Then he slowly began to grasp the meaning, and muttered as he picked up his tongs and started off: "Some people would be d——d happy to have a piece of ice 'over there,' anyway, I guess."

The two men who were blown out of a prospect hole last week by an explosion of giant powder have sold their claim to an English company for $50,000.

### VIRGINIA'S GRIT.

The following appeared in the San Francisco Morning Ledger after the big fire that swept Virginia City and nearly ruined the stock interests of the coast. It appeared anonymously, but it is believed to have been written by Harry George the famous autnor of Progress and Poverty.

Pardner, I lit on the Comstock Lode
some sixteen years ago,
When that mountain's side was covered from foot to dome with snow,
And throught that freezin' weather, so desolate and drear
We cooked our mules to keep alive, not a dozen yards from here;
And yet, my boy, we never flinched, but stuck by this old place.
While every day we felt the breath of famine in our face,
And since that time I've met my luck, with all its smiles and frowns,
And on this mountain side I've had a thousand ups and downs;
I've walked the streets, all loaded down, with the richest kind of stock,
And in a week not worth a red, clean busted to bed rock;
I,ve been in many a little row, such as we leave out West,
There's lots of lead marks in my hide, and knife scars on my breast,
But I've allers faced the music, taken my chances square,
Goin' my pile on the whole of the game, whether 'twas foul or fair;
Only a few days ago, I was gettin' along quite well,
Now everything I had in the world, swept out in a breath of hell.
But this is no place for despondin' this ain't no time for gloom,
And this ain't the first trip, all we've had has gone clean up the flume,
But this ain't the thing that gits me, not being without a red,
Its feedin' my wife and children with somebodys else's bread,
Sleepin' on charaity blankets, wearin' charity shoon,
These are the unexpected things, that's given me the blues;
Yet I shouldn't feel so, I know that it ain't the way,
We ought to be sheddin' tears of thanks, for those fellows down at the Bay
Have given us the squarest kind of a deal, and so have the whole d——d coast,
Each town trying its level best to see who could give the most;
So cheer up, pardner, and come along, tires can't put us down,
Nothing short of the Judgment Day can ever clean out the town.

There are many strangers in Camp. Wonder which camp has hung out a '60l shingle.

The last rain storm washed out a flock of quail in Shasta Canyon. The birds are now living in the APPEAL cabin

Buckskin Charley who hails from Hog Hollow came into camp last Sunday. He successfully busted three bronchos, busted up two poker games and thinking he was invincible tackled the tiger. It busted him all right and Charley has concluded that he can't ride everything that wears hair.

Joe Harvey and Papa Pankes took like them had been worked through a threshing machine. They found a bee tree up the gulch the other day and last night they tackled it. Neither of them can see and it is with great difficulty that their friends recognize them. The honey is all right and this office is much obliged for a bucket full that arrived this morning.

E. A. Rockwell has a fine collection of pictures at her studio, Phelan building room 124 Market street, cor. O'Farell. Persons wishing to carry back East fine views of California scenery, sketches, studies, elegant oil paintings, are invited to call. Oil portraits and colored crayons a specialty.

The Esmovatory Company, Cornor of Stockton and Geary, is a live firm and the public begins to know its worth. Low prices and perfect satisfaction appears to be its motoo.


Our Name Is Known
and when on cork, capsule or label of wine or liquor, is a positive guarantee of the purity and excellence of the contents.

Medicinal Liquors
for Physicians' Prescriptions a specialty.

Old Stock Bourbon
at $1.50 a bottle has no equal.

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BOWEN
—AND—
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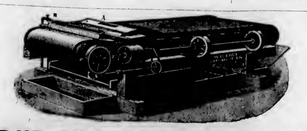
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Over 4000 in actual use.
Manufactured under Patents of April 27, 1880, July 24, 1888, and March 31, 1891
SAN JACINTO ESTATE, LIMITED, Office of the General Manager.
P. O. Address, South Riverside, San Bernardino county, Cal.
CAJALCO, December 18, 1891.

FRUE VANNING MACHINE CO., 132 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.—GENTLEMEN: After a continuous trial of different Concentrators (comprising the Frue Vanner, the "Holland," "Paradox," "Triumph" and the "Woodbury" Concentrators), extending over several months, we find that we prefer the Frue Vanner, as it is easier of adjustment, runs smoother, has less wear and tear, and—having a positive travel—gives less trouble than the other more complicated and ever-changing machines now in use here. The Frue Vanner not only saves a cleaner concentrate, but has less loss in the tailings, and is in several ways preferable to the other Concentrators here. I am, my Dear Sirs, yours faithfully,
S. HARRIS, Manager.

Price of 4-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner.....$550, f. o. b.
" " Improved Belt Frue Vanner.....800, f. o. b.
" 6-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner.....800, f. o. b.
For any information, or for pamphlets, or for circulars or testimonials, call on or address us at our office
JAS. S. BROWNELL, Successor to ADAMS & CARTER, Agent Frue Vanning Machine Company
NO. 132 MARKET STREET.....SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## MINING CAMP SWINDLES.

No one regrets more than the editor of the APPEAL that circumstances compelled him to go into the Courts of justice in order to secure his rights as a stockholder in the '49 Mining Camp Company. We do not wish to try this case in the newspapers, nor was it our intention to, but we feel compelled to reply to some statements made by Mr. Jesse Hahn in his interview in the Examiner.

His statement that it was impossible to "razzle" gate receipts, and that the Company had made a barrel of money, are the minor questions with which we will deal with at present.

The fraudulent manipulations of gate receipts is a very simple matter. The gate keeper in connection with the ticket seller returns the tickets to the box-office to be re-sold. Thus the tickets are sold twice and only accounted for once.

For weeks parties have come to the writer and informed him that he was being robbed but the writer paid no attention to these statements, believing that the presence of the Fair ticket sellers was a sufficient check on any such business.

The next thing we heard was that the Bureau of Concessions had closed the Camp, and we ascertained from that quarter that tickets were being printed by the Camp management and sold outside the ticket office. Mr. Blackmore heard of this and compelled an accounting for the return of the tickets. He stated to the writer that he had long believed the Camp "rotten from stem to gudgeon".

We felt that had the Managers of the Camp been disposed to deal fairly with the Exposition, and the stockholders of the Company, they would have compelled holders of these tickets to have presented them at the box-office in exchange for regular Fair coupons.

The '49 Camp Company was under suspicion with the Bureau of Concessions for weeks.

The editor of the APPEAL is a director of the '49 Camp Company, and the original Concessionaire of the Company, and does not propose to rest under the imputation of being made a beneficiary for any fraud against the Fair management. Hence the steps taken to place the matter into the courts.

If the Company, as Mr. Hahn says has made "a barrel of money," the writer as a stockholder wants to know what has become of the barrel.

Some months ago a stockholder of the Company approached the writer of the APPEAL with a proposition to call a meeting and oust Love on the grounds that the stock holders would realize little or nothing under his management. Mr. Hahn, he said, was anxious to stand in as he was "leary" of the Love management.

To show that the writer had no aspirations to become Manager of the Camp, he then and there agreed to vote for Mr. Hahn as Manager. No meeting of the Directors however, was called and Mr. Love retained his position, Hahn changing front.

At no time since the Camp opened has the writer, who owns nearly one fifth of the Company stock, ever been allowed a representative of any kind at the gate.

The Camp no longer has 50 pay percentage to the Fair, having paid over $10,000 on a 30 per cent basis. There is no longer any representative of the Exposition at the box office as a check on the receipts, yet the writer is not allowed to have a representative at the box office or the gate.

We do not consider ourself as an authority on theatrical management, but if there is a man in San Francisco, who would go into business with Mr. Love and allow him to handle both the box office and the door, we would like to have a good look at him. Mr. Hahn may be sincere in his declarations that the writer will get his share of the big barrel of money made by the Camp, but we feel that we need some further assurance on the subject.

If the Mining Camp Company proposes to treat the minority stockholders squarely in this matter, a very easy way to quiet suspicion would be to let the minority stockholders have a representative at the gate.

---

The politics of Morocco are much simpler than the politics of this country. We are informed that the sultan was assassinated by friends of his son, and that this son is now the ruler. No primaries, no conventions, no machine, no ward bosses were necessary. The young man shot into office without question and will probably hang on until his own son grows up.

"Cast your bread upon the waters," If it does not return it will have done the poor fish good.

## BOON'S HARD LUCK!

One of the most notable cases of hard luck at the Fair is that of Colonel Boone.

He brought a very attractive and very expensive show to the Fair and put up a fine building.

From the very start everyone connected with the Fair found Boone a genial square man, and a Prince of good fellows. He never had the slightest difference with anybody and his word was his bond.

It required a large audience to make his attraction pay and these audiences were not forthcoming. Bad weather, delays, accidents etc., all seemed to conspire against him. In the midst of his season his chief animal trainer was killed by a lion, and a $5,000 dog soon followed the same fate.

To stem the tide of hard luck he arranged a bear and lion fight and sold $12,000 worth of tickets. But the night of the fight the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals intercepted and closed the place. A number of attachments followed, and while his till was full of other peoples money he allowed the attachments to be levied and paid back every dollar to the ticket holders. Then attachments were put on him by newspapers for advertising, and it seems to us that the papers which that good feeling existing between the press and public performances—should have allowed the Colonel more leniency.

The APPEAL has never presented an advertising bill to Colonel Boone knowing of his hard luck, and we would be willing to wager a neat sum that if he strikes a good run of business in any other part of the world he will send a check for the amount, and we are perfectly willing that he takes his time about it.

All the while he has conscientiously endeavored to keep faith with the public and risks his life a half a dozen times a day showing his lions to delighted audiences.

It was a mistake to stop his lion bear fight at the Fair. The Fair is an International Exposition and it is supposed to show the people of the Fair and the visitors what is done in foreign countries, but a purblooded local society steps in and informs the Fair that the blue laws of Connecticut are in force here and must be obeyed.

We regret that the newspapers were cold blooded enough to jump onto a man with legal proceedings, who on the "special days" asked for by these papers, had loaned their corpus and given free entertainments to thousands at the newspapers request.

## GIVE THEM A CHANCE.

The Fair is about to make its final spasm and go out with flags flying and a glorious hurrah on the Fourth of July.

Every Nation has had a day, and each has endeavored to out-do the other. The consequence has been that the Fair has been able to live. Without these "Special Days" the big show would have shut up shop long ago and would have now been a thing of the past.

There are thousands of poor people here in this city who have not seen the inside of the gates for the simple reason that they could not afford it.

Before the Fair closes there should be one day for the poor. Because a man is poor is no reafon that his sense of pleasure has been lost, and for the fact that many are without the necessary means it should be the duty of the Fair Commissioners to help those who cannot help themselves. Throw open the gates for one day, make it a free admission and give them all a chance.

## POSPONED UNTIL THE 16TH OF JULY.

In the Police Court yesterday the case of James Love was called. The defence announced that they were ready, but the prosecuting attorney asked for twenty-four hours to prepare the case. Mr. Love stated that he had arranged to leave for Chicago and had purchased sleeper tickets. The case was then posponed until July 16th, and all interested notified to be present.

## CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY.

The APPEAL acknowledges a season ticket of the Canadian Club Whisky Exhibit in the Horticultural Building. This exhibit is made by Hiram Walker & Sons of Walkerville Ontario Canada, and Wm. H. McNeil is in charge. The whisky has caught the taste of the public and voted gilt edged. The complimentary pass looks in size shape and color very much like Southern Pacific Passes, and it is said that several parties who have tried them at the ferries find that they are accepted by the gate keeper as all O. K. If it wasn't A No 1 whisky the Southern Pacific would never recognize the passes.


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A FAITHFUL REPRESENTATION OF THE OLD-TIME FEATURES OF A NEW DIGGINGS IN '49.

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Typical '49 FANDANGO with forty sweet-faced Senioritas dancing to the strains of the famous Mexican Orchestra.

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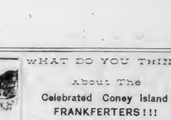

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## CANNIBAL EXHIBIT.

### The Dahomey Natives eat a fat Reporter.

On Friday last the APPEAL representative was invited to see an interesting exhibit at the Dahomey Village. The ceremonies were billed to come off at 2 o'clock, but as usual nothing was done until after 3 o'clock.

When the spectators assembled a large pot was seen in the center of the ring and presently a fire was built under it, the natives stealing the wood from Boon's Arena and the Arizona Village.

The Master of Ceremonies explained to the reporter that there had been some trouble in securing a good subject to cook, as most of the men caught were lean and cadaverous and not suited for stewing, but in the morning the natives who do the marketing for the Village, had secured a large fat man who was just suitable for the pot, and of the right age. After the pot was boiling the natives repaired to a small hut and dragged out a large man weighing nearly 300 pounds. He was recognized by the newspaper men present as the popular sporting reporter W. W. Norten.

It appears that some weeks ago they had caught Ned Hamilton of the same journal, and tried to fatten him up but failing to do so, had finally cast about for better meat, and finding the sporting writer had taken him in and let Hamilton go,

There was talk of rescuing the victim, but as it would spoil a good sensation it was decided not to interfere with the customes of the visitors from the foreign land.

Mr. Holbrook, the Secretary of the famous Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was present, but said that the protecting swing of his organization did not extend to bipeds.

The reporters hammered on the benches to induce the performers to hurry up, and the poor man was accordingly knocked on the head with a stout club and then an incision made in his throat. He bled well, but just before death he offered to bet $100 even that Corbett would never meet Jackson in the ring. Several reporters took the bet and wanted more. After several gallons of blood were let out in buckets he was hoisted up by the heels and the visera taken out. He was then cut up quite rapidly on a big block and choice pieces chucked into the pot, some herbs were added and a few pounds of salt. In a little while the fumes of the cooking floated with a delicious fragrance over the grounds attracting many visitors at the gate.

Hundreds who had never seen a man cooked came in and all agreed that the way the natives cut a man up was a marvel of dexterity and drew down considerable hearty applause from visitors from butchertown

At 5 o'clock dinner was served, and about twenty reporters partook of their old friend. Mr. Hearst who was at the head of the table when asked to say grace responded with a very feeling effort, and Sam Chamberlin when called upon for some remarks replied in glowing terms of the excellent traits of the deceased, but when he remarked, "Let us toast the absent brother," some one remarked that he had already been boiled and was not absent.

Barring a slight gamy flavor the meat was excellent, although a little highly spiced for San Francisco stomachs.

Several juicy steaks have been saved to serve at another dinner on Sunday.

Mr. Barnes the dramatic writer of the Call has been selected by the natives as the next subject for the pot.

### APPRECIATES '49 ART.

Edouard Cucuel a San Francisco artist who is now in Paris, writes a letter to the APPEAL from which we make the following extract:

"My father has sent me your paper regularly from San Francisco, and its engravings are passed arc und and commented on by the art class of which I am a member. When I explained to them that such good artists and such excellent engravings were in California in the early days they were very much astonished and hardly believed me.

I hear nothing but praise for the pictures, and the bits of life in the '49 Camp interest all. Such a show in Paris would reap a harvest, and all ready the Paris papers have given a full descriptions of it. It would go here like a house afire.

All mining men who are thinking of investing in an ore concentrator should call on Jas. S. Brownell agent for the Fine Ore Concentrator, before going elsewhere.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

The public are notified that Gen. Bouton and his son Victor Bouton have no connection with this office, and are not Authorised to collec money or transact business.

## ATMOSPHERIC EFFECTS.

BY JIM ARMSTRONG.

In the little house at the '49 Camp where Jake Wallace, Nate Kennedy, and Papa Peakes were seated before a cheerful fire. The night was stormy, a heavy rain was driving in over Mt. Shasta, the wind too had risen, making the few glimmering lights tremble for existance, and drowning the snores of the weary miners in the "Root Hog or Die" cabin.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Wallace, after taking a pull at the elixir bottle, "A few years ago important business called me to Virginia City, and having the best horse in the country I drove over. Well this horse of mine was tough bested, and he was so fast that I had to guide him by electricity, had to have wire lines and keep a battery in the buggy all the time in order to stop him. I left Meadow Creek for Virginia City in the face of one of the worst rain storms we ever had on the Pacific Coast. The wind blew ninety miles an hour, rain fell in sheets and hail stones as large as ostrich eggs fell. I drove in front of that hurricane for over an hour, I could lean forward and let the sun shine on me, and on leaning backward the rain and hail would nearly bury me. When the storm would let up the horse would do the same and when it gained an inch on me I would touch the button and away we went. Since my childhood I have been known as truthful, and was never known to tell a lie. I don't ask you to believe me, but I tell you truthfully that when I arrived in Virginia City my linen duster was as dry as a codfish, not a drop of rain on the seat, while the wagon box back of the seat was level full of hail stones."

Everyone was silent for a few moments when Kennedy broke the spell by saying: "Speaking about truth, did you ever hear about my striking a man in Virginia City? It was this way. The man I struck was one of those worldly skeptical fellows who questioned my veracity one day. He said he had doubts about the truthfulness of one of my statements, and that I ought to get six months. He didn't say it publically. I'm sorry for his wife and children that he said it—and for the man too. Had he been a christian like one of us, he'd been prepared to go anytime. He was putting down a carpet when I landed on him, and his mouth was full of tacks, but a man can't stop to discount tacks when his veracity is questioned. I simply struck the blow and—Did it hurt him? I don't think it did, it was too sudden. The bystanders said that if I was going to strike a second blow they wanted to move out of the state. The blow I struck that man squashed him into a door mat, and his wife who was tacking down one edge of the carpet took him for a gutta percha rug and actually tacked him down in front of the door. What became of the tacks? Well four days after the womans second husband pulled them out of the bottom of his overshoes. I don't want you gentlemen to believe me, but I never allow a man to doubt my veracity."

Papa Peakes after tasting the elixir said: "Gentlemen, it does me good to hear truthfull narrations. I believe every word you have said, and feel as if I ought to exchange truths. I've a birth-mark of a little hatchet on my left breast, over my heart. I will tell you an adventure I had in going to attend a regilious revival up at Murderers Bar. The distance was only twenty miles, so I started on mule back carrying six days rations as I knew that the mule would want to make several stops along the route to observe the beauties of nature. My electricity was in the animal's heels and my battery to make him go was a 4x4 club, and not worked by a button. When about half way I came to a small knoll, my steed braced himself his ears standing straight, no doubt he thought it a good place to while away a few hours. I used my battery on him and it didn't move him he was a good stayer, a Chinaman came along and I gave him a dollar to pry the mule up a little, he only gave one pry. I looked around and there was no Chinaman in sight. I never heard where that Oriental landed. While the mule was waiting for an anchore there came up a rain storm. The wind blew a hurricane, the rain fell in torrents, and the lightning gleamed through the trees. I crouched down under the rain for shelter and kept my rations dry. I had hardly got under the mule when the lightning struck near me and sunk a shaft in the road seventy-five feet deep and sent my mule whirling over the tree tops, he came down through the roof of a house ten miles distant, landing on a monte table, he upset the players and broke up the game, I wandered over to the shaft and to my surprise found that the hole was timbered as neatly as any miner could have done it. The lightning had broken off the timber and piled it in there like an expert. I worked the shaft and took out $20,000 in three months."

At that moment Cut Gut Jake rushed in and said that Puss was killing Bronco Kate over in Peakes Beanery.

## AN EXCITING SCENE.

### Witnesses in a Police Court Trial Have a Lively Time.

There was an exciting scene in Judge Moses court shortly after noon yesterday.

Broken Nose Pete was sent to jail for 40 days for assult on Tomato Mouth Sal, who is now undergoing repairs at the County Hospital.

Considerable animosity had been shown between the witnesses for the defence, principally members of Pete's own family, and those called by the prosecution, and as these witnesses reached the sidwalk after the prisoner had been led back to the pen a lively row followed, during which Bridget Doyle, the prisoners mother, made a rush for Sal and smashed her in the face with a rotten cabbage.

Constable Spreckels was close at hand and Court Officers Waugh and Midigan, who heard the loud talking outside the court room, immediately started for the street. Mrs. Doyle was brought back to the court room shouting at the top of her voice and struggling hard to free herself from the grasp of the two officers.

When called before the bar a few minutes later, the prisoner pleaded not guilty. Judge Moses turned her loose for lack of evidence.


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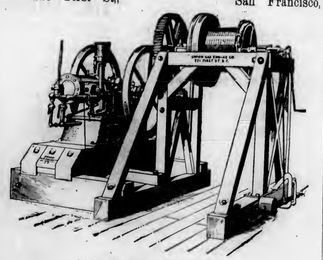

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Last Night of the Jenny Lind.

Farewell Night of Mr. Booth, who will appear in the character of MACBETH.

Sunday Evening August 15th, 1852.

The Performance will commence with Shakespeare's play of MACBETH.

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| Macbeth | Mr. Booth. |
| Macduff | J. B. Booth Jr. |
| Banquo | Mr. Daly. |
| Malcolm | Ed. Booth. |
| King Duncan | Hamilton. |
| Donalbain | James. |
| Lennox | Daniels. |
| First Officer | Jones. |
| Seaton | Harrison. |
| Second Officer | Deverna. |
| Fleance | Wm Hamilton. |
| First Witch | Wm Chapman. |
| Second Witch | Mitchell. |
| Third Witch | Tuthill. |
| Ross | Daniels. |
| First Apparation | Deverna. |
| Second Apparation | James. |
| Lady Macbeth | Mrs. Hamilton. |
| First Singing Witch, | Miss Chapman. |
| Second Singing Witch, | Mrs. Booth. |
| Gentlewoman | Mrs. Madden. |

The Performance to be concluded with the

TRIP TO THE MISSION or the WOLF AND THE LAMB.

| | |
|---|---|
| Rambleton | Mr. Dailey. |
| Varnish | Tuthill. |
| Tom | Wm. Chapman. |
| Ellen | Miss Chapman. |

Doors open at 7:30 o'clock. Performance at 8.

Price of admission.

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| Dress Circle | $2. |
| Parquette | $2. |
| Pit | $1. |
| Gallery | 50 cts. |

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Grand Opening Overture. (Wm. Tell.) By the Company.

Opening Chorus. (Postilion of Longemue.) By the Company.

Rock Me To Sleep Mother. Matt Kelly.

The Ring My Mother Wore. Sallie Thayer.

Boy With the Auburn Hair. Billy Sheppard.

May Of The Valley. Maggie Brewer.

Dublin Bay. W. H. Hamilton.

Annie Lyle. Fanny Stephens.

Upidee. Marion Lee.

Final Song. By the Company.

To conclude with the successful walk around of all Nations.

PART SECOND.

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Lincoln Polka. Amanda Lee.

Ballad. Maggie Brewer.

If Your Foot Is Pretty show it. Marion Lee.

Song. Elisa Biscaccianti.

Quaintness of old Virginy. Billy Sheppard.

Ballad. Fanny Stephens.

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Jonathan Smith, a tailor. W. H. Hamilton,

Mrs. Sommerton. Marion Lee.

Mrs. Brown, Maggie Brewer.

Ballad Elisa Biscaccianti.

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Billy Sheppard and Matt Kelly.

Hornpipe. Amanda Lee.

Song. Stephens.

Overture By The Orchestra.

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The groceries are from Goldberg, Bowen & Lebenbaum.

The peppers and corn from John J. English.

The chickens are from Roberts & O'Brien.

No seagull business here. Genuine chickens and turkeys, and don't you forget it.

NED FOSTER

TAMALE COTTAGE.

## THE ORO FINO

—CONCERT HALL.—

'49 MINING CAMP

Songs, Ballads, Skirt and Serpentine Dancing,

And Every Other Terpsichorean Novelty Known.

New Talent this Week—Come and hear the One Man orchestra,

New Novelties Every night.

W. J. Burnes Proprietor.

## JONES BEER JOINT

AT THE

'49 CAMP.

BUFFALO BEER

## 5 Cents.

THIS IS THE ONE AND ONLY PLACE WHERE YOU CAN GET 5 CENT BEER.

BUFFALO BEER POSITIVELY ON TAP.

Call and see us at the left of the 49 Camp.

12

## ll, Ford & Kelly.

...YS AND COUNSELORS,

...NE ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

...TIONAL BANK BUILDING.

...EPHONE NO 1519.

## Centrifugal Roller Quartz MILL.

This mill can be seen in operation in the MECHANICAL ARTS BUILDING.

F. A. Huntington,

Manufacturer, 213 and 219 First street, San Francisco.

Illustrated Pamphlet on application.

## A. COHN.

SAN FRANCISCO PEOPLE

Who cannot get suited in the price and quality of San Francisco clothing will find

Abe Cohn's

In CARSON CITY the place to buy to advantage.

## THE AUCTION LUNCH

ESTABLISHED 1849.

BY

FLOOD & O'BRIEN.

CAPTAIN LOUIS BAGLIETTO

Proprietor.

DEALER IN

Fine. Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

511 Washington st.

Bet. Montgomery and Sansome Streets, San Francisco Cal.

12

## GEO BODEWIG.

FORMERLY OF THE UNION HOTEL NEVADA CITY.

WINE & LIQUOR MERCHANT.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

421 Montgomery St. Bet, Sacramento & California St's. San Francisco Cal.

Mining men and strangers are cordially invited to give us a call.

17

## FULTON

Engineering and Ship Building Works.

SUCCESSOR TO

FULTON IRON WORK.

Engineers, Machinists and Iron Founders.

Office and Branch Works: 213 FIRST STREET.—MAIN WORKS: HARBER VIEW

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

15

## THE VIENNA PRATER,

THE ONLY PLACE OF AMUSEMENT AT THE EXPOSITION.

THE IMPERIAL VIENNA PRATER ORCHESTRA,

COURT DIRECTOR, FRITZ SCHEEL.

STRING CONCERT AND MILITARY CONCERT DAILY,

FROM 3 TO 11 P. M. AT THE

KAISER FRANZ JOSEPH HALL. - MIDWINTER FAIR

# THE MIDWINTER APPEAL

## AND JOURNAL OF FORTY-NINE.

VOLUME I. '49 MINING CAMP, CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1894. NUMBER 26


THE MIDWINTER APPEAL AND JOURNAL OF '49.

Published Weekly at 629 Montgomery sirve San Francisco California.

— BY —

SAM DAVIS.

$2.50 Per Annum. $1.50 Six Months.

PUDDLE BAR ON THE TUOLUMNE RIVER.



## NEWS BROUGHT IN BY OUR CAYUSE.

SHOT WHILE TRYING TO ESCAPE.

Hangtown, June 29.—This morning Constable Spreckels shot and killed Red Eyed Dick the notorious horse thief. Dick came through town late last night with a string of about twenty horses which he had run off from Shasta Meadows. He made open threats against Constable Spreckels of the '49 Camp. Dick left before daybreak and shortly afterwards Spreckels and a posse came through town, They refused breakfast and struck ont on the trail. At noon they came upon the bandit and a lively fight followed. It seemed likely that Dick would escape by a pass over the ridge. Spreckels noted the movement and intercepted him. It resulted in a hand to hand conflict and the Constable came out victor. Spreckles now has the desperados heart in a cigar box and intends to collect the rewards offered by this and other camps. Spreckels received a bad wound in the arm.

[This is the first good work that has been done by our Constable, and also the first time he has been sober since the discovery of the Camp.]

IN DANGER OF STRANGULATION.

Washington, June 28.— President Cleveland and a fishing party left on Monday for an outing on the coast of Connecticut. Wednesday the Pullman strike went into effect and the Presidential party is hung up on the road about fifteen miles out of New Haven. A telegram was received early this morning in which the party called for whisky and beer. The Connecticut authorities got wind of it and stationed guards about the train to see that the Blue Laws of Connecticut were not violated. Dr. McDonnald has made two attempts to reach them with his Vinegar Bitters but has failed. Senator Hill will this morning ask for an appropriation to stock a car for the, Presidents own use.

Later.—The President is crying for whisky, and seems liable to go into convulsions at any moment. If relief dont reach him soon he will die of strangulation. Senator Carlisle has started mounted couriers for the relief.

AN OUTRAGE.

Sacramento, June 28.—Last night the regular APPEAL courier was stopped by striking Pullman car men and all the mail overhanied to determine whether there was any direct correspondence from headquarters. Nothing was found that was sufficiently pointed in matter of news to cause them to detain the corrier, and he was allowed to proceed to his destination.

[Since the receipt of the above our corrier has arrived in Camp. In overlooking the mail we find that some of our most valuable letters are missing. One from President Cleveland; stating why he didn't appoint Leggett as Postmaster. A letter from Queen Lil asking our views on the required form for Opera Buff, and several letters which should contain remittances from delinquent subscribers.]

Why go to other towns for excitement when you can have any kind of a fight you want for the asking.

It is said that Tomato Month Sal will leave for Hangtown this week.

PUSS WINS.

The contest for the gold bracelet closed last evening. Spanish Puss slid under the wire first with Minnie a close second. The flyers finished as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Spanish Puss | 520. |
| Minnie | 480. |
| Carmen | 464. |
| Flossie Brown | 382. |
| Amelia Monroy | 269. |
| Trixey | 200. |
| De Vallian | 121. |

The rest of the field distanced.

A CLOSE CALL.

Forty years ago Joaquin Miller was a miner. The poet's experience as a seeker after the treasures of the earth were not such as to look back upon with much pleasure. The following incident, which nearly cost California one who is today among her most honored citizens, is one of the many the "Poet of the Sierras" relates:

"In the winter of 1854 I was employed to push a tub along a wooden track underground. It was a new tunnel; everything about it new and experimental. The mouth of the low, narrow tunnel opened out towards the sun and the swift, clear Klamath river. I was employed because I was so small. The two men worked on their knees and breasts. On the fifth day the hillside slid in and one of the men was crushed. The water came in. My head was caught up between two timbers, lifting my face above the water. I could hear the groans of the man, until the water reached where he lay—then was the end. But as one of the men was on the outside of the tunnel getting timbers, and I happened to be near the mouth of the tunnel with my tub at the time of the slide, I was dug out by the man who escaped on the same day. I set this down as one example in a thousand that almost any surviving miner might narrate from his early life in California. But it was from these small beginnings that the great hydraulics, tunnels, drifts, and underground cities of California and Nevada grew It is some comfort, however, to know that experience and improved machinery have combined to make underground work far less perilous than of old.

HAFFORD'S ILLUSION.

All the illusionists are making money now. The latest is "Luna the Maid of the Moon," in Hafford's Arizona Museum. It is a dazzlingly beautiful woman cut in two at the waist and placed on a swinging board. The half of the beautiful creature hangs in midair, and even passes a fan under her severed waist to prove that the lower half of her body is not there. Crowds go to see this wonderful spectacle every day.

Dago Pete busted a faro game last Wednesday and is now trying to buy all the corn juice in town.

MINE FOR SALE.

A gravel hydraulic mine rich from grass roots down. 70 feet deep. Deposit overs 120 acres and is in a region of the finest water supply in the state. Terms easy. Apply at this office.

This week we publish a picture of the town of Puddle Bar, on the Tuolumne River. It is true that the place is little known to the outside world, but the fact that the town has sprung up in the last month and now has in the neighborhood of twenty building assures its future. Colonel Andrews has some fine quartz specimens that he purchased from a miner who came in from the town last night.

THE HAUNTED SWING.

This most wonderful illusion must be seen to be appreciated. Words fail to express the ourious and realistic results obtained. Every one paying the Haunted Swing a visit will be more than satisfied. This is certainly one of the best shows in the Fair grounds. The admission is but 10 cents.

HEALTH HINTS.

Apples are recommended for dyspepsia; dont buy them of the street fakers for they will do you.

To prevent the loss of hair keep away from the plains and give the Indians a wide berth.

Raw beefsteak chopped fine and highly seasoned with onions is a good thing for "the morning after," providing your wife stands the highly mixed breath.

A bath at regular intervals is a most necessary precaution for the health, but dont get "soaked."

For that tired feeling. don't say a word but saw wood.

Remember you ain't as young as you uster was, and dont fill up on overdone fruit and unripe puddings. Let flirtation with another mans wife be done by your son.


FOR SALE

PARK LOTS.

On Installments $25 Each.

C. H. FORD, ROOM 5.

Crocker Building.


18

Jas. S. Brownell who is the agent for the Frue Concentrator will answer any and all questions concerning the saving of concentrates or gold. Dont forget the number 132 Market street.

Dont forget to tackle Jone' Beer Joint. Buffalo Beer always on tap.

WORK OF A RISING YOUNG ARTIST.

It affords us great pleasure to mention one of our San Francisco boys, who is rapidly making a name for himself not only at home but also abroad. We refer to Mr. Edouard Cucuel, late of this city and now residing in Paris, France. The young gentleman left home one year ago to pursue his studies of art (drawing and painting) in the French capital, where he is attending the celebrated Julian Academy, and from the sketches sent by him to ourself and friends in this city, we must say that he has improved wonderfully.

He is not only an artist but also a correspondent, as any one who may have read the "S. F. News Letter" for two or three months past will acknowledge. His articles in regard to Paris and vicinity are spicy and humorous.

The above drawing of a Cafe Waiter is the work of one minute. For dash and natural life it will "stump" some older artists to excel. We wish Mr. Cucuel success, and know that the State will soon be proud of its Native Son.

The big bear pit at the '49 Camp is a fair sample of the wretched management of the place. It was a pit about fifteen feet deep built of solid masonary and costing hundreds of dollars. The managers feared the bear would jump out of anything smaller. A pit half as deep with a spiked fence around it would have answered all purposes and saved 50 percent. The bear cant jump one foot above his length to save his life, and is too lazy to try.

Apache Charley is going to have his long wavy locks trimmed. He will serve three years for the State.

E. A. Rockwell has a fine collection of pictures at her studio, Phelan building room 124 Market street, cor. O'Farell. Persons wishing to carry back East fine views of California scenery, sketches, studies, elegant oil paintings, are invited to call. Oil portraits and colored crayons specialty.


Our Name Is Known

and when on cork, capsule or label of wine or liquor, is a positive guarantee of the purity and excellence of the contents.

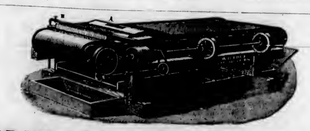
Medicinal Liquors

for Physicians' Prescriptions a specialty.

Old Stock Bourbon

at $1.50 a bottle has no equal.

GOLDBERG BOWEN AND LEBENBAUM


## FRUE ORE CONCENTRATOR

Over 4000 in actual use.

Manufactured under Patents of April 27, 1880, July 24, 1888, and March 31, 1891.

SAN JACINTO ESTATE, LIMITED, Office of the General Manager.

P. O. Address, South Riverside, San Bernardino county, Cal.

CAJALCO, December 18, 1891.

FRUE VANNING MACHINE CO., 132 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.—GENTLEMEN: After a continuous trial of different Concentrators (comprising the Frue Vanner, the "Hollaud," "Paradox," "Triumph" and the "Woodbury" Concentrators), extending over several months, we find that we prefer the Frue Vanner, as it is easier of adjustment, runs smoother, has less wear and tear, and—having a positive travel—gives less trouble than the other more complicated and ever-changing machines now in use here. The Frue Vanner not only saves a cleaner concentrate, but has less loss in the tailings, and is in several ways preferable to the other Concentrators here. I am, my Dear Sirs, yours faithfully,

S. HARRIS, Manager.

CAJALCO, December 18, 1891.

Price of 4-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner.....$550, f. o. b.
" " " Improved Belt Frue Vanner..... 800, f. o. b.
" 6-foot Wide Plain Belt Frue Vanner..... 800, f. o. b.

For any information, or for pamphlets, or for circulars or testimonials, call on or address us at our office.

JAS. S. BROWNELL, Successor to ADAMS & CARTER, Agent Frue Vanning Machine Company
NO. 132 MARKET STREET.....SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## "AN ALL ROUND CROOK."

### What the Metzler Detective Agency have to say of Jim Love.

The statement made by Manager Lowe that the editor of the APPEAL "had as many wheels in his head as a swiss clock" because we have charged him with crooked work, has caused us to investigate his record in this city.

It occured to us that if we have incipient insanity the quicker we find it out the better, so as to avail ourself of medical treatment at once. We accordingly called at the Metzler Detective Agency, Phelan building as a starter. Detective Metzler was found and asked if he had Jim Love on his books. He replied as follows:

"Jim Love the theatrical agent is on our books as a crook."

"I wish to publish his record and do not desire to publish any statements without good authority."

"You can publish the statement and quote me as authority that he is an all round crook. The transaction I recall just now when my Agency handled him was on complaint of J Emerson and Reed of the Standard theatre. He was suspected of robbing the box office by "rassling" the tickets. We put a detective on the case and he was caught dead to rights. He disgorged his plunder and was discharged."

Tracing up his record further we found that he had worked for Ned Foster who caught him printing duplicate tickets and selling them. Foster dropped onto his work before he got away with much and discharged him.

In Sacramento with a Minstrel, Company he did up his partners. It was by the old trick of turning tickets taken at the door back into the box office. The man at the box office helped him. Love failed to divy and the partner "squealed," explaining the disappearance of eighty-dollars.

About two years ago the Stanford and Berkley foot ball teams had a big match. There were nearly 15,000 people to witness the game, admission 50 cents, reserved seats 75 cents. Love "managed" the finances of the teams. The boys looked for about $8,000 but when the profits were counted there was less than $4,000. Love smiled blandly and explained the matter so pleasantly that the teams, while they knew they were out $4,000 shortage somehow. They couldn't exactly find the hole that it went out of, but in the face of recent expenses they are begging to realize where some of it has gone.

The case of Mrs. Dr. Vigourenx is another delightful instance of Jim Love's smooth work. This time the victim was a woman. Mrs Vigourenx, a very popular lady of this city, was tendered a benefit. As soon as the fact was announced, Mr. Love called at her residence and there tendered his services as manager, agreed to act in that capacity for $25, and relieve the lady of all the work. She was quite delighted and closed the bargain at these figures, paying the cash. In a few days he asked her for $50 for "incidentals" which she paid. Next day there was more "incidentals" and he again asked her for $35 more. She paid that protesting and seeing he had reached about the limit there, he fell back on the box office for the balance of the spoils.

There was a large house, great applause greeted the lady and Mrs. Vigourenx felt happy. After the bouquets, and the applause, and the congratulations, she went to the box office to get the money but couldn't find Love. He had gone to San Jose on business.

After a week's waiting she secured a lawyer and Love was finally compelled to render an accounting. He did so. The accounts were all straight. He had taken about 1200 tickets to sell, and turned all but 30 back as immaterials as when they had left her hand. The balance were in the little box all right. She was unable to dispute the showing made as it seemed all correct.

Since writing the above the editor of the APPEAL personally interviewed Mrs. Vigoureux at her residence 1009½ Turk street, and found that the facts were somewhat different than first stated.

The lady said that she was never able to get a single dollar from Love, in fact he claimed that there was a balance due him. He got in all $130 in advance money, claiming that he had to pay in advance for the advertising. He scarcely did any advertising at all. He did not go to San Jose but merely reported his departure, and remained in the city laying low to avoid a settlement, and did not come to the front until rounded up by her attorney. The last interview they had was as follows:

"I believe I have been robbed, Mr. Love."

"Prove it," was his only reply, and he walked away and had her good day.

Subsequently her attorney dropped on to the fact that the tickets in the box were not here but duplicates. The original tickets had been printed by Francis & Valentine. He took the tickets that Love turned in and showed them to the Foreman of the office Mr. Groggins. He said they had never printed them and they were spurious. They were printed in type that closely resembled theirs. He had counterfeited the tickets, sold them, and pocketed the money.

The angered lady went around among her friends and found several who had purchased 45 and 110 worth of tickets from Love, in the aggregate she accounted for over five hundred tickets purchased of Love. Meanwhile he was walking about the streets full of brass and assurance hunting fresh victims.

These are a few specimen tricks of Jim Loves in this city, we could quote many more, but feel that we have given the public enough to justify the assertion that a man who regards Love as thoroughly dishonest ought not to be accused of incipient insanity.

### VALEDICTORY.

With this issue the MIDWINTER APPEAL closes its career. It was started to run during the Fair as part of the '49 Mining Camp exhibit, and closes with the shutting down of the Exposition.

We can we think, safely say that it is the only paper started in San Francisco on no capital that paid from start to finish, and settled all just claims at its close.

We wish in this connection to thank the advertisers for their liberal patronage, for with out the generous support of the old '49 element in this city the paper could not have been maintained.

We also wish to publicaly express our appreciation of the excellent work in our advertising department prepared by A. T Taylor and E. E. Boyer. Contracted with the peculiar experience we have had with various thieves, grafters, and confidence men, who made the Mid-winter Fair their Meeca, their square dealings and gentlemanly way of doing business which always ruled with Messrs Taylor and Boyer was like an oasis of honesty in a desert of double dealing.

They are men of extraordinary ability in their business and square from the ground up.

In spite of the troubles we have had with business patrons the Camp will always be a pleasant memory to the editor of the APPEAL. The publication of the paper has been a pleasant recreation during the winter, and we extend our thanks to numerous employees of the Camp who have materially assisted in making the paper a success.

### THE OLD PARD LETTERS.

The Supreme Court has decided that the Chairman of the Republican Central Committee must pay Mr. Wilson $1000 for procuring the "Old Pard Letter," written by Markham when he was Governor four years ago. Markham denied the authorship of the letter, and Mr. Stump relied on his word offered $1000 for the production of the letter. It was produced, found to be genuine, and Stump refused to pay. Wilson sued and the Supreme Court decided for the plaintiff. The question, who will reimburse Stump? Markham ought to, but as he was not man enough to acknowledge the genuiness of the letter, he will hardly be the man to settle with Stump. What a monumental humbug California has had for the last four years at the Executive head.

### A CERTIFICATE OF CHARACTER.

While presenting to the public a picture of Jim Love's record as a common crook, we feel bound to say in justice to him that there is one man in the city who gives his character an unqualified endorsement. Mr. Eugene Hahn states that Jim Love is all right and perfectly honest. He has also stored his faith in the future of Mr Lovee character by going on his bail bond, qualifying for "two thousand dollars above all just debts and liabilities."

If there is anyone else in this city for whom we feel bound to say in justice to him that there is one man in the city who gives his character an unqualified endorsement. Mr. Eugene Hahn states that Jim Love is all right and perfectly honest. He has also stored his faith in the future of Mr Lovee character by going on his bail bond, qualifying for "two thousand dollars above all just debts and liabilities."

If there is anyone else in this city who has known Mr. Love five years, and is willing to endorse his character for honesty we will be glad to publish the reference.

### BOONE'S BENEFIT.

Colonel Boone's benefit at the Vienna Prater will come off Thursday evening. The Exposition Managers have granted the use of the bands and electric fountain, and after the performance there will be a free ball. A host of talent has volunteered. The Committee of Arrangements are James Orndorf, James Dunn, Thomas Leary, Rome Harris, Ned Foster, Tamala Cottage; A. Roltair, Illusion Palace; G. T. Marsh, Japanese Garden; and Sam Davis '40 Camp.


# '49 MINING CAMP.

A FAITHFUL REPRESENTATION OF THE OLD-TIME FEATURES OF A NEW DIGGINGS IN '49.

Mining Strikes, Hydraulic, Sluice and Quartz Mining Faithfully Represented.

Mining Riots, Pistol Arbitration, Lynching Bees and Claim Jumping Riots Realistically Enacted.

The Postoffice, Justice's Office and mayor's Office, All in the same Saloon. Open Night and Day.

The Tiger With His Teeth Pulled Will be There in Mimic Representation of Old Times.

STAGES RUNNING BETWEEN THE CAMP AND FRISCO DAILY.

Good Tavern Accommodations and Mule Corrals.

Mrs. Woods' Souvenir Paintings of Camp Cabins.

Halstead's Horses on Snow Shoes.

PRECIPITOUS FLUMES AT THE FOOT OF MT. SHASTA.

GRAND PANORAMIC EXHIBIT, SHOWING MT. SHASTA FIFTY MILES AWAY.

The Millionaire Cabins of Early Days, John Mackay's Cabin, Built by Him, and in Which He Lived When He Made His First Big Strike in Alleghany, Sierra County.

U. S. Senator Perkins' Cabin, Built by Him 38 Years Ago at Thompson's Flat, Butte County.

The Original Downie Cabin, Reproduced From a Cabin built by Major William Downie, the founder of Downieville.

The Oro Fino Concert Hall. Old-time Ballads and All Kinds of Terpsichorean Novelties.

Typical '49 FANDANGO with forty sweet-faced Senioritas dancing to the strains of the famous Mexican Orchestra.

A REGULAR NEWSPAPER OFFICE ON THE GROUND.

ADMISSION - 25 Cts.

RUSS HOUSE,

MONTGOMERY ST., EXTENDING FROM PINE TO BUSH,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Business center of the city, convenient to all banks, insurance offices and places of amusement during the Midwinter Fair.

Containing 300 Rooms.

J. S. YOUNG - - - - PROPRIETOR

TERMS:

$1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 Per Day.

Still lower terms for excursion and other large parties. Superior accommodations for families at very moderate rates.

Hotel coach in waiting at all boats and trains to convey guests to and from the house free of Charge.

For further particulars apply at '49 Camp.

Charles Nathan,

Merchant Tailor,

NO. 39 SUTTER STREET.

San Francisco Cal.

WHAT DO YOU THINK

About The

Celebrated Coney Island FRANKFERTERS!!!

The people say that if you taste them once you will say they are MAGNIFICENT!

Frederickaburgh Larger Beer 5 CENTS A SOOONER.

Coney Island Clam Chowder, Every Kind of Lunch and Refreshments at City Prices.

A. LADANTI PROPRIETOR.

Near Boonee Arena. 17

RUSS HOUSE

BARBER SHOP AND BATHS.

—Fresh and Salt Water, 25 Cents.—

317 Montgomery street, between Bush and Pine.

Shaving, 15c. Hair Cutting, 25c. Baths, 25c. First class in all particulars.

SEPPICH & KLEINHANS, Proprietors.

☞ Ladies' entrance next to Russ House elevator. 4

GEORGE GOODMAN,

—Patentee and Manufacturer of—

ARTIFICIAL STONE

In all its branches. Schillinger's patent sidewalk. Garden walk a specialty.

Office—307 Montgomery street, Nevada block, San Francisco. 7 1m

COLONEL HAFFORD'S

ARIZONA EXHIBIT

Of all the Birds, Animals and Reptiles of the Territory.

The most Complete Private Collection in the World.

The Colonel has taken twenty-five years to Amass this Collection.

South Drive, in rear of the Administration Building.

ADMISSION - - - - - - - 25 CENTS

H. E. Jones.

CONTRACTOR & BUILDER.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

Store and Office Fittings.

SHOP, 522 16TH STREET

RESIDENCE, 1766 MARKET ST., OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

J. Walsh M. J. Fortune

DEL CORONADO.

FORTUNE & WALSH

PROPRIETORS.

13 Third Street:

PALO ALTO STABLES, E. R. MILES, Proprietor.

3200 FARRELL STREET,

Two Blocks From Baldwin Hotel, San Francisco.

FIRST-CLASS LIVERY AND BOARDING. SADDLE HORSES AND VEHICLES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

TELEPHONE, 2615.

TABER

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.

Official Photographer

CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION—1894.

Studio on Central Court, Exposition Grounds, between the Administration and Mechanical Arts Buildings.

—ALSO—

121 Post Street,

Between Kearny and Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal

Van Ness Ave.

New Peerless Restaurant.

NO. 60 THIRD STREET.

THE BEST 15 CENT MEAL IN THE CITY.

Short Orders At All Hours. Private Rooms for Ladies.

DONT LEAVE CAMP!

Until You Have Seen

SMITH'S EXHIBIT

of

An Old '49 Camp Store.

Admission Free.

Ask for a copy of their Catalogue, or mail one to your friends, and before you leave town drop in and see their down town Establishment.

No. 414-416-418 Front street, San Francisco 12

PEOPLE'S PALACE MUSIC HALL.

CORNER EDDY AND MASON.

CLIFF PHILLIPS, Proprietor and Manager.

Vaudeville Performances

Every Evening and Saturday and Sunday Matinees at 2 O'clock P. M.

Admission - - - - Free

JOHN A. ROEBLING'S SONS CO.,

Manufacturers of

Wire Rope, Wire Cloth, Insulated Electric Wire, Telegraph Wire, Fence Wire, Galvanized Fruit Drying Cloth, Galvanized Wire Netting.

Works—Trenton, N. J.

WAREHOUSES.

117 Liberty street, New York.

171 Lake street, Chicago.

25 Fremont street, San Francisco.

If You Don't Buy

THE

Official

Catalogue

You Don't See

THE FAIR.

Old '49'ers Like Our Ways.

McAfee Bros.

If you miners want to invest your money in a

SURE THING

Call around after your regular clean-up and see

McAfee Brothers,

Who have some of the BEST CHANCES LAND in Palermo for sale at prices that a miner can get off at. Don't dribble off your dust or blow it in at the honky joints, but stick it into a

Sure Thing

And have something to fall back on in your old age.

McAfee Bros.,

108 Montgomery Street.

J. T. MOORE,

Express Business,

Corner Seventh Avenue and D Street, (Opposite Midwinter Fair Grounds).

At terminus of Geary, McAllister and California-street cable lines, San Francisco, Cal.

Furniture and Articles of Every Description Moved at Lowest Possible Rates.

☞ All Orders Promptly Executed. 6


## THE SQUAD FROM OLD TUOLUMNE.

Editor APPEAL:—I want to tell you something about "Old Tuolumne," I wish to enlighten you upon the ancient status of a few of "Tuolumne's favorite sons," and waft to you on the wings of a zephyr fresh from the "piney woods" of the high Sierra, the whispered secret of their early life in these hills and gulches. Will you listen?

It was here that John P. Jones laid the foundation of his fortune and made the acquaintance of Jim Fair, Erwin Davis, and a certain "Fighting Horse of Stanislaus," referred to in the "Legends of the Argonauts," edited by Dan de Quill.

It was here that Jim Fair meditated beside the calmly flowing and muddy waters of the Tuolumne Ditch, and by dint of constant meditation preserved the precious drops inviolate from the vandal hands of the unscrupulous miners, who would not pay the exhorbitant tribute exacted by the "bloated monopolists" who owned the priceless liquid.

It was here that Frank Bret Harte, unknown to fame, unhonored and unsung, taught the youthful Argonaut his primer and wandered to and fro beneath the dusty manzanita, listening to the winds as they sighed through "olive depth resoundings;" hatching wild, realistic tales of early life in the mines. Does Bret remember the old cabin at Poverty Hill? Or has he forgotten when, broke, tired and hungry, he partook of the hearty hospitality proffered by James Gillis, in those ante-halcyon days, before he could afford the luxury of the stage coach as a means of exit from the Slough of Despond into which he had fallen while incubating "John Oakhurst," "Col. Starbottle," "The Luck of Roaring Camp," Yuba Bill," the "Wingdam Stage," Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Those olive depth resoundings," and a myriad characters that now delight the uninitiated readers of the real realities in California life.

It was here, within the sound of the dashing Tuolumne, that Prentice Mulford discovered the fact that he was a humorist. It was on Don Pedro's Bar that Prentice came to the conclusion that a lucrative wit had been spoiled, or almost spoiled, in an ugly miner, and the world now rejoices that the discovery was made and the conclusion arrived at.

It was here that Grant caught the first glimmer of ambitious hope, and while assisting his relative, Dent, to swing a ferry-boat across the Stanislaus River, dreamed of the great future stretching before him, from the restraints of Knight's Ferry to the "freedom of Edinburgh town."

It was here that "Phœnix," as Lieut. Derby, captured the comical ideas that afterward permeated his "Topographical Survey," and the enthusiastic '49'ers of Jimtown still take delight in pointing out to the credulous stranger the identical cabin in which Derby wrote his description of the improved "mileometer."

It was here that Mark Twain revamped Ross Coon's story of a "celebrated jumping frog over in Calaveras," and from the pine-clad slopes of Jackass Hill sent the excruciating "dialect" effusion, full fledged into the world, to return after a few days upon the wings of popularity and summon him from obscurity to the dazzling glare of sudden fame. The 'dump', where he mutilated the well told tale of Ross Coon, is still standing, but the shaft is deserted, the windless is rotten, the tub has disappeared, the rope in no more, and the coyote howls dismally on the bluff above. The Stanislaus river winds through the limestone gorges far below, and the wind comes in fitful gusts to shake the dust from the emerald pines and the thrifty chaparral. Buckeye blossoms are scattered over the seat where Mark Twain composed the "Jumping Frog," and the sanctum of nature is as silent as the grave. Ross Coon, the true author of the "Jumping Frog" story still lives at San Andreas. If Dan de Quille, or Bromley, or Bierce, or Eli Perkins, or Kate O'Halloran, the charming authoress of that charming poem, entitled, "Ten Little Injuns," would only visit him personally, they could obtain sketches so far superior to the "Jumping Frog," that the "Innocent Abroad" will cease to pursue the humorist trade further. Ross Coon is a native humorist, and often recites legends in which Sam Clemens is the hero, that will make the fortune of any of those I have named, without the slightest embellishment. Sam's name can be expunged from those stories where any reflections are cast upon his indomitable industry or his unconquerable modesty, and the name of some metropolitan reporter substituted.

Within the bonndries of Tuolumne flourised Jim Coffroth, familiarly known as "Tuolume's Favorite Son," and here dwelt James W. Mandeville, one of the wheel horses of the Democracy in the ante bellum days. Here George Evans, the great Tycoon of San Joaquin politics learned the rudiments of political lore, and first tasted the sweets of political power. It was here that Judge Sedgwick became a Republican potentate, and organized the gigantic scheme afterwards known by the title of "Tuolumne Ring," which became the awe of the San Joaquin Valley and the wonder of the State. Here Leander Quint invented the "White Mountain Precinct," and manufactured voters where none existed.

It is quite useless to enumerate at length the members of the "innumerable caravan" of illustrious men who once claimed "Old Tuolumne" as their "stamping ground." Bob Ferral, H. P. Barber, Samuel Delnelle, Bob Howe, Steve Wing, L. C. Gunn, Dr. Gibbons, Ned Marshall, and a hoste of others must be consigned to the pigeon hole of futurity, and the events in which they figured may as well rest for a time in the deep recess of the historian's desk.

Major McNeil has just seated himself near by and is regaling an unsophisticated turist, lately from Milpitas, with an account of the hanging of three horse thieves in 55, and Fred Paxon is recounting to a poor, miserable wayfarer from Saucelito to Yosemite, the method by which pioneers were inducted into the mysteries of the E Clampus Vitus during the fall of '52. The daily din of Argonautic reminiscence has begun, and I can write no more. In fact, I must enter the list myself, for I have imbibed the prevailing passion in this section, and love to beguile the simple stranger who may be within our gates. So good-bye, and don't forget to inform the "humoristic" literati that Ross Coon's address is, San Andreas, Calaveras County.

I. Con. O'Clast.

## HISTORY OF THE CAMP.

### The Story of the Rise and Fall of a Missmanaged Concession.

On the 15th of January the '49 Mining Camp opened with a splendid promise of being the best paying features of the Midwinter Fair. On that day 7000 people entered its gates and it led all concessions in point of attendence.

Soon after that $4 a share was offered for its stock and refused. The entire stock of the company was 25,000 shares.

It was also the best advertised concession at the Fair, as the press from Maine to Texas were giving it columns of free advertising. Early in the game, however, the heads of the management became swollen with the prospect of an immediate fortune, and the work of turning down the other concessions began.

During the opening days of the Fair the '49 Mining Camp became the resort of nearly everybody at the Fair. Business being dull they would close up their concessions, go over to the '49 Camp and have a good time. Most of them spent a little money in the Camp, which in aggregate was considerable. Of this the stockholders of the '49 Camp received a small percentage, but the management seemed to begrudge the sub concessionaires the crowd that came in the evening, passing through the gate free and dropping a little money at the saloon, restaurant, gambling table, and theatre. With a policy as extraordinary as it was short-sighted, they began "turning down" the other concessionaires at the gate. This caused mutterings of discontent both outside the Camp and in. The sub concessionaires in the Camp felt that they were being deprived of patronage, and the holders of photographic passes on the outside after being snubbed at the gate went away, and began to "roast" the Camp. Men who had been in the habit of coming in free and spending from five to ten dollars a night, did not relish being stopped at the gate and they stayed away.

In a few weeks nearly every concession on the grounds was fighting the Camp, and when it became known that a man who had been expelled from the Press Club on a charge of embezzlement was the Camp's Manager, the press began to let the Camp alone.

It fell into a rut of sameness and mediocracy, no new features were given the public, and scores of features promised in the original prospectus were never even attempted, and thus a splendid concession fell into a condition of dry rot.

Notwithstanding these adverse conditions the Camp took in between forty and fifty thousand dollars, where under intelligent management is should have taken in nearly $100,000

The only men in our opinion who will realize a cent out of the Camp is the manager and his assistant, who drew salaries all winter for riding around in jinrikishas, and issuing biographical sketches and half tone pictures of themselves at the expense of the stockholders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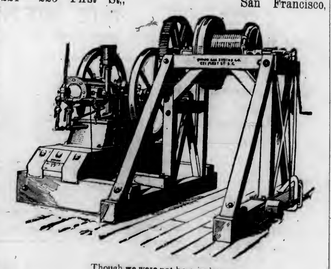

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## A CHAPTER ON CRANKS

BY JIM ARMSTRONG.

San Francisco has always had a great reputation for "characters." Here where there are people from every quarter of the globe, it is no strange that we should find a fair sprinkling of oddities.

In old times, or about fourty years ago, there was an old Turk with his clatter board who was a celebrity. It was about the year '62 when he went the way of all flesh, and we have never seen his like since. He was a strange fellow, and sold French confectionary for a living, and his clatter board was what he used to let people know he was around. It was made of wood with a trunk handle screwed on one side, when he wanted to let himself be heard he rattled the trunk handle and was immediately recognized.

An old French rag-picker was another "character." He was one of the first in his line. He had served in the wars of the Empire under the "little Corporal" and had caught a bullet at Waterloo. The Bourbons were ungrateful, so he migrated to America and became a rag-picker. He was noted for wearing a French uniform, was said to be wealthy, and is said to have perished in the second June fire.

Another freak was a strange Slim Jim looking fellow, who dressed in a suit of red flannel, and amused himself by tossing "adobee"—fifty dollar pieces—in the air and catching them on a pair of tongs.

Then there was the man who kept the Junk Shop on Pine street below Sansome. He lived "way out of town" in those days and was called a Hermit; because he lived so far out of the city. Sand was his suit, and he spent half his time among the hills hunting for black sand with a microscope. Everybody knew him; though he spoke to none. He was one of the most confirmed misanthropes that California ever produced. When he was blown upon the Sagamore, a negro took possession of his estate. It consisted of a lot of old junk and a hundred old oyster cans of black sand. He flourished in '63 a period of originals.

"Money King" sprung up about this time. He was a miner, dressed shabbily and wore a silver badge with his name engraved thereon, upon his coat lapel. He had the finest hands we ever saw attached to a man. His nails, too, were beautiful, and he set a high value upon them. He valued everything he owned highly. Once however he was generous. He sent the parings of his finger nails as a Christmas present to his sister.

Next came Jumping Joe. He was a thin queer looking fellow, with an irrisistible desire to jump, and a womans weakness for color. He painted his cheeks, his nose, and chin, and on great occasions tinted the ends of his fingers, and often gave a carmine brightness to the end of his toes, for he always went shoeless. He lived, or rather "stowed-away" in Webb street, where on arising he was accustomed to fire a salute from a double-barraled pistol.

This recalls Norton, he came out about this time. He was formerly a merchant in Cape Town; came to San Francisco, and embarked in business; did well for a while, but at last fell in with thieves. His property slipped from his hands like an eel from a drag-nett, and Joshua Norton awoke one morning to find that he was so poor his life was not worth insuring. Then came hallucination. He joined a Scotch millitary company and made considerable stir as a Highlander, but on the discovery that he had "a bee in his bonnet," he was requested to confine himself thereafter to lowland costume. He followed the advice, and mounted one of Uncle Sam's cast off uniforms and dubbed himself "Emperor." It created a sensation, and from that day, to the day of his death it was his distinguishing badge. He lived off lunch tables and collected a small weekly revenue from a few liberal hearted merchants.

Then there was the "Gutter Snipe." He wore an old black sou-wester hat, a black oil-cloth coat buttoned up to the neck, collar standing, the coat reached his heels. His hair and whiskers were long and matted with dirt, his face and hands a crust of filth. He had a quick walk, always keeping the curb-stone and looking into the gutter, and devouring anything in the shape of edibles he found. He'd not accept alms. He disappeared as suddenly as he came.

"Freddy Combs," came next. He wore a Continental costume, and looked as if he came out of a band-box, he was so neat and clean. His hallucination was on phrenology. He had an office on the north east corner of Montgomery and Washington streets, up stairs, the entrance on Washington street. In the hallway he had a small case with glass doors, in the case were the skulls of a few dogs and cats, a sign hung in the case, "Lessons in Phrenology. Up Stairs." He had formed a dislike for Tom McGuire the theatrical manager, when on the street he carried a banner, painted on the banner was the following: "Tom McGuire Owes Mr. So and So $5000. Tom McGuire Owes Mr. So and So $2000. Tom McGuire Call and pay your debts. The last heard of Freddy Combs he was residing in New York.


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